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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

DAMMERS ARRESTED

SPECIALS GIG CRASHES IN CHAOS

FELA ANIKULAPO-KUTI

The 27 wives and 9 lives of The King Of Afro-Beat

Chrissie Hynde gives James Honeyman-Scott the warm shoulder/Pic: Penny Smith

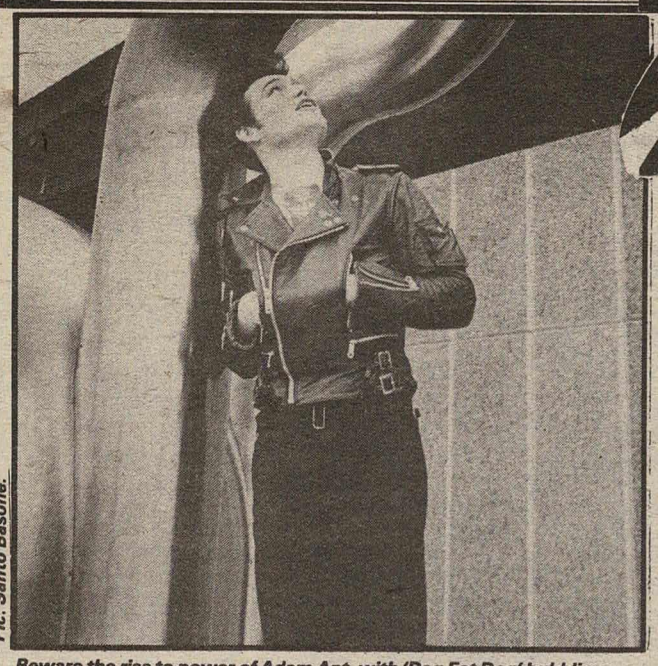
PRIVATE LIVES PUBLIC FACES

Inside The Pretenders

The Chrissie Hynde Interview

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
October 18th, 1980



Pic: Santo Basone.

Beware the rise to power of Adam Ant, with 'Dog Eat Dog' bubbling under this week. A Doctor writes: "The patient's double-handed gesture here reveals a Napoleonic complex even more acute than we feared."

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last		Weeks in	Highest
1	(1)	**Don't Stand So Close To Me** ..... Police (A & M)	4	1
2	(5)	**Baggy Trousers** ..... Madness (Stiff)	5	2
3	(3)	**D.I.S.C.O.** ..... Ottowan (Carrere)	4	3
4	(2)	**Masterblaster** ..... Stevie Wonder (Motown)	5	2
5	(4)	**My Old Piano** ..... Diana Ross (Motown)	4	4
6	(20)	**If You're Lookin' For A Way Out** ..... Odyssey (RCA)	3	6
7	(7)	**Amigo** ..... Black Slate (Ensign)	3	7
8	(27)	**And The Birds Were Singing** ..... Sweet People (Polydor)	2	8
9	(24)	**When You Ask About Love** ..... Matchbox (Magnet)	2	9
10	(14)	**Killer On The Loose** ..... Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	3	10
11	(19)	**Trouble** ..... Gillan (Virgin)	2	11
12	(25)	**Woman In Love** ..... Barbra Streisand (CBS)	2	12
13	(6)	**One Day I'll Fly Away** ..... Randy Crawford (Warner Brothers)	6	1
14	(22)	**Stereotypes** ..... Specials (2-Tone)	3	14
15	(—)	**What You're Proposing** ..... Status Quo (Vertigo)	1	15
16	(9)	**Searching** ..... Change (WEA)	6	9
17	(11)	**Three Little Birds** ..... Bob Marley (Island)	3	11
18	(10)	**Casanova** ..... Coffee (De-Lite)	2	10
19	(16)	**I Got You** ..... Split Enz (A&M)	5	16
20	(17)	**Feels Like I'm In Love** ..... Kelly Marie (Calibre)	9	2
21	(18)	**Love X Love** ..... George Benson (Warner Bros)	3	18
22	(8)	**Another One Bites The Dust** ..... Queen (EMI)	5	6
23	(—)	**Enola Gay** ..... Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	1	23
24	(—)	**Army Dreamers** ..... Kate Bush (EMI)	1	24
25	(29)	**Party Lights** ..... Gap Band (Mercury)	2	25
26	(13)	**You're Lying** ..... Linx (Chrysalis)	3	13
27	(—)	**She's So Cold** ..... Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	1	27
28	(30)	**Gotta Pull Myself Together** ..... Nolans (Epic)	2	28
29	(15)	**It's Only Love/Beyond The Reef** ..... Elvis Presley (RCA)	7	3
30	(12)	**I Owe You One** ..... Shalamar (Solar)	7	12

BUBBLING UNDER

Let Me Talk — Earth, Wind & Fire (CBS).
The Breaks — Kurtis Blow (Mercury).
Dog Eat Dog — Adam & The Ants (CBS).
What's In A Kiss? — Gilbert O'Sullivan (CBS).
The Sit Song — Barron Knights (Epic).
I Need Your Lovin' — Teena Marie (Motown).

US SINGLES

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	**Another One Bites The Dust** ..... Queen
2	(3)	**Woman In Love** ..... Barbra Streisand
3	(2)	**Upside Down** ..... Diana Ross
4	(7)	**I'm Alright (Theme From Caddyshack)** ..... Kenny Loggins
5	(5)	**Drivin' My Life Away** ..... Eddie Rabbitt
6	(4)	**Lookin' For Love** ..... Johnny Lee
7	(12)	**He's So Shy** ..... Pointer Sisters
8	(10)	**Real Love** ..... The Doobie Brothers
9	(9)	**Xanadu** ..... Olivia Newton-John/Electric Light Orchestra
10	(17)	**The Wanderer** ..... Donna Summer
11	(6)	**All Out Of Love** ..... Air Supply
12	(22)	**Lady** ..... Kenny Rogers
13	(16)	**Jesse** ..... Carly Simon
14	(15)	**Look What You've Done To Me** ..... Boz Scaggs
15	(8)	**Give Me The Night** ..... George Benson
16	(18)	**Never Knew Love Like This Before** ..... Stephanie Mills
17	(20)	**Dreamin'** ..... Cliff Richard
18	(21)	**I'm Coming Out** ..... Diana Ross
19	(23)	**Master Blaster (Jammin')** ..... Stevie Wonder
20	(13)	**Late In The Evening** ..... Paul Simon
21	(11)	**Fame** ..... Irene Cara
22	(30)	**Dreamer** ..... Supertramp
23	(28)	**Whip It** ..... Devo
24	(25)	**Midnight Rock** ..... Al Stewart
25	(26)	**Who'll Be The Fool Tonight** ..... Larsen-Feiten Band
26	(27)	**How Do I Survive** ..... Amy Holland
27	(29)	**On The Road Again** ..... Willie Nelson
28	(—)	**Lovely One** ..... The Jacksons
29	(—)	**You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling** ..... Daryl Hall & John Oates
30	(—)	**Let Me Be Your Angel** ..... Stacy Lattisaw

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last		
1	(2)	**Xanadu** ..... Original Soundtrack
2	(7)	**Guilty** ..... Barbra Streisand
3	(3)	**Diana** ..... Diana Ross
4	(1)	**The Game** ..... Queen
5	(4)	**Urban Cowboy** ..... Original Soundtrack
6	(10)	**One Step Closer** ..... Doobie Brothers
7	(6)	**Hold Out** ..... Jackson Browne
8	(8)	**Crimes Of Passion** ..... Pat Benatar
9	(9)	**Panorama** ..... The Cars
10	(11)	**Honeysuckle Rose** ..... Original Soundtrack
11	(5)	**Emotional Rescue** ..... Rolling Stones
12	(12)	**Give Me The Night** ..... George Benson
13	(14)	**Back In Black** ..... AC/DC
14	(13)	**One Trick Pony** ..... Paul Simon
15	(17)	**Alive** ..... Kenny Loggins
16	(—)	**Paris** ..... Supertramp
17	(15)	**Christopher Cross** ..... Christopher Cross
18	(18)	**Fame** ..... Original Soundtrack
19	(21)	**Wild Planet** ..... The B52's
20	(20)	**Against The Wind** ..... Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
21	(19)	**Glass Houses** ..... Billy Joel
22	(23)	**T.P.** ..... Teddy Pendergrass
23	(26)	**Beating The Odds** ..... Molly Hatchet
24	(28)	**Audio-Visions** ..... Kansas
25	(29)	**Zapp** ..... Zapp
26	(16)	**Drama** ..... Yes
27	(27)	**Full Moon** ..... The Charlie Daniels Band
28	(24)	**Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere** ..... Rossington Collins
29	(—)	**Scary Monsters** ..... David Bowie
30	(25)	**Shine On** ..... L.T.D.

US Charts: Courtesy 'CASHBOX'

Pic Mike Laye

It can now be revealed that the title of A Teardrop Explodes' album 'Kilimanjaro' is not just po-faced obscurantism. It is in fact an anagram of Orchestral Manoevres In The Dark. Nice try, lads, keep working on it.

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last		Weeks in	Highest
1	(4)	**Zenyatta Mondatta** ..... Police (A&M)	4	1
2	(8)	**Absolutely** ..... Madness (Stiff)	3	2
3	(1)	**Scary Monsters** ..... David Bowie (RCA)	4	1
4	(2)	**Never Forever** ..... Kate Bush (EMI)	5	1
5	(—)	**Guilty** ..... Barbra Streisand (CBS)	1	5
6	(3)	**Mounting Excitement** ..... Various (K-Tel)	3	3
7	(5)	**The Very Best Of Don McClean** ..... Don McClean (UA)	3	5
8	(12)	**Manilow Magic** ..... Barry Manilow (Arista)	12	5
9	(10)	**More Specials** ..... Specials (Chrysalis)	2	9
10	(11)	**Breaking Glass** ..... Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	8	4
11	(14)	**Paris** ..... Supertramp (A&M)	2	11
12	(8)	**Signing Off** ..... UB40 (Graduate)	6	1
13	(—)	**Triumph** ..... Jacksons (Epic)	1	13
14	(26)	**Midnight Dynamos** ..... Matchbox (Magnet)	2	14
15	(6)	**Now We May Begin** ..... Randy Crawford (Warner Brothers)	5	4
16	(13)	**Give Me The Night** ..... George Benson (Warner Bros)	13	1
17	(16)	**Telekon** ..... Gary Numan (Graduate)	6	1
18	(15)	**Flesh & Blood** ..... Roxy Music (Polydor)	20	1
19	(7)	**I'm No Hero** ..... Cliff Richard (EMI)	4	4
20	(—)	**Diana** ..... Diana Ross (Motown)	16	3
21	(30)	**I Am Woman** ..... Various (Polystar)	3	21
22	(18)	**Gold** ..... The Three Degrees (Ariola/K. Tel)	3	18
23	(24)	**A Touch Of Love** ..... Gladys Knight & The Pips (K-Tel)	2	23
24	(—)	**Pauline Murray & The Invisible Girls** ..... (Elusive)	1	24
25	(21)	**Sky 2** ..... Sky (Ariola)	26	2
26	(27)	**Back In Black** ..... AC/DC (Atlantic)	2	26
27	(17)	**The Absolute Game** ..... Skids (Virgin)	3	7
28	(28)	**The Love Album** ..... Various (K-Tel)	3	27
29	(29)	**The Game** ..... Queen (EMI)	19	1
30	(—)	**Black Sea** ..... XTC (Virgin)	3	16

BUBBLING UNDER

New Hope For The Wretched — Plasmatics (Stiff)
The River — Bruce Springsteen (CBS)
Kilimanjaro — Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)
Beat Crazy — Joe Jackson (A&M)
Seconds Of Pleasure — Rockpile (F-Beat)
One Step Closer — Doobie Brothers (Warner Bros)

INDIES 33s

1	**Pin Drop**	Passage (Object)
2	**Blood Donor**	Androids of Mu (Fuck Off)
3	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)
4	**Guillotine/Electric Circus**	Various (Cherry Red)
5	**Live And Roots**	Misty (People Unite)
6	**Alternative Hits**	Chelsea (Step Foward)
7	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
8	**Stations Of The Crass**	Crass (Crass)
9	**Jane From Occupied Europe**	Swell Maps (Rough Trade)
10	**Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)

Chart by: Saul, Bonaparte Records, 284 Pentonville Road, London N.1.

INDIES 45s

1	**Requiem**	Killing Joke (Malicious Damage)
2	**The Bunker**	Bollocks Brothers (McDonald & Lydon)
3	**Atmosphere**	Joy Division (Factory)
4	**Totally Wired**	Fall (Rough Trade)
5	**Drug Train**	Cramps (Illegal)
6	**Shack Up**	A Certain Ratio (Factory/Beneluxe)
7	**Insecticide**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
8	**Lips That Would Kiss**	Durutti Column (Factory/Beneluxe)
9	**Holidays In Cambodia**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
10	**Jealousy**	Wasted Youth (Bridgehouse)

REGGAE

1	**Forward To Jah**	Jay Dees (Studio 1)
2	**Road Runner**	Bionic Steam (Crystal)
3	**My Woman**	Barrington Levy (Joe Gibbs)
4	**Sunday Morning**	Gregory Isaacs (Solomon)
5	**Smiling Faces**	Tamlins (Powerhouse)
6	**Gimme Your Love**	Dennis Brown (Cash & Carry)
7	**Imitation Love**	Mellow Rose (Studio 16)
8	**I Love You Always**	Maria Taylor (K&K)
9	**Changing World**	Earl 16 (Rockers Int.)
10	**Flora Lee**	General Echo (Technic)

Chart by: Joe Gibbs, 29 Lewisham Way, New Cross, London S.E.14.

DISCO

1	**Masterblaster**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)
2	**I Need Your Love**	Teena Marie (Motown)
3	**You're Lying**	Linx (Chrysalis)
4	**Be Thankful For What You've Got**	William De Vaughn (EMI)
5	**Big Time**	Rick James (Motown)
6	**Love Don't Make It Right**	Ashford & Simpson (Warner Bros)
7	**Thighs High**	Tom Browne (Arista)
8	**Casanova**	Coffee (Phonogram)
9	**London Town**	Light Of The Wind (MCA)
10	**Fame**	Jeene Carra (RSO)

Chart by: HMV Record Shop, Oxford Street, London W.1.

5 YEARS AGO

1	**I Only Have Eyes For You**	Art Garfunkel (CBS)
2	**Hold Me Close**	David Essex (CBS)
3	**Feelings**	Morris Albert (Decca)
4	**S.O.S.**	Abba (Epic)
5	**There Goes My First Love**	Drifters (Bell)
6	**Space Oddity**	David Bowie (RCA)
7	**It's Time For Love**	Chi-Lites (Brunswick)
8	**Who Loves You**	Four Seasons (Warner Bros)
9	**Don't Play Your Rock And Roll To Me**	Smokey (Rak)
10	**L-L-Lucy**	Mud (Private Stock)

Week ending October 21, 1975

10 YEARS AGO

1	**Band Of Gold**	Freda Payne (Invictus)
2	**Black Night**	Deep Purple (Harvest)
3	**Close To You**	Carpenters (A & M)
4	**Woodstock**	Matthews Southern Comfort (UNI)
5	**Me And My Life**	Tremeloes (CBS)
5	**Patches**	Clarence Carter (Atlantic)
7	**Paranoid**	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)
8	**Ain't No Mountain High Enough**	Diana Ross (Tamla Motown)
9	**Montego Bay**	Bobby Bloom (Polydor)
10	**You Can Get It If You Really Want**	Desmond Dekker (Trojan)

Week ending October 21, 1970

15 YEARS AGO

1	**Tears**	Ken Dodd (Columbia)
2	**Almost There**	Andy Williams (CBS)
3	**If You Gotta Go, Go Now**	Manfred Mann (HMV)
4	**Eve Of Destuction**	Barry McGuire (RCA)
5	**Hang On Sloopy**	McCoys (Immediate)
6	**Yesterday Man**	Chris Andrews (Decca)
7	**It's Good News Week**	Hedgehoppers Anonymous (Decca)
8	**Message Understood**	Sandie Shaw (Pye)
9	**Here It Comes Again**	Fortunes (Decca)
10	**Evil Hearted You**	Yardbirds (Columbia)

Week ending October 22, 1965

20 YEARS AGO

1	**Only The Lonely**	Roy Orbison (London)
2	**As Long As He Needs Me**	Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
3	**Tell Laura I Love Her**	Ricky Valence (Columbia)
4	**How About That**	Adam Faith (Parlophone)
5	**Nine Times Out Of Ten**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
6	**Walk Don't Run**	John Barry Seven (Columbia)
7	**So Sad**	Everly Brothers (Warner Brothers)
8	**Chain Gang**	Sam Cooke (RCA)
9	**Let's Think About Living**	Bob Luman (Warner Brothers)
10	**Apache**	The Shadows (Columbia)

Week ending October 21, 1960

NEWS

DAMMERS COMES A CROPPER

Chaos in Cambridge Special arrested

JERRY DAMMERS of The Specials was arrested after the band's gig in Cambridge last Thursday night. He was later charged at Parkside Police Station with behaviour likely to lead to a breach of the peace.

The concert, held in Midsummer Common Supertent before an audience of 3,500, had been marred by fighting during The Swinging Cats' set support set. At one point 30 to 40 ticketless youths stormed into the tent and started chanting "United" and "Coventry where are you?" (believed to be references to Association Football). Several short-haired youths then threw cans at The Swinging Cats whose lead singer, Chris Long, retorted: "Why do you want to fight? It's probably the last chance to see The Specials in Cambridge."

Long then challenged certain youths to come onstage and fight him. One did. In the ensuring melee a scuffle broke out and the stage invader was ejected — the band following in high dudgeon.

When The Specials took the stage they were forced to stop their show twice. According to manager Rick Rogers, "If the band sees a fight they always stop the set to draw attention away from the trouble to them and so stop people getting hurt. On a third occasion Terry Hall said if the fighting continued they'd go off for good."

In between times, Hall became embroiled in a slanging match with the audience — and Dammers joined in, snarling: "You're not doing anything new — we've got hot and cold running gob in our showers at home."

The tension finally snapped when some bouncers waded into the mob and tried to eject them. Terry Hall yelled: "You blood-claats have spoilt this evening for everyone. We're going down the pub."

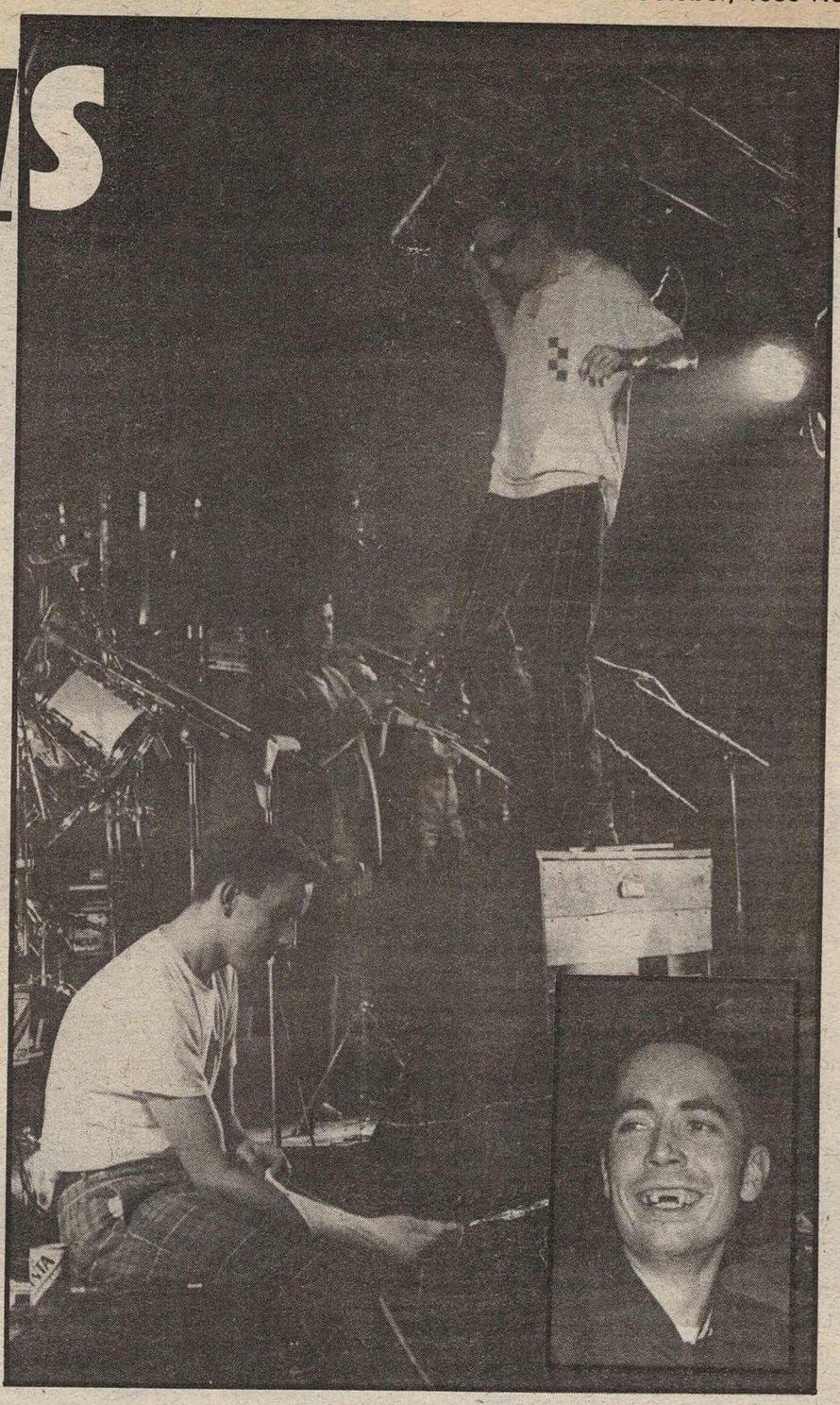
He then shouted at the bouncers: "You're just as bad." A bouncer told him to shut his mouth. Hall picked up a mike stand and went for the bouncer — fortunately he was restrained before he got near him.

The Specials then left the stage and hundreds of fans went home. Five minutes later they came back and completed their set but it was too late to stop the gig turning into a shambles.

Backstage the group were surprised to be informed by a representative of the promoter that they'd been responsible for the traumas. Dammers, in response, used a two-word phrase from the vernacular — whereupon he was promptly arrested by a policeman and later charged as stated.

When *NME* called Parkside Police Station, we were directed to a Superintendent Murden who refused to discuss the arrest. "It was normal police work. Good police work, making the arrest. It's not a news item. What do you want to know about it for anyway?"

When told that the matter concerned a band member of some interest to *NME* readers, the Super summoned up hidden reserves of sacroasm to retort: "A what did you call them? Band? Well they weren't a band as defined in the Oxford English Dictionary! I don't know how you can call a row like that a band!"



Dammers performing on current UK tour. Pic Santo Basone.

Not that Supt Murden is the only wit in Cambridge. One of the council organisers of the gig later told a local paper that "shouting and swearing at the adueince are all part of the group's set. They do it everywhere they go and take along a group of hecklers to excite the audience and warm them up. They also storm off the stage regularly as part of their set to excite the crowds."

The Specials' management are so annoyed by this, they are considering taking legal action for defmation of character. During their last tour for some months ("while we consider our position in the rock and roll circus") The Specials have gone out of their way to minimise bouncer-to-audience trouble, and before last Thursday the tour had proceeded without event except for a smaller barney in Newcastle.

Jerry Dammers will come before a court on November 5, better known as Guy Fawkes Day.

Cornwell. Pic Anton Corbijn.

HUGH CORNWELL of The Stranglers turns author, with the publication at the end of this month of his book *Inside Information,* recounting his experiences in Pentonville Prison. It will be available from S.I.S. (Stranglers Information Service), New Hibernia House, Winchester Walk, London SE1 — price 70p including p&p.

RAY DAVIES ARRESTED

THE KINKS' leader Ray Davies was arrested last week on-board plane as soon as it touched down in Portland, Oregon, during the band's current US tour. Held in police custody, he was subjected to several unpleasant hours being accused of hiring limousines, borrowing money and checking in and out of hotels — all without paying. It eventually transpired that an imposter, bearing a striking resemblance to Davies, had been living it up in San Francisco under Ray's name — and the police there had put out an APB for Davies' arrest.

THE SELECTER, who parted company with bassist Charley Anderson and keyboards man Desmond Brown at the beginning of September, are now in rehearsals with two members of Lancaster band The Pharaohs — Alan Williams (bass) and James Mackie (keyboards). A spokesman said this week that neither has yet been confirmed as a fully-fledged member but he felt they both stood a good chance of being invited to join on a permanent basis.

ROCKPILE'S BOXER BENEFIT

ROCKPILE have added two more dates to their current UK tour, both benefit shows — at London Strand Lyceum (October 28) and Swansea Top Rank (November 4).

The Lyceum concert — the only evening headliner they're doing in London, their other two gigs being at lunchtime — is to raise money for Capital Radio's Help A London Child Appeal, with a view to making Christmas better for some under-privileged kids. Tickets are on sale now priced £3.

The Swansea gig is a benefit for Welsh boxer Johnny Owen, currently fighting for his life in a Los Angeles hospital. A fund has been set up to help his family cover the huge medical expenses involved. Nick Lowe has invited Elvis Costello & The Attractions and Paul McCartney & Wings to guests in the show, and he guarantees that at least one of those groups will appear. Tickets are available now, all at £4.

Police stumped by Oval

THE POLICE have been forced to abandon plans to perform in a massive big-top tent at the Kennington Oval cricket ground in South London shortly before Christmas. This follows objections by the ground staff, who fear they would be unable to repair the damage in time for the 1981 cricket season.

But the band are now hoping to erect the marquee at a London football ground, where turf damage wouldn't be so much of a problem." And we think we've found one," said Andy Summers this week.

It now looks as if The Police will confine their UK live appearances before Christmas to a maximum of three concerts, replacing plans for a full December tour. Next month the band are off to South and North America — taking in Brazil, Argentina, Venezuela, Mexico and the US — leaving them insufficient time for a British outing before the end of the year.

But their spokesman confirmed that they're anxious to play a few special Christmas shows here, and at present they're kicking around ideas for novel venues, including the big-top. He added: "They won't now be touring here until next year — probably late winter or early spring — but a maximum of three December specials is definitely on the cards."

BLACK SABBATH, currently midway through a four-month US tour, were involved in an ugly incident at the 7,500-capacity Milwaukee Palais Arena last Thursday, when the crowd rioted and caused the city's first major alert in 20 years.

The trouble began when a bottle was thrown at bassist Geezer Butler, knocking him unconscious, and he was immediately rushed to hospital. Apparently, most people were unaware of the incident and only saw the band walking off.

Hundreds of people then started throwing stones and bottles, smashing seats, breaking windows and tearing down doors. In the midst of this, Tony Iommi's personal assistant Ian Furguson sustained a head wound when trying to salvage equipment.

Over 300 police arrived and arrested 120 people — some for rioting, others for drug offences, and some merely trying to get out of the arena — but only a few were injured.

THE SKOLARS

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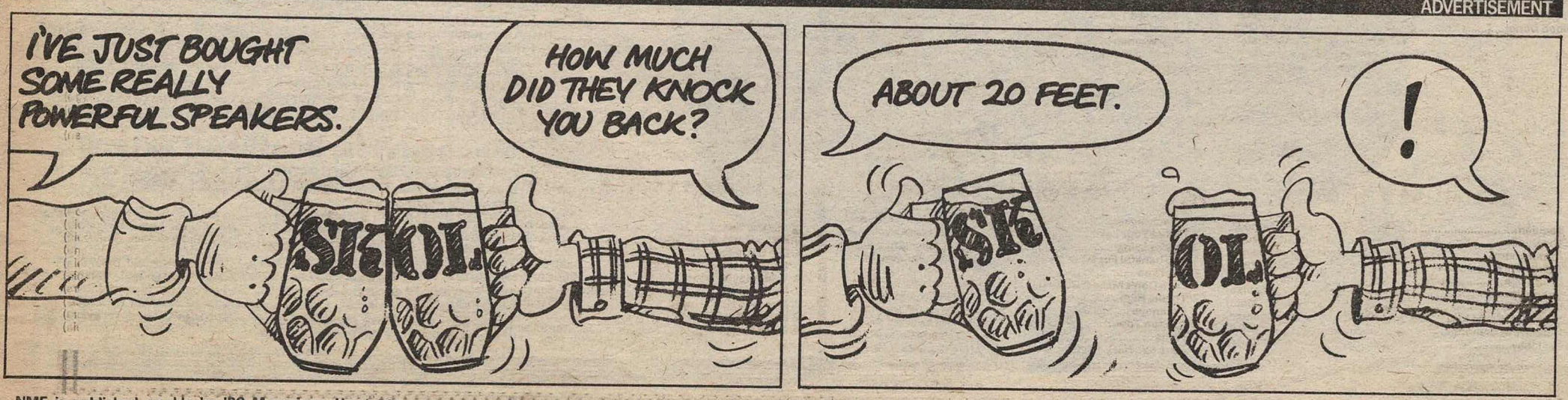

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LATEST RECORD NEWS

Rundgren latest

TODD RUNDGREN & UTOPIA have their new album 'Deface The Music' issued on the Bearsville label, through Island, later this month. The 13-track self-penned set was recorded in just two weeks "with minimal overdubs." And Rundgren himself has two solo albums 'A Wizard, A True Star' and 'Hermit Of Mink Hollow', both unavailable in Britain for 18 months, reissued by Island at the budget price of £3.45.

● **Pauline Murray's** second single to be extracted from her debut solo album is issued by Illusive Records on October 24, titled 'Mr. X'.

● **Ottawan** have a new single titled 'You're O.K.' issued by Carrere on October 31, despite the fact that their 'D.I.S.C.O.' hit is still high in the charts. Their self-named debut album is out this week.

● **Yes,** who open their British tour on November 16, have a single titled 'Into The Lens' issued by Atlantic this weekend — it's an edited version of a track on their 'Drama' LP.

● Six-piece band **Hammantan,** whose single 'Nite Of Bliss' was issued recently on the new Nigerian-owned Lagos International label, have their debut album 'Chameleon' released on October 31. And they're at present rehearsing for their first UK tour in November.

● **UB40** have a new single issued by Graduate this weekend, a double A-sider coupling 'The Earth Dies Screaming' and 'Dream A Lie'. It was produced by the band themselves, and is available in both 7" and 12".

● **Wishbone Ash** have a live album issued by MCA on October 24 — it's called 'Live Dates II', and it comes five years after their first live set, featuring material recorded between 1976 and 1980. As a bonus, the first 25,000 copies will include a free seven-track live album. The band are currently rehearsing new material for a new studio LP, to be recorded in Miami next month.

EDDIE (Tenpole) TUDOR

● **Dirty Looks** have their third Stiff single issued tomorrow (Friday), coupling 'Tailin' You' and 'Automatic Pilot' — both tracks were recorded in New York with one-time Blondie producer Richard Gottehrer, and neither is included on the band's self-named album. Out on the same day and label is the single 'Three Bells In A Row' by **Tenpole Tudor,** a song about fruit machines. Both these acts are appearing in the current Son Of Stiff tour, which means that all five bands involved in the package have now had singles released.

● **Essential Logic** have their single 'Eugene' / 'Tame The Neighbours' released next Monday (20). It's the first of a series of singles they're recording for Rough Trade.

● An album of 16 definitive rock'n'roll classics is issued as a limited edition by CBS in conjunction with Pepsi. Among the tracks are **Bill Haley's** 'Rock Around The Clock', **Carl Perkins'** 'Blue Suede Shoes', **Little Richard's** 'Tutti Frutti' and **Buddy Holly's** 'That'll Be The Day'. It costs £2.99, plus a ring-pull from a can of Pepsi — details on the can.

● **The Dead Kennedys'** third single is 'Kill The Poor', a remixed version of a track on their chart album, though the B-side 'In-Sight' is otherwise unavailable. It's out this weekend on Cherry Red, with the first 20,000 copies containing a free badge.

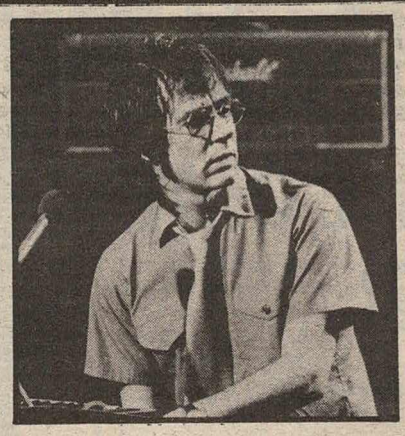
● **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark's** new album 'Organization', released by DinDisc on October 24, will contain a free limited edition EP — comprising four previously unissued tracks, including live recordings at Manchester Factory in 1978. And their current single 'Enola Gay' is now also available in 12-inch form.

● Release of the four-album boxed set by **Tangerine Dream,** which surveys their ten-year career, has been put back by Virgin to December 19. This is because the albums are being specially pressed by Nimbus, who normally only manufacture classical recordings, and this will ensure an exceptionally high quality standard.

● Former Blockhead **Chas Jankel** — who produced and co-wrote much of Ian Dury's repertoire, including 'Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick' — launches his solo career this weekend with the release of his A&M single 'Ai No Corrida' (inspired by the cult Japanese film of the same name), with his album 'Chas Jankel' following on October 24. The 12-inch version of the single features the full recording, running over nine minutes.

● London's 11-piece reggae band **Misty In Roots** have their album 'Live At The Counter Eurovision 79' issued on the People Unite label, through Spartan. And Midlands reggae outfit **Weapon Of Peace** have their single 'Children Of Today', their first since signing with Phonogram, out this week.

● **The Alvin Lee Band's** album 'Freefall' is issued this week by Avatar Records, as well as the LP 'The Taker' by **Chevy,** who are supporting the Lee outfit on their current UK tour. Both albums are also available as cassettes.



Manfreds return

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND are releasing their first album in almost two years. Titled 'Chance', it contains nine tracks — including their current single 'Lies (Through The 80's) — and it's issued by Bronze on October 27, with a number of guest musicians augmenting the basic line-up. The band begin an extensive European tour in January, culminating in a series of UK dates in late March.

● Capitol are putting out an album by the late **Minnie Riperton,** titled 'Love Lives Forever', comprising seven previously unissued tracks recorded in 1978, with guest appearances by Stevie Wonder and George Benson.

● **'More George Thorogood & The Destroyers'** is the title of the latest album from the Delaware blues band, issued by Sonet this week. There's also a single extracted from it, called 'Night Time'.

● **Bruce Springsteen** has a single issued by CBS next week, taken from his new double album 'The River'. Titled 'Hungry Hearts', it's coupled with the previously unissued track 'Held Up Without A Gun'.

● **Joe Egan,** once Gerry Rafferty's partner in Stealers Wheel, has a single called 'Survivor' out this week on Ariola. It's culled from his upcoming LP 'Map', due for release on October 31.

● **Any Trouble's** first album 'Where Are All The Nice Girls' has now been made available by Stiff as a cassette, price £3.99. Besides the ten songs on the LP, it contains two extras tracks, 'No Idea' and 'Growing Up'.

● Eagle Records, the independent label launched in July and distributed by Pinnacle, have signed **Gary Glitter** and will be issuing his first single for the label before Christmas. Also signed to Eagle worldwide are **The Monks,** who had a hit with 'Nice Legs, Shame About The Face'. Singles out on the label this month include 'Something Wasn't Quite Right' by five-piece outfit **Ginger,** who supported the Average White Band on their recent UK tour; and 'I Never Go Out In The Rain' by **High Society.**

● 'Live At The 101, Warts'n'All' is the second ablum on 101 Records, the label centred around the 101 Club in South London and marketed by Polydor. It was recorded at the club in late summer, and features two tracks each from six bands — **Thompson Twins, Jane Kennaway & Strange Behaviour, Philip Gayle, Deaf Aids, Local Heroes** and **The Mechanics.** Release date is October 24, and the sleeve features a competition in which the first prize is two air tickets to New York.

● **Caravan,** who are about to begin a major UK tour, have their single 'Heartbreaker' issued on October 24 — followed on October 31 by their LP 'The Album'. Both are on Kingdom Records, distributed by Pinnacle.

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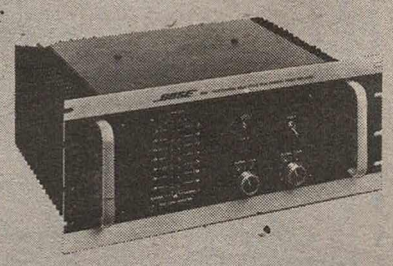

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Comsaturation

THE COMSAT ANGELS — the highly rated band whose debut album 'Waiting For A Miracle' has been widely acclaimed, and who were the subject of a major NME feature last week — are going out on their own headline tour next month. This follows their guest spots in the current Yellow Magic Orchestra tour and the upcoming outing by Captain Beefheart. With more gigs still to be confirmed, those set so far are:

Leeds Warehouse (November 4), Coventry Warwick University (5), London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (6), Sheffield Polytechnic (7), Edinburgh Nite Club (8), Nottingham Boat Club (11), Derby Blue Note (12), Hull Wellington Club (13), Retford Porterhouse (14), Bradgord University (15), Southend Zero 6 (17), London Marquee (18), Manchester Rafters (20), Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (21), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (22), Bristol Berkeley (26), Newport Bailey's (27), Bournemouth Town Hall (28) and London Fulham Greyhound (29).

Splodgenessaround

SPLODGENESSABOUNDS have added nine more dates to their UK tour, for which the first four gigs were reported last week — they are Uxbridge Brunel Univeristy (November 5), Port Talbot Troubadour (6), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (7), London Crystal Palace Hotel (8), Dudley Town Hall (10), York College of Ripon & York St. John (14), Wakefield Unity Hall (17), Liverpool Brady's (18) and Bristol Berkeley (19), with plenty more still to come. They've also slotted in a couple of warm-up dates this week — at London Fulham Greyhound (tonight, Thursday) and Guildford Surrey University (Friday). But they've changed the name of their tour from the mouthful announced last week to the slightly shorter "Plenty Of Time To Wallow In The Pardon Me Boy Is That The Toffee Crisp You Chew Chew Tourd". Plans are now well advanced for their triple album to be issued in December — with, as reported, a free Christmas tree with each copy.

Assault by Aswad

ASWAD, one of Britain's top reggae outfits, are headlining a major tour in the late autumn — and at least three of their gigs are to be recorded for a live album, planned for New Year release by Island. The band, who've been topping the reggae charts with 'Warrior Charge', visit Edinburgh University (November 14), Fife St. Andrews University (15), Aberdeen University (16), London Victoria The Venue (21), London Chelsea College (22), Reading Bridges Hall (27), Derby Ajanta Cinema (28), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (29), Norwich Cromwell's (December 4), Scarborough Taboo (5), Bradford Palm Cove (6), North London Polytechnic (8) and Exeter University (10) — with further dates to be announced next week.

Manoeuvres, Beefheart extend

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK have added another date to their headline tour, which opens at Aylesbury on November 1 — it's at Newcastle Polytechnic on November 21.

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART & His Magic Band have slotted three more dates into their previously reported UK tour — at Loughborough University (November 15), Wakefield Unity Hall (16) and York University (17).

TANGERINE DREAM have added a second London show to their UK tour schedule — at the Victoria Apollo on November 9, in addition to the following night's gig at the same venue.

DIRE STRAITS have switched the opening venue of their UK tour on December 1 from Stoke Trenham Gardens to Hanley Victoria Hall, because of the uncertainty of the former's future.

ELKIE BROOKS adds three more dates to her upcoming UK tour, making 35 in all — at Ipswich Gaumont (November 17), Taunton Odeon (28) and Derby Assembly Rooms (29).

Cocker's comeback

JOE COCKER returns to the UK next month for his first tour here — albeit a brief one — since the early '70s. He plays London Victoria The Venue (November 4 and 5), Edinburgh Playhouse (9) and Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (12), with the possibility of one or two more gigs being slotted into the interim dates.

At one time regarded as the most convincing blues and soul singer ever produced by this country, he's been something of a recluse since the demise first of The Grease Band, then Mad Dogs & Englishmen. He made a brief comeback in the States a couple of years ago, then went into hibernation again — but now his career has taken another upsurge, with U.S. critics heaping praise upon his latest band. The line-up he's bringing over features Mitchell Chakour (piano), Clifford Goodwin (guitar), Howard Hersh (bass) and Laurence Marshall (drums), plus back-up vocalists Diana Washburn, Maxine Green and Jane Lang. The British dates are part of an extensive European tour they're undertaking.

CRUSADERS, RANDY ADD

THE CRUSADERS with special guest Randy Crawford, who recently completed a short series of UK concerts, return after their current European tour to play three extra shows. They are at Southport Theatre (October 24), Coventry Theatre (26) and London Victoria Apollo (27). Tickets are available now priced £4.75, £3.75 and £3 (Southport); £4.50, £3.50. £3 and £2.50 (Coventry); and £5, £4 and £3 (London).

Randy also has a new single released by Warner Brothers at the end of the month, as the follow-up to her recent No. 1 hit — it's called 'Tender Fell The Rain'.

CAFE DOING FIVE EXTRA

SAD CAFE have added another five dates to their UK autumn tour, reported last month. The first of these is a second night at Manchester Apollo on November 24, the previous night's gig there having now sold out. The other four are at Cardiff Sophia Gardens (27), Bradford St. George's Hall (28), Glasgow Apollo (29) and Aberdeen Capitol (30). Tickets are on sale now priced £3.50 and £3 (Manchester); £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2 (Glasgow); and £3.50, £3 and £2.50 elsewhere. The band's fourth RCA album, simply titled 'Sad Cafe', is issued this weekend — it includes their current single 'La Di Da'.

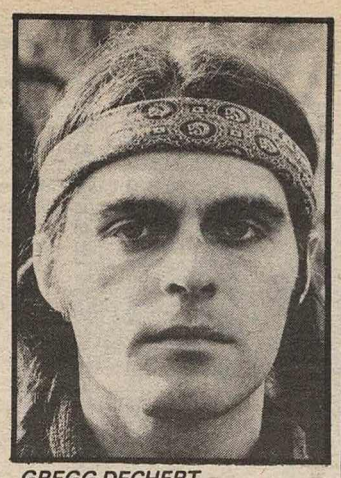
Heep pile it on

URIAH HEEP begin a 23-date UK tour early next month, concentrating on smaller venues and areas they've not previously played. The outing introduces their new keyboards player Gregg Dechert — a Canadian from Ontario — who replaces Ken Hensley in the line-up. The band will have a new single called 'Think It Over' issued by Bronze in early November to coincide with the tour, for which dates are:

Cromer West Runton Pavilion (November 5), Ipswich Gaumont (6), Scarborough Spa Complex (7), Redcar Coatham Bowl (8), Edinburgh University (10), Ayr Pavilion (11), Sunderland Mayfair (12), Blackburn King George's Hall (13), Doncaster Gaumont (14), Manchester Free Trade Hall (15), Carlisle Market Hall (17), Hanley Victoria Hall (18), Bradford St. George's Hall (19), Derby Kings Hall (20), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (21), Poole Wessex Hall (22), Taunton Odeon (24), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (25), Oxford New Theatre (26), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (27), Grimsby Central Hall (28), Hull City Hall (30), Blackpool Tiffany's (December 1) and London Strand Lyceum (3).

Tickets are priced £3, £2.50 and £2 at the seated venues (except Poole where it's £3 and £2.50); and £3 at unseated halls (except Grimsby, £3.50) — and they go on sale this Saturday (18). For the most part, gigs are promoted by Straight Music in association with Neil Warnock of the Bron Agency. After the tour, Heep start work on a new studio album for February release.

New man Dechert has previously played with a number of Canadian bands including Pulsar, in which he'd been a member along with current Heep vocalist John Sloman — and it was Sloman who recommended him to the rest of the band. Commented founder member Mick Box: "Gregg added a new dimension and freshness to the band, which we all needed. And he's also a fantastic songwriter."



GREGG DECHERT

Yes, it's solo for Anderson

JON ANDERSON, the former Yes stalwart who quit that band earlier this year, will play 17 concerts in his debut solo tour later this autumn — at Ipswich Gaumont (November 21), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (22), Bristol Colston Hall (24), Southampton Gaumont (25), Brighton Dome (26), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (28), Oxford New Theatre (29), London Royal Albert Hall (December 1), Sheffield City Hall (3), Birmingham Odeon (4), Liverpool Empire (5), Coventry Theatre (6), Edinburgh Playhouse (11), Newcastle City Hall (12), Glasgow Apollo (13), Leicester De Montfort Hall (15) and Manchester Apollo (16).

Ticket prices are £5, £4 and £3 at all venues except London, where they are £7.50, £6.50, £5.50, £3, £2 and £1, and the promoter is John Martin. With Anderson on lead vocals, guitar and keyboards, his tour band comprises Maurice Pert (percussion), Ronnie Lihe (keyboards), John Gibling (bass), Les Harrison (guitar), Dick Morrissey (sax) and Chris Rainbow (backing vocals and keyboards). Apart from the absence of drummer Simon Phillips, and Harrison replacing Clem Clempson on guitar, this is the same band which plays on Anderson's solo album 'Song Of Seven' and single 'Some Are Born', both issued by Atlantic this week. After Britain, the tour continues round the world, culminating in America next April.

REST OF THE NEWS IN BRIEF

AFTER THE FIRE have added three more dates to their British tour, reported last week — at London Camden Dingwalls (October 21), Norwich Cromwells (30) and Bristol Berkeley (November 8).

SON OF STIFF five-act package has been lined up for yet another date, the 31st of the tour — it's at Slough College of Education on November 2.

KOOL & THE GANG, whose short UK tour was announced last week, will not now be appearing at London Victoria Apollo on November 9. They've cancelled that gig in favour of two nights at London Rainbow on November 8 and 9.

BLACK SLATE headline a one-off gig at London Highgate Jackson's Lane Community Centre this Saturday — admission is £2, and it's a benefit for a community newspaper called *East End News*, due to be launched shortly. The band, still riding high with their single 'Amigo', are currently organising a nationwide tour for November, dates to follow shortly.

THE SOFT BOYS have added a number of dates to their current tour. In London they play Islington Hope & Anchor (October 25), Richmond Brolleys (30), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (31), Woolwich Tramshed (November 6) and Crystal Palace Hotel (7); elsewhere they visit York Jaspers (October 20) and Brighton Top Rank (27). They're joined by The Method Actors on all gigs from October 27 onwards, and additionally by Knox on October 27, November 6 and 7.

WASTED YOUTH, whose single 'I'll Remember You' has just been issued by Bridge House Records, play their first London gig for some weeks at the Lyceum on October 26 as support to Simple Minds. They've lined up their own tour for next month, visiting London Marquee (November 11, 17 and 24 and December 1), Coventry General Wolfe (November 12), Preston Polytechnic (18), Exeter University (20), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (21), Dudley J.B.'s (22), Sheffield Limit (25), Derby Blue Note (26), Leeds Fan Club (27), Scarborough Penthouse (28) and Middlesbrough Rock Garden (29).

DALE HARGREAVES — formerly lead singer with Leeds band The Vye, who split up in the summer — is launching a solo career with his own four-piece backing band called The Flamingos. First confirmed dates are Leeds Haddon Hall (October 26) and Leeds Marquis of Granby (November 3).

ERIC RANDOM, Dislocation Dance, Ludus, Diagram Brothers, The Decorators and Mud Hutters are all involved in a series of package shows being staged by Manchester's New Hormones Records. Dates set so far are Manchester Cyprus Tavern (October 26), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (28), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (29), Leeds Fan Club (November 9) and Manchester Rafters (13). At least three acts will be featured on all gigs, and the outing is billed as the 'I Like Shopping' Tour.

ROCK AGAINST RACISM gigs in London this coming week include Mobster, Six Minute War and Vision Collision at Blackfriars John Marshall Hall tonight (Thursday), admission £1.50 and £1; and Basement 5, Alien Kulture, The Administrators and The Milkmen at Deptford Albany Empire next Wednesday (22), admission is £2 and £1.

CARL PERKINS headlines a rock'n'roll gala in a big-top tent at Cambridge Midsummer Common this Sunday (19), with Matchbox and The Cruisers among other acts appearing. It's presented by Showstopper Promotions, who staged the big-top disco event at Knebworth on Spring Bank Holiday.

THE VAPORS play two nights at London's Marquee Club on October 31 and November 1. A few more dates are planned, but none is yet confirmed.

WILD HORSES play a couple of gigs in Ulster, as part of a short Irish tour they're undertaking this weekend — at Coleraine New Ulster University (tonight, Thursday) and Belfast Queen's University (this Sunday).

THE STRAY CATS support The Pretenders in their concert at London Hammersmith Odeon next Monday, and have gigs in their own right at London Woolwich Tramshed (October 23), Uxbridge Brunel University (29), Coventry Warwick University (30) and Birmingham Aston University (31), with more being set. Their first single under their new deal with Arista, produced by Dave Edmunds, will be rushed out at the end of this month.

B. A. ROBERTSON, whose UK tour itinerary was reported last week, will have fellow WEA recording artists The Expressos as his support act on the road. And the outing is being billed as 'The Inspite Of Milton Friedman Tour'. His latest single 'Flight 19' is issued this weekend.

CLIMAX BLUES BAND complete their current tour with gigs at Hatfield Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Cardiff University (Friday), Colchester Essex University (Saturday) and London Victoria The Venue (October 25).

GLASGOW'S new night spot Gigi's, in West George Street, has lined up Sunday-night gigs by The Rude Boys (this weekend), Mafia (October 26), Henry Gorman Band (November 2), Modern Man and Those French Girls (9), Johnny & The Roccos (23), Another Pretty Face (30) and The Associates (December 14).

GIRLSCHOOL have made three changes to their UK tour schedule, reported last week. Their Doncaster gig on November 19 is switched from Romeo & Juliet's to the Gaumont; Lancaster University on November 29 is cancelled; and Redcar Coatham Bowl now moves forward to November 29 from 30.

ANDROIDS OF MU have had to pull out of their gig at Brighton Resource Centre on October 23, part of their UK tour reported last week, as the venue has been badly damaged by fire. Instead, they've fixed Brighton Sussex University the previous day (22).

RICHARD DIGANCE, who guests with Elkie Brooks in her 35-date tour starting October 27, has been signed by RCA who release his single 'The Journey' on November 3. The B-side comprises two tracks — 'The Halibut' (a poem set to music, taken from his book *Animal Alphabet*, to be published by Michael Jospeh next month) and 'Working Class Millionaire' (recorded live at the Cambridge Folk Festival). With his Capital Radio series *Richard Digance & Friends* celebrating its first birthday this month, he's just started recording a second series of Radio 2's *Stop The World*, and is also filming his own special as part of ITV's *The Entertainers* series.

DANGEROUS GIRLS, the Birmingham band with a policy of promoting their own tours, announce the first dates in their latest outing — Nottingham Trent Bridge Inn (tomorrow, Friday), Derby Ajanta Cinema with Killing Joke and The Au Pairs (Saturday), Oxford Scamps (October 22), Colchester Essex University (23), Reading Target Club (25), Gosport John Peel (26), Hereford Market Tavern (29), Bradford Queens Hall (31), Shifnal Star Hotel (November 5), Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel (6), Keele University with Vision Collission (7) and Manchester Polytechnic (8), with more to follow. Their new single 'Man In The Glass' has just been issued by Human Records.

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+ COMSAT ANGELS

Sunday 26th October — Colston Hall, Bristol at 7.30 pm. Tickets £3.75, £3.25, £2.75 available from Box Office (0272 22957).

Monday 27th October — Birmingham Odeon at 7.30 pm. Tickets £3.75, £3.25, £2.75 available from Box Office (021-643 6101).

Tuesday 28th October — Apollo, Glasgow at 7.30 pm. Tickets £3.75, £3.25, £2.75 available from Box Office (041-332 9221/2).

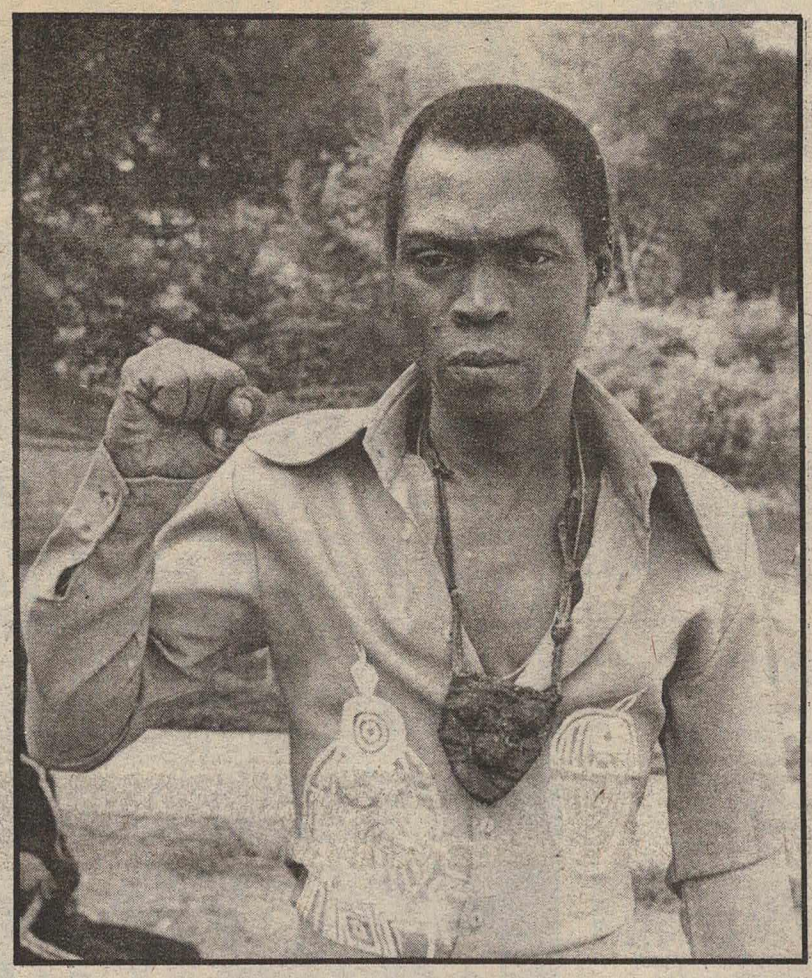
Thursday 30th October — Apollo, Manchester at 7.30 pm. Tickets £3.75, £3.25, £2.75 available from Box Office (061-273 1112/3).

*Thursday 13th November — Guildford Civic Hall at 7.30 pm. Tickets £3.50 available in advance from Box Office (0483-67314), Bonapartes, A&N (Guildford), Ken's Records (Aldershot).

*In association with Outlaw

Special Guests — The Associates.

New Capt. Beefheart album "Doc at the Radar Station".



FELA ANIKULAPO-KOUTI PLANS TO BECOME PRESIDENT OF NIGERIA IN 1983.

HE'S ALREADY AFRICA'S MOST POPULAR MUSICIAN, WITH OVER 100 LPs TO HIS CREDIT. HE ALSO HAS 27 WIVES.

AFTER ANOTHER BRUSH WITH THE AUTHORITIES IN ITALY RECENTLY, HE TOLD HIS INCREDIBLE STORY OF HIGH LIFE, NEAR DEATH, CIA PLOTS, & POLITICAL INTRIGUE.

BY VIVIAN GOLDMAN

Photographs: Giovanni Canitano

THE RASCAL REPUBLIC TAKES ON THE WORLD

FELA ANIKULAPO-KUTI has 27 wives, and at least 16 of them are creating a sensation in the Coliseum in Rome. Perhaps if you released a pride of famished lions among the earnest Scandinavian tourists and nuns shepherding their jailbait flocks along like clucking mother geese, they'd be as big a tourist attraction.

Basically, the 70-strong folk of Africa 70 don't want to see the Coliseum at all, but ever since their luggage landed at Milan Airport before they did, and 45 kilos of killer Nigerian weed was found, magically, in the first seven cases Customs looked at, their time hasn't gone according to plan.

Some people say that Fela Anikulapo-Kuti, Africa's most prominent musician, leader of the Nigerian M.O.P. (Movement of the People) Party, and proposed candidate for the Nigerian Presidency in the 1983 elections, would do anything for publicity. But the most cynical P.R. would thing twice before prejudicing his political credibility in such a stupid way.

The 70 wandering musicians were originally invited by the Italian Communist Party to play at their annual L'Unita Festival a nationwide weeks-long shindig. But as it happened — as it was *supposed* to happen, Kurt Vonnegut and conspiracy theorists would say — the grass bust shattered all their plans. Their passports were taken away. Fela himself spent days in Milan's Busto Arsizio prison, until an American woman 'friend' of Africa 70's, 27-year-old Susan Rochelle Findlay, confessed to planting the pot and was imprisoned instead.

By that time, Fela had garnered reams of sensationalist press all over the Continent, and was forced to cancel date after date. It appeared that, though his name was cleared, his presence was proving something of an embarrassment to the Communist Party.

Right now, while the 16 or so queens are prettily posing for stacks of Instamatics, Fela is in the middle of a four-hour confab at CP HQ. He didn't need to fly to Italy to face the dope charge. He could have stayed in Holland, where the news of the grass discovery reached him, but he preferred to face the charges and prove his innocence. At Amsterdam Airport, catching the plane for Milan, Fela announced that he thought the pot was planted on him by the CIA.

It's obvious that when Fela finally arrives to gather his tribe at the Coliseum, he is deeply weary. Apparently the CP officials were polite, apologetic, concerned even. We're sorry, it's all been such an unfortunate misunderstanding. Perhaps you'd like to try again next year?

Fela, who has now been forced to sink at least £16,000 he can ill afford into this abortive excursion, poses for photos in front of the Coliseum. As Giovanni Canitano begins to shoot, Fela lifts his arms in the traditional gesture of black power. It's a reflex movement, an instinctive response when the camera is pointed in his direction. But the familiar motion seems to trigger a pre-set response, and a new energy seems to pulse through him. Fela looks about him, at the Africa 70 musicians, and suddenly his fist punches the air with great authority, and he flashes a big beacon smile. The musicians begin to smile back.

The Instamatics start to flash.

"ITT! International t'ief t'ief! Long, long time ago, Africans didn't carry shit. Where they shit was a big, big hole. Long time ago, before they come and took us away as slaves. They came to colonise us, taught us to carry shit. ITT! They come, they cause confusion, cause commotion, cause inflation. International t'ief t'ief! Men with low mentality!" — 'ITT' (Fela Kuti)

A SHITTY story it is, indeed. In fact, you could say this particular chapter starts with ten buckets of the stuff, which Fela and friends smeared all over the house of a Mr Abiola, Nigerian Chairman of ITT (International Telephone and Telecommunications, an American multinational company), leading politician within the ruling National Party of Nigeria, and share-holder in Decca Records.

Fela and Decca Records have a long and stormy history. Anyone who saw Jeremy Marre's recent TV documentary on Nigerian music will remember the sit-in staged by Fela and cohorts in the Decca offices when the company refused to pay him certain moneys. It's said that two women gave birth in the Managing Director's office. The shit-spreading episode, although it was prompted by a further non-payment, has a deeper significance. ITT has links with the CIA, researched in such books as Gary MacEoin's *Chile, the Struggle For Dignity: ITT/CIA/Chile.*

It's a familiar story of destabilisation. A dependency on American funding is set up, and when the Third World nation decides to go it alone, the cold turkey throes can be sufficient to drive the nation back to its old supplier. The big multinational companies play a crucial role in this process.

Fela feels that ITT have been particularly noxious in Nigeria, a country that has very little running water, electricity or sanitation, although it supplies oil to the world. He has been very militant in his anti-ITT publicity. Apart from singing specific finger-pointing songs like the lyrics quoted above, he's also given 83 university lectures on the subject in the past year.

Like any good detective, Fela marshalls the information about the customs bust to back up his CIA allegations: Susan Findlay, the American teacher who confessed to planting the "Indian hemp", as the Italians quaintly called it, is actually employed by the Nigerian government, with whom Abiola is involved. Piece together Abiola's involvement with Decca, the government and ITT, then add the crucial fact that he, like Fela, intends to run for Nigerian President in the 1983 elections, and, as Fela says, "the connection is just too tempting."

"Where did you get the things you have? The things you don't own? You mean you don't know? You say yourself, you're not there for Africa at all. You mostly come over from London, from New York, from Brazil . . . if you were there for Nigeria, there would be plenty water underground, plenty water overground, plenty water in the air — only water for man to drink is not there. Big, big people get electric, only for working people it's not there . . ." (Fela Kuti song)

UP TILL 1969, Fela didn't occupy his present position as the most specifically political musician working today. Others, like Gil Scott-Heron, are equally direct in their lyrics, but which other musicians, with the possible exception of Linton Kwesi Johnson and the Plastic People, have merged their art and their direct action so incisively?

Thinking back to his pre-political days, Fela says: "Maybe if I'd have known, I'd have shelved the idea. Maybe." He laughs. He's anxious that we understand he's joking.

At the concert in Naples' main square, the audience couldn't believe their luck. Fela and Africa 70's dance music is like a solid fuel injection of percussion, horns, and voices. Fela plays jazzy saxophone and keen, stabbing organ. The rhythm guitar carries much of the momentum, it chatters in your ear and won't go away. The bass is sadly lost in the mix tonight, but it's possible to sense it loping deep in there.

It's overgrown salsa, fertilised to Amazonian tropical excess. Almost all Fela's 70 co-workers seem to be on stage, complete with singing and dancing queens. It's George Clinton's ideal onstage party pandemonium, seriously wild.

Fela plays for two and a half hours — nothing, a holiday compared to the usual four-night-a-week, four and a half hour sets they play at their Lagos club, the Shrine. Fela had to control his own club. No Lagos club would allow him to play, despite his massive popularity.

Each song lasts over half an hour, churning, ever-changing rhythms that drive the audience to grasshopper-leaping ecstasy. But the Italians are probably missing a good portion of the excitement — understanding those fiery, scaldingly ironic words brands your memory, sugar-coated with pure, uncut Afro-Beat. The rhythms remind you that life is *fun.* You're listening, then you're dancing, and you haven't felt so good for weeks. It's the words that keep on getting Fela Kuti into trouble.

"People they work, office worker, labourer worker, they go they hustle, try to make ends meet. Authority people! Instead of buses they ride motorcars, instead of motorcycles they're in helicopters . . . they go steal, public they contribute plenty money . . . armed robber he need gun, Authority Man, him need pen, Authority Man in charge of money . . ."
('Authority Stealin.')

Those lyrics are from Fela's latest scorcher of a disco-mix, the first release on his own Kalakuta records label. No pressing plant in Nigeria would touch it, with its explicit references to a recent Nigerian political scandal. They call it "Oilgate" — the mysterious disappearance of nearly three billion Naira (Nigerian currency) of public money. Inside each record is an issue of the Africa 70 broadsheet, *YAP* (Young African

ABOVE: FELA WITH A PORTION OF HIS 27 QUEENS & THE AFRICA '70 TROUPE. . . "THEY HAVE TIES STRONGER THAN BLOOD," SAYS GEORGE GARDNER, FELA'S CAMBRIDGE EDUCATED LAWYER. "EVERY PERSON ON THIS TOUR HAS SCARS, EVERY REBEL IN NIGERIA, EVERYONE WHO WILL STAND UP & BE COUNTED, IS HERE."

Pioneer) *News*, its motto: "Our challenge is never to suffer again."

It contains a transcript of the "Oilgate" trial in which Fela makes explicit accusations against the Nigerian government, plus a copy of the crucial piece of incriminating evidence, a money draft made out to one Abasanjo former head of Nigeria's military government, stamped by the Nigerian Medical Association, for 860.15 billion Naira.

Fela pressed the record up in Ghana, and had to smuggle it into Nigeria to evade their record import ban.

WE MEET the day after the Naples show, in Fela's seedy hotel room. He sits in the corner, holding court, dressed in threadbare mauve Y-fronts. The room is full of queens, lying four to the bed like sensual sardines, and musicians sitting on every available surface.

These are the people of whom Fela's Cambridge-educated lawyer, George Gardner (son of a UN adviser on African affairs) later says: "They have ties stronger than blood. Every person on this tour has scars. Kwesi (Yupe, Fela's political and media adviser) has had his ribs and leg broken twice. He still has bayonet holes in his head. And that's just in the past 18 months. Every rebel in Nigeria, everyone who will stand up and be counted, is here."

Fela talks fluently for two and a half hours, occasionally looking to one of his people for confirmation. He passes round photos of a meeting of his M.O.P. party, in a sports stadium. The place is packed. Fela's arms are raised in that perennial victorious gladiator's salute. At the last election, M.O.P. was not allowed to register: Fela has plans to bypass the ban standing independently in the 1983 elections. He calls himself the Black President because, he says, he's more popular than the Nigerian President.

We'll know in 1983. Is it a coincidence that that's the year when the reggae songs say Africa will be free?

Fela comes from an upper-class, ecclesiastical background. His brother's a Professor of Pediatrics in Lagos, and heads the Nigerian Medical Association.

One day, many years ago, the market women came to visit Fela's mother and complained that they were being unfairly taxed. Fela's mother got up from her chair, he remembers, and went to help them, thus starting a career in politics that took her all over the world, even to Russia and, at Mao's invitation, to China. On her way back from China, her passport was seized by the British Government. Like her son in years to come, she was getting to be too much trouble.

Thus, Mrs Ransome-Kuti (as the family name then was) was unable to visit her son while he studied in Trinity Music College, London. Fela lived in Ladbroke Grove, Bayswater, and hung out at Ronnie Scott's and the Marquee, the Flamingo, the Roaring 20's (now Columbo's), jazz clubs, playing with jazz musicians from all over the place. (Incidentally, his celebrated association with Ginger Baker doesn't date from this period, though Fela saw him play with Cream then.)

Despite maternal and cosmopolitan input, Fela's political awakening began in '69, when he took his musicians on a frustrating, visa-less tour of the US. There he met with scant respect for African music and musicians (except from producer H. B. Barnum) and was overwhelmed with the size and scale of New York. "I felt like a cockroach."

Fela was baffled by the sudden knowledge that Nigeria's leaders had been hiding the fullness of the 20th century from their people. He travelled across the States, and, "I couldn't talk, couldn't participate in subjects because I didn't have the knowledge. I saw that the colonial education and upbringing, which America was involved in too, was very badly wild. History starts with Mungo Park 'discovering' the Niger! This pushed me so much I said I would die in the struggle.

"I was singing high-life, jazz, nothing deep. Short, short love songs, stupid, about the rain or something. I wasn't thinking as an African. With the self-insight I got in the States, I vowed I was going into politics. I also saw the power I could have through using music."

His education was intensified by a relationship with a Black Panther woman in Los Angeles (who shocked him by revealing she'd been in jail for kicking a policeman at a demonstration) and he started to try and write African music, firstly by copying the rhythms of a London-based African musician called Ambrose Campbell. At that stage, Fela was a political innocent. "I didn't see any opposition at home. I thought any African who heard this idea, must buy it. I didn't know I would start a lot of trouble."

THE TROUBLE began almost imperceptibly, when the police stopped him playing his new pan-African militant music in a club he part-owned.

He won that court-case.

Then, on April 30, 1974, the police raided his house and tried to implicate him in a big grass bust. He wound up spending time in prison till his name was cleared. "In that prison, we had order — a president, an attorney, a sanitary inspector. The place was so crowded, but the prisoners set up the order. They called it the Kalakuta Rebublic — 'Kalakuta' means rascal, it's an East African word.

"I used to think criminals were just — criminals. In jail I found they were intelligent people, who wanted to better their lives. I told them I would re-name my house Kalakuta Republic, not knowing I was bringing real trouble and confusion on my head. . ."

The police raids were systematic now. One morning, just before Fela was due to pick up the band's passports for a Cameroons tour, the police broke into his bedroom and planted him with a spliff. Fela grabbed the joint, swallowed it, washed it down with a swig of whisky and lectured the policeman about how wrong they were to persecute him when he was trying to fight for them.

Nonetheless, they attempted (unsuccessfully) to wash his stomach out in hospital, and then locked him up again for three days to observe his shit.

Fela ate lots of vegetables. At night, when the guards were sleeping, other prisoners passed him chamber-pots and then hid the contents. When he finally sat down to deliver on the morning he was due to go back to court, he remembers proudly, "I gave them a nice, clean shit."

This incident is commemorated in his song 'Expensive Shit'. The cover of that album shows the barbed wire fence that now surrounded the growing Kalakuta Republic, its tentacles creeping down the road as more and more people wandered into the house and decided to stay on, camping outside. The original wooden posts were replaced by barbed wire, then Fela electrocuted the barbed wire. When the authorities really decided to smash up this offensive state-within-a-state, they would have to switch off the electricity in the whole neighbourhood — but that was still a couple of years away. . .

In the meantime, the Nigerian press was full of clashes between Fela and the police. He was raided for any and every reason, repeatedly taken to court, jailed and beaten, till the Chief of Police decided to meet Fela for himself. Fela describes him as "a thoughtful man", though it does seem as if his thought processes lagged slightly in Fela's case. At any rate, finally convinced of Fela's integrity, police harassment suddenly ceased for two years, 'till 1977.

At that time, the Nigerian government's military powers made our Suss laws seem like a summer holiday — the army were entitled to pick people up and beat them at random in the streets, for traffic offences and the like.

But while the official Nigerian Arts Festival — Festac — was going on, the soldiers began to pick up foreign journalists and visiting artists, Not surprisingly, many of these visitors began to gravitate to the Kalakuta Republic. When Africa 70 staged their own mini-Festac at the Shrine, its success aggravated the regime still further. They were already vexed at the initial appearance of *YAP News*, although, as Fela explains, "It was a heavy manifesto not an attack, so they couldn't hold me for sedition."

THE SERIOUS trouble, the trouble that people who've hardly heard of Fela Kuti know about, began when one of Fela's people was

—CONTINUES—

FELA

CONTINUES

badly beaten in the streets. He made it back to the Kalakuta Republic, but as Fela was organising transport to hospital, the army arrived demanding to arrest the beaten man. Fela refused. War broke out.

The carnarge was almost inconceivable. Fela pauses even now when he remembers and shakes his head. "It was terrible . . . terrible . . ." His mother, 78-years-old, was thrown from a second-storey window and died soon after.

Later Fela and followers used her mock coffin — Fela wanted to use her actual corpse, but the rest of his family wouldn't agree — for a protest. They left it in a window of the burnt-out Kalakuta Republic, in the heart of Lagos, with a sign saying "This is the spot where justice was murdered." When the military regime handed over to an equally dubious, according to Fela, coalition government, they left the coffin as a silent protest in front of government HQ. She would have approved.

Almost all Fela's wives were raped by soldiers. One had broken bottles sewn into her vagina at the hospital. Aleike, Fela's most loquacious wife, remembers the high jinks they played in prison that time, fooling the warders by hiding precious cigarettes in toilet rolls in their vaginas — just like prisoners in Irish H BLocks today, discovering all kinds of new anal functions.

When the army burnt the house, they also burnt the soundtrack for a film Africa 70 had just finished. Fela crossed to Ghana, to try and salvage the remains.

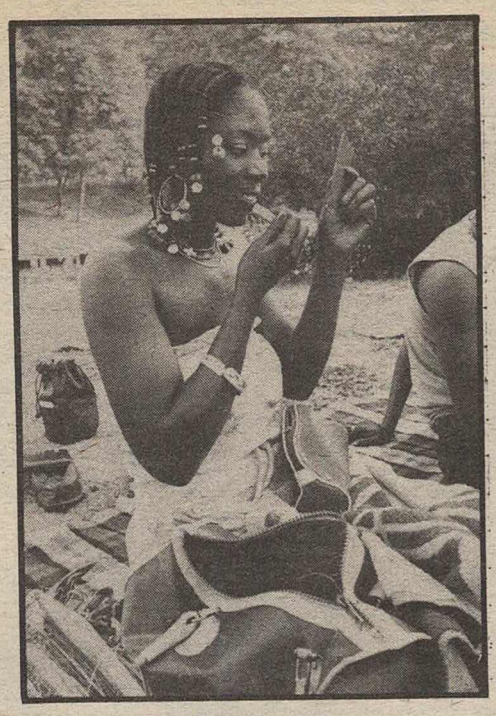
There he found a government even more repressive and vicious than the one he'd left behind. It only took threee months for Fela to be deported; the official reason was that he had taken the side of some market women in a street argument. But Ghanaian students had been using Fela's anti-military song, the hypnotic 'Zombie' ("It's against the kind of mind that takes orders without thinking") as a rallying-call.

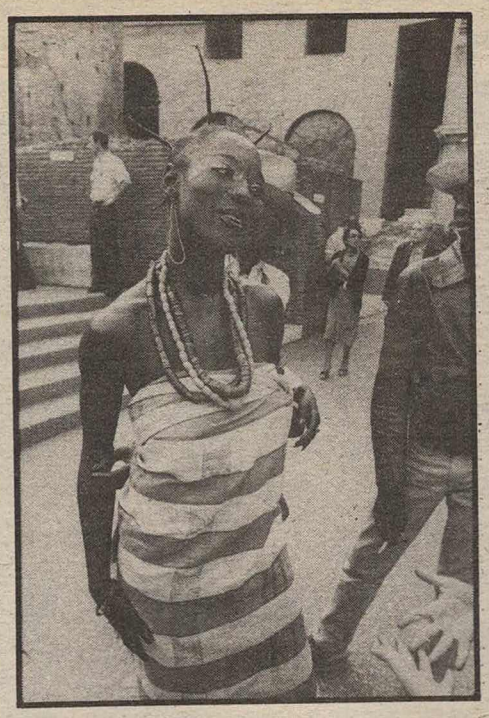
With the help of Kwesi Yupe (then the only outspoken editor in Ghana, whose *Catholic Herald* was repeatedly raided by the police) till he had to flee with Fela to escape worse Fela met with student leaders, and encouraged them to close down the universities. Under the circumstances, it's perhaps surprising Fela was there as long as three months.

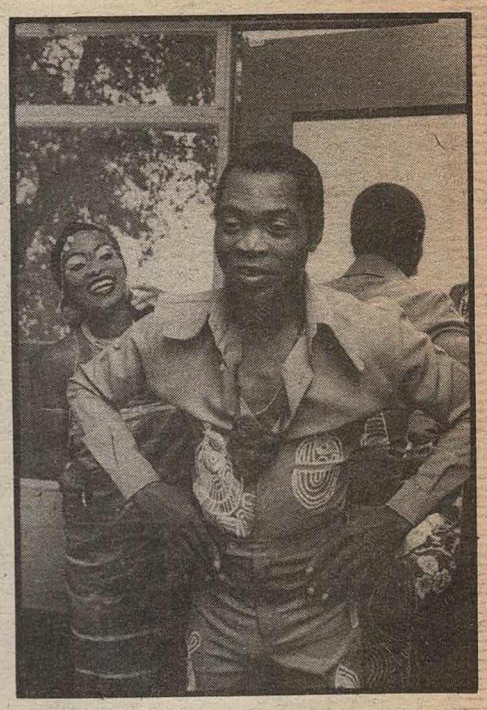
"I have to keep passing the message of Pan-Africanism wherever I am. They were annoyed . . ."

It was these events that decided Fela to marry the women who'd supported him through such extreme tribulations — 27 of them, including his original wife, British-bred Remy. She comments, "I didn't mind. Before that, he used to have lots of girlfriends. Now at least he's honest."

The marriage took place in the Ifa religion, a traditional African religion Fela has been re-discovering as part of his pan-African quest. Anyway, it's traditional in African culture for a man to have as many wives as he can afford to buy from their parents and support. Doesn't that imply women are just a piece of property to be bought and sold, even if the sum is nominal as you say, Fela? "Aha, now you understand," says Fela mysteriously.







King Fela & his queens: "Here we're confronted with the anomaly of 'Radical' people intent on finding their freedom through traditions many people were thrilled to see the back of."

"Africa woman, she go cook for her man, she do anything he say, but Lady no be so. Africa woman go dance the fire dance . . ." ('Lady' by Fela Kuti).

THAT'S one of Fela's old big hits, wherein the approved cultural African woman knows her place — kinder, kuche, kirche, (children, kitchen, church,) as the Nazis were so fond of saying.

Here we're confronted with the anomaly of 'radical' people intent on finding their freedom through re-discovering traditional cultural habits that many people were thrilled to see the back of. Men are usually quite attached to these traditions that ensure a non-stop mother/nurse/cook/cleaner figure, unpaid.

Fela's queens share a cheery, girls-dorm, sisterly rapport. Fela explains, "My affinity for sex helps keep them together. I sleep with two or three a day, so none of them gets too neglected." Long faces among the queens often indicated, if their teasing is anything to go by, that the queen in question has somehow got stuck on the rota, and is anxiously awaiting her turn.

If a wife is 'unfaithful', the other queens are supposed to dutifully report back to the King. Despite nasty rumours about wives locked in rooms, they themselves say his punishments are not too severe.

Admittedly, Aleike is a favourite queen, and as such has little cause for gloom, but her view of the multiple-wife structure is very positive: "If he was a harsh man, none of us would stay with him." Only 15 or so have left to date — and there's doubtless a queue of potential queens.

Everyone in the family finds it quite reasonable. If any queen is dissatisfied, she's free to pack her bags and go marry someone else, just like that. It's a disturbing thought, though, that after a period of intense involvement with, and economic dependency on Fela, a queen might have some difficulty in finding a new niche.

Aleike is bouncy and bubbly. She used to be a fashion model, and is still pleased to pose for the snap-happy tourists.

She comes of a 'colonial' family — father a judge, mother a nursing sister — who gave her a proper convent education, then cut her off when she went to live with Fela in her late teens. Fela taught her to be an 'African woman', and overcome Western indoctrinations like jealousy. Western feminist conceptions of what constitutes freedom appear irrelevant to her; she has found her freedom through Fela, she says. "Fela trusts us. I pray we will never let him down."

If you're intent on retrieving African identity through re-absorption of traditional customs, apparently 'tradition' is a virtue in itself. World Health Organisation statistics say that about five million young African women a year undergo the clitoridectomy operation; their clitorises are either cut, or removed without anaesthetic. Aleike says that this (to me) absolutely horrific operation is OK: it's cultural. Kwesi, Fela's radical political adviser ("I'm a political animal") endorses it too. Speaking from personal experience, he says that 'cut' women are more sexually sensitive and responsive. Not surprising, since they've been mutilated so that they can only receive vaginal sexual pleasure.

Still, back home in Lagos the neighbours who insulted the raped women as whores, now respect them as 'Fela's queens'.

Sometimes the terms 'radical' and 'colonial' seem to blur around the edges.

Aleike tells me stories of how people who've abused Fela's generosity often meet bad deaths, as if by magic. "Many people say he's a god, sent to do things for the African people."

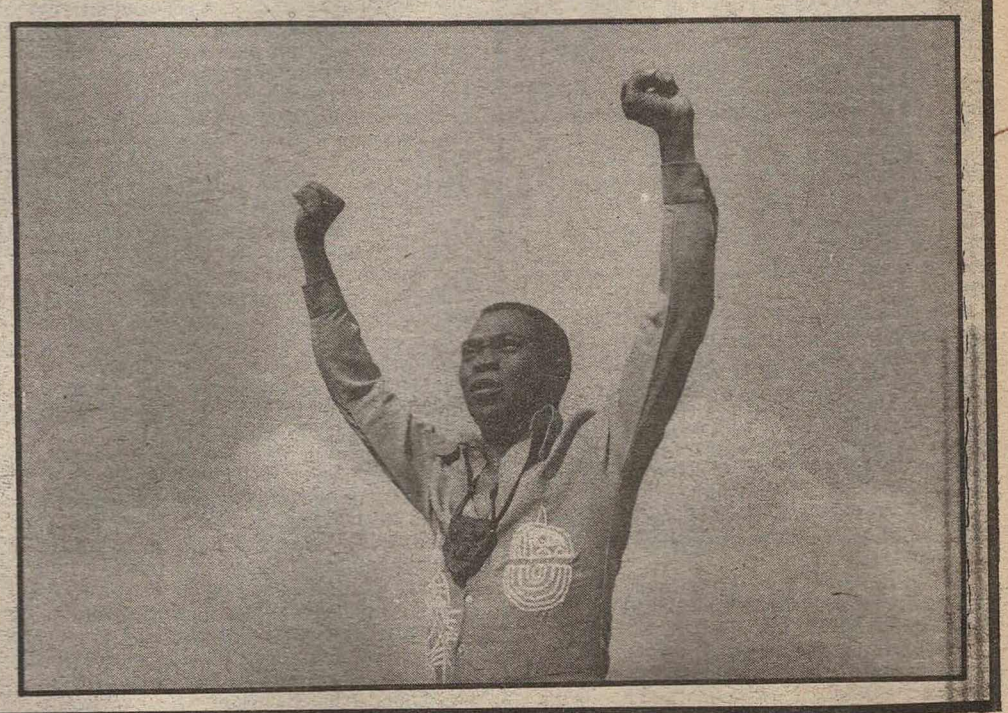
It's five years now since Fela changed from his slave name, Ransome-Kuti, to his new name, Anikulapo-Kuti. It means a traditional hunter, who controls death with the magic amulets he carries in a pouch by his side.

I ask Fela why he thinks he hasn't been killed yet.

"They like me. It's a bundle of contradictions. They beat me a lot, but they don't see the point in killing Fela who makes music."

I never did find out what's in the leather pouch Fela always wears round his neck.

Interview jointly conducted with Martin Meissonier



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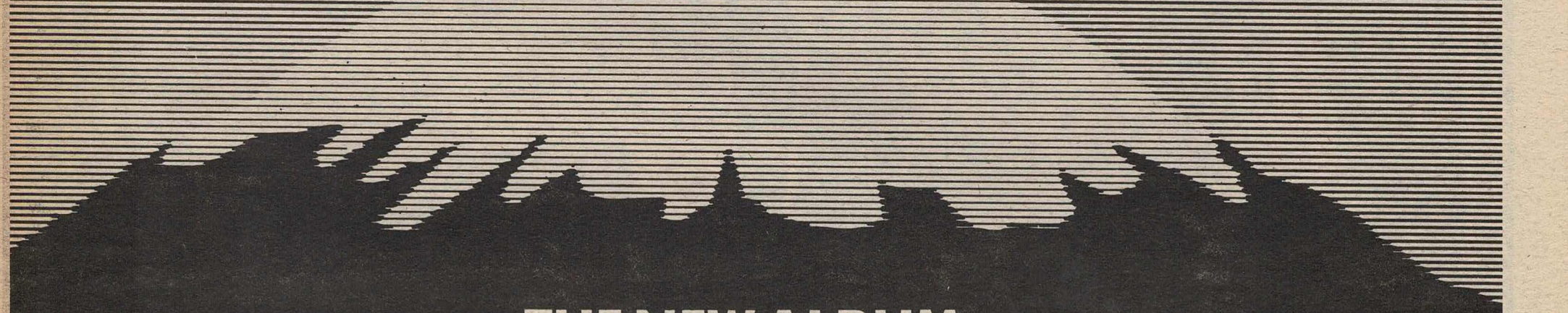

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WELCOME TO THE BBC-2 ROCK WEEK:

The Real Conservative Party Conference

DANGEROUS

TV: IAN PENMAN

A COUPLE of weeks back, in the circular, enviable 24-hour whirlpool of New York television *(Barney Miller* five nights a week! Do you realise what kind of a *statement* that adds up to?) I caught one of those wretched, lovable American chat shows coyly slotted in between the multiple sten-gun blast of advertising and pre-election sloganising. Merv Griffin, a painfully gregarious man, had Devo on his show; Devo, for their pains, played their New Hit Single on the Merv Griffin show . . .

Merv obviously thought of Devo as some kind of contemptible if tragically — *this* is American youth? — hilarious New Hippie strain. Devo, as we all know, despise everyone and everything. But *somehow* an equilibrium was achieved, momentarily. Merv wore a Devo hat. Devo stood to de-evolved attention and joked through gritted teeth. The whole thing was absolutely mad, and I loved it.

But when I tried to do it over again with Parkinson and Cabaret Voltaire I blew a cathode.

What all this is heading toward is the token *NME* 'look' at BBC-2's just finished Rock Week (it finished, just, in a puff of old grey whistle dust). This was a Media Hardsell Con to rival the best of 'em *sic).* At least with Merv and Devo there was a flash, a great fleeting here & now impression of the clash (or no) of two absurd entertainment systems. It was an oxymoronic duel (or moronic duet) of fools. A suicide pact: ship's a goin' down, but what the . . .

But what the BBC-2 Rock Week did with contemporary culture managed to convey virtually nothing beyond boardroom venality.

I suppose a television — a Nation — that shuts down at minutes before midnight is hardly geared to Essence of Rebellion, but there is surely *something* beyond a glut of ordinary live footage, a couple of wormy compilations, a few old films and the teensiest soupcon of bored cinema verite? It was all as see-through as Merv Griffin's grin.

The Rock Week was, above all, a *cheap* way to trap an audience: everyone likes an economy package deal.

There were only two vaguely exploratory or 'televisual' programmes in the entire week's schedule; for the rest we had the same old formats, formulae, information, assumptions shoved down our feeding tubes. There are more surprises in soap opera.

The corny circus kicked off with a couple of Elvis flicks (one tough, the other gush: ***Loving You, Jailhouse Rock)*** and our giddy gamble continued as we tore up old copies of the *Radio Times* and rioted over the G-Plan to the millionth repeat of the cuddly — sorry, *inflammatory* — ***Rock Around The Clock.*** A film notable, I've always thought, for the least charismatic or sexy bandleader of all time: *Bill Haley* was one of the original demons? He looks more like a hamburger salesman than the pre-Elvis white Robert Johnson.

Better by far was Frank Tashlin's ***The Girl Can't Help It*** — the one real unearthed gem of the week. Although similar in slant to ***Rock Around The Clock*** (Big Bad Biz itching to irrigate the innocent young beat), it had everything one expected of this wild and corrupting new music: sly humour in the marvellously drink-sodden and romantic shape of Tom Ewell, purring sexuality in the marvellously exaggerated shape of Jayne Mansfield, and all the right music, but firmly in its place — no big ado about rocking. All that AND Julie London! Swoon! Sob! Torch of the Day!

The mammoth (*n:* large extinct species of elephant) ***Heroes of Rock'n'Roll*** documentary was unbearably hosted by a clean and cretinous thing called Jeff Bridges, who popped about like a whoopee cushion on a spring, releasing comicbook rock'n'roll things to say like *Hi! Phew!* and other less translatable expressions. The programme was OK up to a point (probably 1968) and worth catching for a judicious selection of classy early footage. No perspective, but good pics.

Two and a quarter hours into this encyclopaedic pan we somehow manage to slide from Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young to the PUNK ROCK EXPLOSION and back out again in about five minutes flat. The solitary illustration of PUNK ROCK is Elvis Costello doing 'Pump It Up' for a video camera. For want of a better conclusion, there is a very familiar clip of Bruce Springsteen — still being touted like a leftover Christmas gift in the January sales as the bloody "future" of rock'n'roll! Jeff Bridges dribbles that here is "one performer who can blow 'em away like *the best of 'em!"* All in all, a thoroughly backward look at the present, if an enjoyable look at the past.

After the convenient timing of ***American Graffiti*** came five days of concerts. **Kate Bush** pouted po-faced platitudes and fairy pornographies in a succession

Continues over

Thrills

"He was dragged from town to town and from fair to fair as if he were a strange beast in a cage . . ."

Thrills

"He had all the invention of an imaginative boy or girl, the same love of 'make believe', the same instinct of 'dressing up' and of impersonating heroic and impressive characters . . ."

Thrills

Visions of The Elephant Man: Pictures of Bowie on Broadway on BBC2 by Justin Thomas, words from The True History Of The Elephant Man by Michael Howell and Peter Ford. The David Lynch/John Hurt version is reviewed on page 32.

Report and picture: MIKE BAESS

Kennedy kaos hits Music Machine

THE DEAD KENNEDYS finally hit London last Wednesday when they played to a full house at the Music Machine — and nearly caused a riot at the same time.

First impressions on walking into the former music hall theatre were that it was 1977 all over again. Most of the audience, however, must have been only 16 or 17 — too young to have witnessed yer real punk bash of that time.

It was a fad like a Sham 69 gig (without the Tufty Club saluting skinheads) — a mass of spikey hair, sweat-drenched clothes, leather jackets and gob.

Starting off with a manic 'Man With The Dogs', the band sped through fast versions of 'Kill The Poor' and the single 'California Uber Alles'. By the time they reached 'Police Truck', the punks at the front were already rushing the stage, and by 'Holiday In Cambodia' there was little to be seen of the band, with about 20 kids onstage and more climbing up.

Bass player Klaus and guitarist Ray looked slightly unnerved at the unexpected party on stage and obviously thought their equipment was going to get smashed. But Jello Biafra carried on his wild man act — although this only encouraged more kids to hop on stage. In the resulting chaos two mikes were ripped off — bringing the gig to an early end.

After this outing, The Dead Kennedys could become new figureheads to all the young punks. Like the title of their album 'Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables', they've provided punk with a breath of fresh air.

Dangerous Visions

From previous page

of costumes designed to emphasize her subject matters, bum and bust in something like that order. It — the concert — had the aura of a grotto and the allure of a grapefruit peel sandwich.

Ah, but now I'm being drawn into it all! Brevity! **Cream** clotted for ever and ever and a day. **Van Morrison** and **Randy Newman** sang with their respective orchestras — Newman marginally more informal, Morrison mobile. Newman's gig had the edge — it was new, short, plain and humorous. But is RN R'N'R?

Ironically, the only concert I was at all interested in I missed. **Joni Mitchell's** self-directed ***Shadows and Light*** was, I am reliably informed, the only deviation from the numbing norm. I also neglected to consider **The Kinks** and **Rainbow** episodes as there is a limit to both my tolerance and my thirst. I wouldn't go to their gigs — probably not even for money these days — so don't consider myself at all guilty.

XTC At The Manor was ostensibly about how the modern recording process works — spend a week with the group and producer Steve Lillywhite putting together a new single in the studio. But, being a Virgin Video (smothered in Branson), the initial promise soon evaporated. We were left with something approximating a *Holiday '80* slot: a guided tour of a Branson's Camp, where cheeky chaps XTC spend a week playing tennis, snooker, sitting on swings, chasing shaggy dogs, eating sandwiches and grinning stupidly as each new Branson installation gets more offensive and decadent. (To wit: a tanker delivers 10,000 trout, which are put into the Manor's artificial lake just so the spoilt Branson kid can blow them all up at the highpoint of some ludicrous '60s style party he throws. Absolutely no interviews with Venue staff.) The recording studio footage *plods* like nothing on earth. Interviews are about first pack of strings you ever bought, music tuition, etc. Even the XTC single in question is one of their more tepid attempts. What a waste!

Another night saw Anne Nightingale fawning sycophantically over **The Police,** who were touring (penetrating a potentially viable marketplace) the Middle East at the time. This was the predictable Chaps Go On Around On Their Hols affair, relieved only by superficial interviews and consolidation of the various objectionable aspects of the three Police men. I still suspect that the only reason behind the exhaustive global jaunt was to try and find someone who dances worse than Stewart Copeland — having failed to locate such a body in the Western World!

Randy sails away

In the *Old Grey Whistle Test's* ***The Story So Far*** there had to be, as with ***Heroes of Rock'n'Roll,*** a quota of good things — albeit inevitably limited, and inevitably weighed out by Wakeman, Zep, Floyd, Oldfield and lots of other Musicians Playing Music. It was obviously an Appleton/Slobbering Bob selection, and all Anne Nightingale — Ms Champion of the New — could do was nod along hypocritically in the background. ***The Story So Far*** fared marginally better than ***Heroes,*** though — one Costello video, one Talking Heads track (1st album) put to film, and Siouxsie and The Banshees filmed in the iniquitous den itself. The two-hour ***Story*** 'So Far' concluded with a clip of The Rolling Stones doing 'Tumbling Dice', leaving one to reflect that Costello, Talking Heads and the Banshees must all have been looks into the future.

In other words, BBC-2's Rock Week ended with nostalgia, not open eyes or optimism. The rest of the week on television did little to alter this state of affairs. On ITV **Roger Daltrey** was interviewed about The Who's move into films, a couple of clips from *Breaking Glass* got aired ("— *shows how angry the kids* —" blah blah) and a curious programme called ***Get It Together*** continued to present a sort of Sunday School sanitised version of present-day pop. One of the presenters is an owl.

BBC-1 had ***Top of the Pops*** — truly at an all-time low — and ***Rebel Without A Cause*** — which would have been a suitable enough inclusion in Rock Week, but *can't* have been intended as such, being on the wrong channel and all.

Rebel clashed with about the nearest we got to The Present on BBC-2 — an unusually adequate look at **Bowie** on Broadway, the interview conducted by an unctuous Tim Rice. But this item was hardly prioritised by BBC-2, tucked away on a very tatty late night chat show with The Hollies (of all people).

Tiswas (a programme you either love or are beginning to go off) aside, the nearest this particular Rock Week got to the heart of the matter was Kenneth Kendall reading the news story about John Lydon's conviction. A short interview could have been as good as Merv 'n' Devo.

IAN PENMAN

Miles Davis catches another wind

THE MUCH-PUBLICISED return to work by The Beatles' former rhythm guitarist has overshadowed an item of equally important news. Miles Davis (54) has nearly completed his first all-new album in something like five years.

During the mid-'70s, Davis withdrew from public life due mainly to physical ill-health. In the interim, CBS-Sony (Japan) have released a succession of hitherto unavailable concert albums spanning Davis' lengthy association with the label.

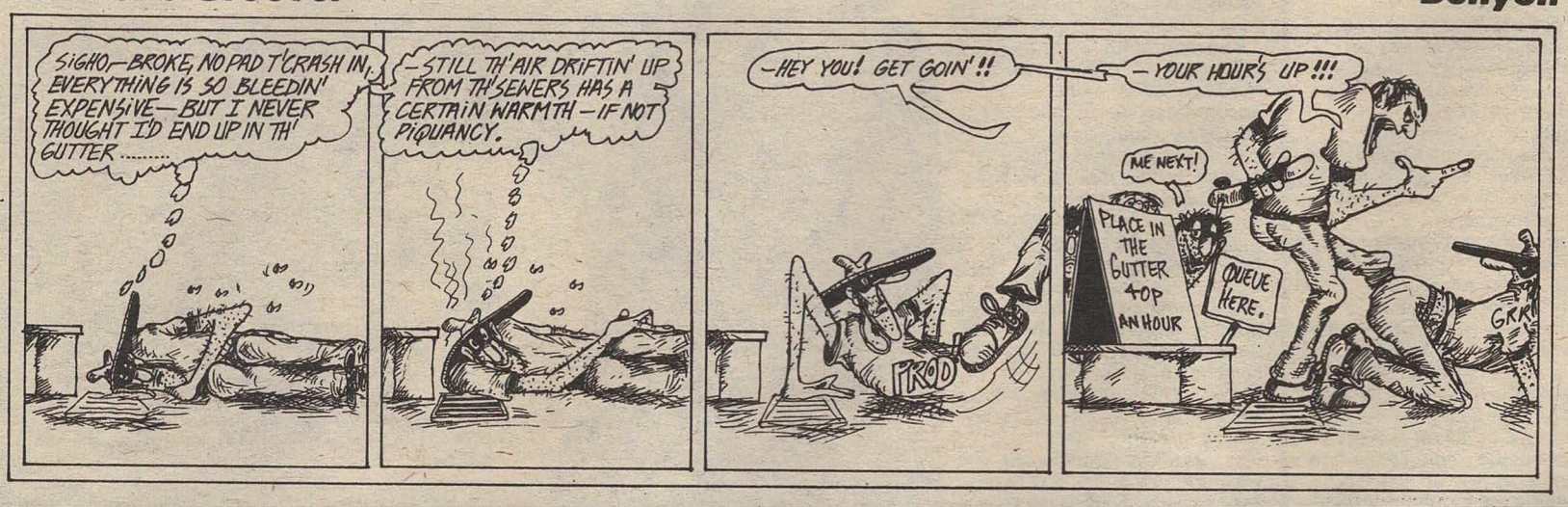
Over the last 18 months or so, CBS have leaked reports of Davis working in the studio with, amongst other people, a band of Japanese musicians on "one side of a possible disco project".

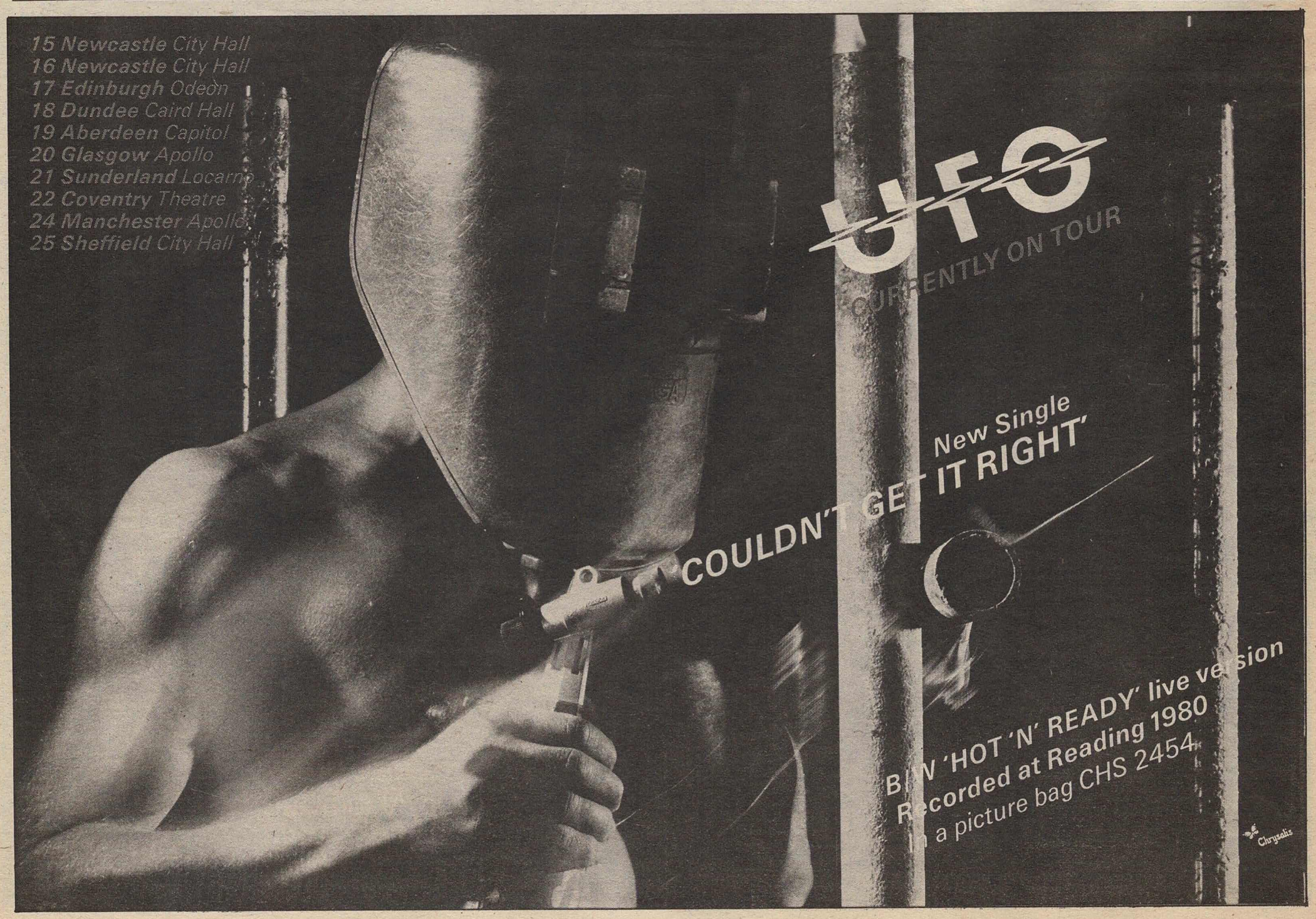
What has now been confirmed is that between May and July of this year Davis — with Teo Macero in his familiar role as producer — completed 14 tracks with a quartet of young unknown Chicagoans including his nephew, Vincent Wilburn Jr. The other musicians, all in their early twenties, are Randy Hall (guitar), Robert Irving (keyboards) and Felton Crews (bass). Multi-saxist Bill Evans, percussionist Sammy Figuerora and the Angela Bofill Singers augmented the group.

Contrary to reports that dental problems have caused Davis to abandon the trumpet and concentrate exclusively on keyboards, tracks like 'The Man With The Horn', 'The

The Lone Groover

Benyon


SIGHO—BROKE, NO PAD T'CRASH IN, EVERYTHING IS SO BLEEDIN' EXPENSIVE—BUT I NEVER THOUGHT I'D END UP IN TH' GUTTER.....
—STILL TH'AIR DRIFTIN' UP FROM TH'SEWERS HAS A CERTAIN WARMTH—IF NOT PIQUANCY.
—HEY YOU! GET GOIN'!!
PROD
—YOUR HOUR'S UP!!!
ME NEXT!
PLACE IN THE GUTTER 40P AN HOUR
QUEUE HERE.
GRK!



Miles. Pic: Jill Furmanovsky

1980s', 'Solar Energy', 'Space', 'Burn', 'Spider's Web', 'I'm Blue', 'Mrs Slurpey' and 'Thanksgiving' feature the man on both horn and Fender Rhodes piano.

Davis himself has not been available for comment, but guitarist Randy Hall has been more forthcoming: "It's commercial enough that people who never heard Miles before will get into it. Older fans of his will dig it too." Though there is a preponderance of ballads there are also forays into uptempo funk, spiced with "vocals and electronics".

Miles Davis — the man who once boasted he could form a better rock band than Jimi Hendrix (and in many opinions did just that) — was largely responsible for redirecting much of the music of the '60s and, in particular, the '70s. There's no reason he shouldn't make a major contribution to this decade.

ROY CARR

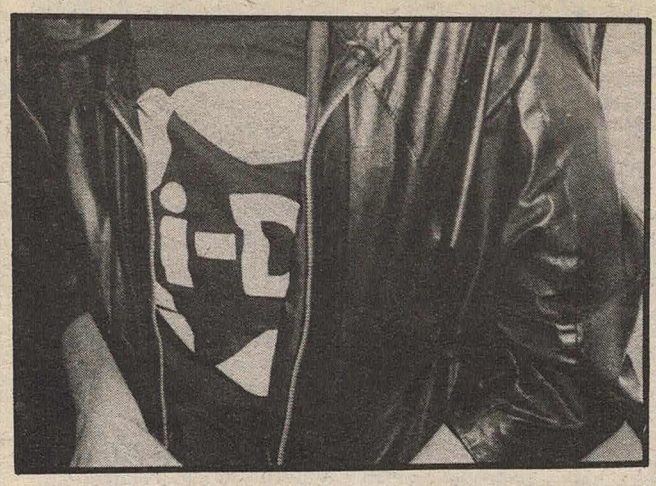
Disco night is Fr-ID-ay night

WITH ITS print run unexpectedly breaking 2,000, teen fashion mag *I-D* (premiered in *Thrills* 16.8.80) has proved successful enough to go monthly. And one of its three founder/editors, Perry Haines, has begun hosting an 'I-D Night' of music, dance, and self-decorative drama at Gossips (formerly Billy's) in 69 Dean St, London W1.

I-D Night (or Fr-ID-ay) — every Friday from 10 pm to 3 am — promises every attendee their Warholic 15 minutes, with photographers galore and a sheet in front of which anyone may stand and be snapped for posterity and future issues. But the main focus is the beat; with Haines acting as DJ. "I play a cross section of different musics, pieced together for non-stop dancing." A typical selection would move from surfing safaris to The Ventures' 'Eight Miles High' to Roxy Music's 'Eight Miles High', through the electronic and 'contemporary new wave' to "some Suicide with a cha-cha beat, a Latin American twist, a bit of Peggy Lee Afro-Cuban, some reggae, and then — onto the college campus: rock and roll, rockabilly, and maybe 'The Pope's No Dope' or 'In The Forest' by Baby-O."

Haines borrows what he hasn't got to spin, but he's no slacker. When contacted by *Thrills* he'd just cruised to Paris in a 19-foot black Cadillac ("a friend's") and brought back a copy of 'Harley Davidson' by Brigitte Bardot. "It'll be really good 'cause we get all sorts from down there and a fair amount of bikers."

Black Cadillacs to Paris? Sound a bit, er — *moneyed?* No, says Haines indignantly, mainstream fashion is stagnant *because* it panders to money. What matters is giving all dress cults their own 'space' — and realising that each has a different music through which its dynamic is expressed. I-D night, like *I-D*, aims to provide a service for the reader.



Haines himself has always been into fashion, but working on a haute couture collection in Paris taught him that "not only was twice a year too slow for fashion to change, but also that I had more interest in the pitch than the stitch". This stance led him to the sort of entrepreneuring which gave the world *I-D*. And response to the fanzine has been voluminous: "We've had mail from almost every county in the UK, and a lot of feedback."

Because the letters and subscriptions have come from so far afield, Haines and his partners, Dave Mahoney and John Eden, would like to take I-D Night all over Britain. Their target is the South Coast, but in the meantime there's issue 2 (almost finished) and Haines' hopes that he can get even younger readers ("14-16") involved with writing for the magazine.

"We want kids who will write for us what they wouldn't be able to write elsewhere. And I'd really love to get someone who'd go out and *report* for us."

CYNTHIA ROSE

Not Only Rock And Roll

Lowry

DEREK RUGEAD OF THE SUNDAY TRIPES ROCK'N'ROLL SECTION IS EXPLAINING WHY THIS IS THE GREATEST MUSICAL ERA SINCE THE DAWN OF CREATION ETC....
YOU SHOULDN'T TAKE ANY NOTICE OF THE OCCASIONAL "RAGGING" I'M SUBJECTED TO BY THE MEWLING BRATS OF THE POP PRESS, CHIEF..
THE BENNY THOMAS TAPES
ELLA CLEO
A MAN OF MY VAST EXPERIENCE HAS LONG AGO LEARNED TO TELL THE MUSICAL WHEAT FROM THE CHAFF-! I WAS OFFERED A 'TOKE'. ON A 'REEFER' BACKSTAGE OF THE HAPSHASH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOUR DREAMCOAT PREMIER!!
MILD-EYED HORROR
FASCINATING, DEKER, FASCINATING.
FRANK THE KING
WHERE DID MY YOUTH GO
JETHRO DULL, BARCLAY JAMES BULLSHIT, GENESNORES, PINK FRAUD.!! EVERYONE ACCEPTS THAT THESE ARE THE MASTERS OF MODERN ROCK! EVERYONE EXCEPT THE WHINING MAGGOTS OF CARNABY STREET AND THEIR PITIFUL PUNK FOLLOWERS!!..
STEADY ON DES- YOUR RUG'S SLIPPING
DOESN'T A MAN OF MY AGE DESERVE ANY RESPECT?! AND AS FOR THEIR WHOLLY MIS-GUIDED AND PATHETIC POLITICAL PONTIFICAT-ING!!....
EVERYONE KNOWS THAT THE CURRENT ECONOMIC CLIMATE HAS DONE MORE TO FOSTER AN INTEREST IN THE BIG BAND REVIVAL THAN ANYTHING IN YEARS!!!
GOOD TIMES ARE ROUND THE CORNER..
I'M FOR A PLATE OF OYSTERS AND CHAMPAGNE
UNEMPLOYED- THANK YOU.
STATING THAT HE WAS ONLY TRYING TO BRING BACK THE VITRIOL OF A HOGARTH OR GILRAY MR LOWRY WAS TODAY COMMITED FOR TRIAL AT....

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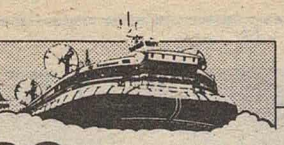

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PIAGGIO VESPA GILERA

WIPING THE SLATE CLEAN

It's been a long haul, but Black Slate have finally chalked their mark on the blackboard of commercial success. What's held them back? Punk and ska, they reckon . . .

IF THEY AWARDED gold discs for sheer perseverance, reggae rockers Black Slate would surely have been worth their weight in bullion long ago.

The North London group have waited over eight years — the past six of them without so much as one personnel change — for their first hit single, fuelled only by small-time success on the home club circuit and in the ethnic charts.

But with their single 'Amigo' holding steady at number seven in the *NME* chart as I write, it looks like drive and determination are getting their long-overdue reward at last.

The unlikely hitmakers are far from thunderstruck at finally making the big breakthrough, mind you.

"I wouldn't go as far to say we're completely amazed at the way the single has gone," lead guitarist Chris Hanson reflects in the compact basement office of Ensign Records' Marble Arch headquarters. "We've always felt that we should sell big 'cause of the amount of ground we've covered in England and Europe. The only trouble we've had has been *marketing* ourselves big enough."

Almost all of Slate's previous singles have been on their own independent TCD label — undoubtedly one of the reasons the group haven't charted in the past despite releasing records far superior to their disappointingly wet current hit (the soulful swing of last year's 'Mind Your Motion' — an *NME* single of the week — being the prime example). A move from TCD (standing for the strictly un-rootsy Technical Communications Data) to a bigger label was the obvious remedy, although the group approached such a move with extreme caution.

Bassist Elroy Bailey takes up the story: "With TCD it was our label and we were proud of the fact that we could do it ourselves to show the yout' that it was possible. The big companies were always interested, but none of them would give us a fair offer."

It was only after the release of their debut album in June that an Ensign executive, seduced by 'Amigo', then just the title track of the LP, signed the band. The song appeared a few weeks later as the group's first Ensign single, soon becoming their first hit.

Hanson, while appreciating the better distribution facilities, is still acutely aware of the unimpressive track record of the major labels as far as British reggae is concerned.

"There's always been two sides to this one. It can work and it might not work. A lot of big labels do not know how to market reggae 'cause it is fairly new to them. They don't work together with the musicians, they just base their whole operation on *policies*. Regardless of the situation, they'll stick to a policy. Most of the big companies have no love. With Ensign, though, we like the feel. It's just a matter of respect."

The roots of Black Slate are firmly entrenched in the club reggae scene of North-East London, though four of the band — singer Keith Drummond, drummer Desmond Mahoney, rhythm guitarist Cledwyn Rogers and Chris Hanson — moved to England after being born in the West Indies.

Their first gigs were at Phoebes Club in Stoke Newington around 1972. There they'd be called upon to play everything from soul to cabaret as the all-purpose backing band in a weekly talent show. From there they graduated to places like the Noreik in Tottenham, changing their name from Young Ones From Zion to Black Slate in 1974 and backing the likes of Dennis Brown and Errol Dunkley on British dates.

Their first exposure to the white rock audience came in 1977 when they became the first reggae band to play with a punk group, supporting Generation X at the Marquee. In retrospect, Chris Hanson regards the lauded punky-reggae partying of 1977 as a mixed blessing, reckoning that it held back reggae bands in the UK almost as much as it opened up a new market for them.

"Punk rock took off much faster than reggae in 1977 so you had a situation where all the punk bands were being signed up and all the reggae bands had to hold back 'cause the record companies only had limited budgets.

"Then, when punk started to wane, reggae came through really strongly and you had Dennis Brown, Janet Kay and Matumbi all in the chart. Then last year, it was held back again by the ska thing. That just seems to be the trend.

"In 1977, most of the big companies didn't understand how to market reggae," adds Desmond. "People like Virgin took it on but couldn't handle it properly. One of the problems was that bands were being signed up and put into the studio really quickly. Sometimes they'd be put into the studio with a producer who was musically good but didn't have a reggae feel, then they'd change their playing style, which was probably wrong 'cause they'd lose the audience they had in the first place — the ethnic.

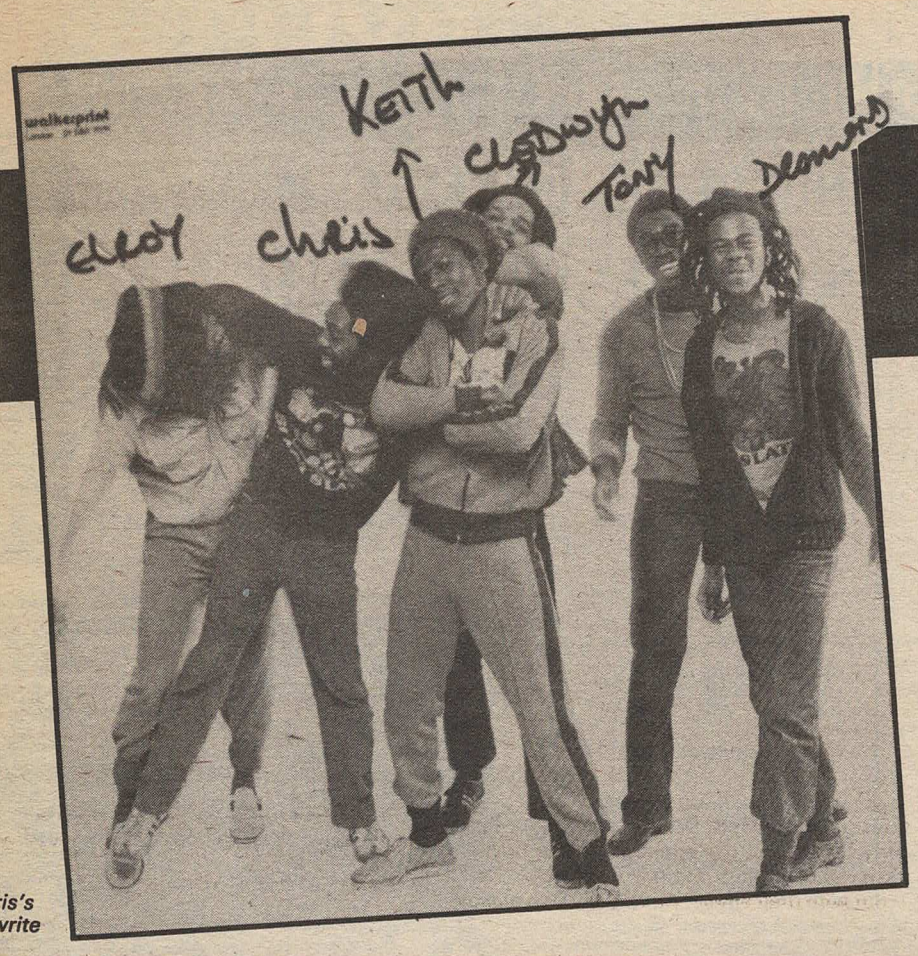
"All musics have their own ethnic roots. there's always a place for certain types of music. "If a music is not ethnic, it hasn't got any personal feel, like classical music which is probably musically good, but hasn't got so much of an inside feel."

That's a score on which Black Slate, from the heart to the chart, have little to worry about.

ADRIAN THRILLS

Thrills

Lowry



Black Slate in Chris's own write

A Blast From The (Backstage) Pass

AMONG a roster of other notable names *NME's* famed lenslady Pennie Smith has documented and redocumented the varying moods and rocky rise to recognition of The Clash. Now Eel Pie Books is set to bring you *The Clash: Before And After,* an expansive — ex*pan*sive, shlubbo — photo-journal which combines her hot black and white shots with captions contributed by all four of the group.

To coincide with the publication, *NME* in conjunction with Eel Pie are offering 25 copies of this tome autographed by Joe, Mick, Paul, Topper and Pennie herself. All you gotta do is sharpen your wits and your pencils and write your own caption for the pic below. The one you have to beat is Joe's. Closing date: 13.11.80.

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Mick declines a chomp on a new invention — The Bubble Gum Do-Nut. JS.

This competition is open to all readers resident in the UK, Eire, Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd, the printers of New Musical Express, members of The Clash and staff of Eel Pie Books. The Editor's decision is final and the results will be published in a future issue of NME.

To: NME-KODACLASH, 55 Ewer Street, London SE99 6YP.

Name .....**(Age)**.....

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My caption: .....

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BEGGING THE QUESTION

Logo Design Competition Results

THE PROBLEM with any competition which tests creative skills is picking an outright winner. Earlier this year, when we asked readers to submit original designs for a new Beggars Banquet label logo, the standard of entries we received was so high that the decision-making became something of an ordeal. And we ended up with a dead heat for first prize.

Howard Joslin from Rawcliffe, York, came up with a winning background design whilst Kevin Grey of Norbiton, Surrey, created some tasty neon lettering. A conference with both artists led to an agreement: the designs would be merged into one label, which makes its debut with Colin Newman's LP 'A-Z' (left).

A first prize of £250 was at stake along with another £50 for the runner-up. So what we've done is to combine both prizes and divide the £300 between Howard and Kevin. David Hyams from Brockley gave the joint winners tough competition, so we've also awarded him a runner-up's prize of £50.

In the Highly Recommended category are Stephen Goddard (Reading), Stuart M. Morgan (Hillington), and Mark Fuller (Clavering), whose imaginative work won't go unrewarded: they'll each receive a Beggars Banquet catalogue from which they can select records.

And from October 18, an exhibition of the entries will be held at the Beggars Banquet shop in Ealing.

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Greetings, Pop Pickers, Alan Freeman here. Heard about the Pop Pickers competition at Littlewoods Stores?

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MADNESS		BLACK SABBATH
CLIFF RICHARD		BEAT

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Good luck, pop pickers! Alan Freeman

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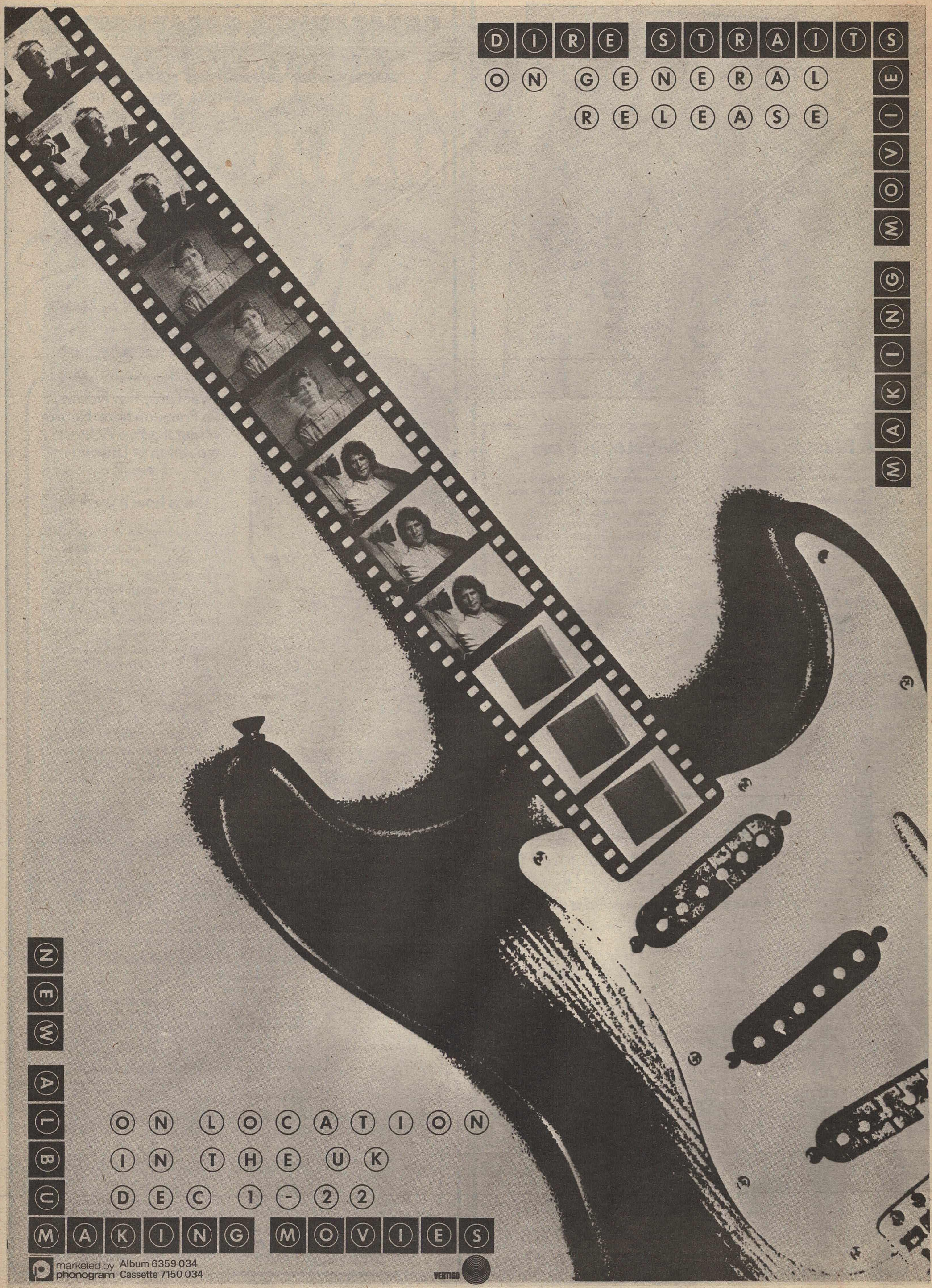
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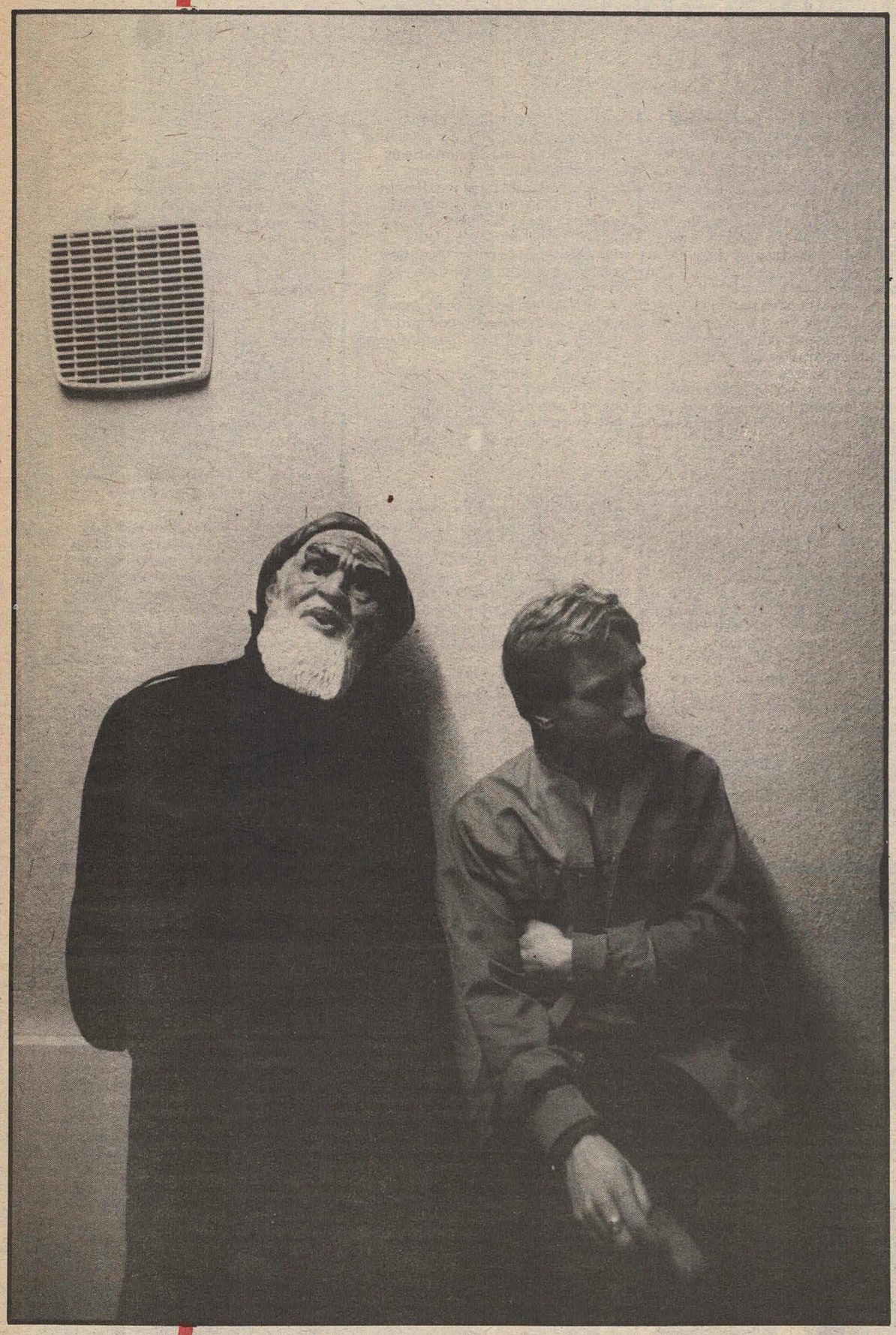

When Irish Ayatollahs aren't smiling . . . Jock MacDonald and Jimmy Lydon Pic: Alain de la Mata

As everyone knows, the Lydon's sentimental journey back to their Ireland home did not go according to plan. ADRIAN THRILLS went to Dublin to file this on the spot report and to find out if The 4" Be 2"s really are as dodgy as you think they are.

IT WOULD be impossible to mention the 4" Be 2"s visit to Dublin and Cork, even in passing, without reference to the assault charge which landed John Lydon an unscheduled appearance in the dock of a district court and a weekend in a Mountjoy prison cell.

It was an affair which left a bitter taste in the mouth and an unpleasant cloud over a trip which was already veering seriously off the rails after a series of missed boats, punch-ups, arrests and hotel evictions. It was also, inevitably, the major conversational topic, cropping up time and time again in casual chatter.

John's elder brother Jimmy, the vocal mainspring of the 4" Be 2"s, is a London Irishman and exceedingly proud of the fact, but even his patriotism had been dented by the chain of events leading to John's incarceration.

"I've been disillusioned to be perfectly honest with you. The Irish crowds have been everything that I'd expected, if not better. But what can I say about a legal system that works like that. John is innocent as far as I'm concerned. If he was guilty then John himself would be the first person to tell you so.

"What faith am I to have in Ireland if a fellow can walk into a court and get £50 bail after hitting someone with a hammer and then John walks into the same court and gets refused bail when he's only on a common assault charge?

"A lot of people had gone up and offered themselves as surety and they were prepared to put a lot of faith in John and he wouldn't have let them down. It's not as if he could do a runner — he's so bloody recognisable! He'd lose all his career and everything. He'd rather do three months than that. Think of the money he'd be saving anyway . . . I hope he's got enough material recorded!"

Our talk is taking place on the Saturday night express train from Dublin to Cork only a matter of hours after John Lydon was refused bail and ordered to Mountjoy. Neither Jimmy nor his manager Jock McDonald were to know that John would be allowed out the following Monday pending an appeal against a jail sentence and feelings were running high.

According to Jock, Lydon was sitting in a pub with a fan he'd met a few minutes earlier when a barman ordered the two of them out of the premises.

"The bloke told John that he didn't like the look of him and would he leave. Johnny refused and so a load of busmen who were sitting opposite decided they'd be heroes and came over and laid into the two of them . . ."

Jimmy Lydon shrugs his resignation to the fact that brother John wouldn't be appearing with the 4" Be 2"s that night at the Downtown Kampus in Cork — the Lydon's home town — and slugs a bottle of Harp.

JIMMY Lydon is one of the lads. He likes his beer and his football — an Arsenal supporter (snigger) in the grand Lydon tradition — and he's ended up in a few fights, one particularly nasty brawl costing him the sight of his left eye two years ago.

But he's not just a stereotype. Since he gave up a regular decorating job to form the 4" Be 2"s with McDonald's guidance last year, he has shown plenty of the verbal sharpness and clarity of thought that his brother made an indellible trademark three years ago. He rejects, however, the inevitable accusations that he is merely cashing in on his brother's success.

"If I'd jumped on the bandwagon and started just 'cause of Johnny I'd have done it two years ago when he was even more of a name than he is now. Let's just say that he opened the way for 1001 other bands. None of them would be here now, even people like The Boomtown Rats. They all came in and cleaned up on it. If I'd wanted to cash in I'd have done it when it was easy.

"I didn't even want to do it at first. And if I'd known some of the things that I'd have to put up with I wouldn't have bothered. But it just so happens that I'm enjoying it. But if I knew then the hassles that I know now, I wouldn't have gone into it. There are a lot of people who are against us and a lot of it's down to the fact that I'm John's brother and they want to keep us down.

"A lot of people say that I'm just trying to cash in but that's a load of bollocks. I don't go around begging people to listen to us. If you want to come along and listen to us then come along and make up your own mind."

The previous night's gig at Trinity College had been something of a shambles, marred by John's arrest a couple of hours beforehand and a series of fights outside the hall, one of which involved the assault with a hammer for which the attacker was given £50 bail by the same judge who later remanded Lydon in custody for the weekend.

The Cork gig gave the band a chance to put things right and work the multiple frustrations of the past two days out of their system. Considering the fact that the entire entourage had to travel to Cork by train, lugging all their instruments with them, spirits were reasonably high at the Downtown Kampus, a tacky ballroom which doubles up as a rollerdisco arena.

Striding onstage in his brother's red striped mohair jumper and an emerald green satin jacket, Jimmy Lydon wastes no time in acquainting himself with the hometown audience.

"Welcome home, Cork! Forget the spitting. It's a waste of good beer!"

The 4" Be 2"s proceed to deliver what Lydon later exclaims was their best set ever: "This is where I wanted to play all my life. I'm so glad we've finally done it."

The instrumental backbone of the band are drummer Ken Topley, a man who once turned down the vacant drummer's stool in PiL out of loyalty to Jimmy, and stocky guitarist Graham Whelhan. For the Irish gigs, the band were joined by two 'honorary temporary members', bassman Phil Pickering and synthesiser player Mick Dabrovski, both of the James Vane Band.

Making up the eight-man outfit are cheerleader McDonald and two 'substitute' singers Dave 'Youngie' Young and John Stevens, who take over the vocals on a cover of 'No Feelings', dedicated, naturally, to the garda responsible for John's arrest.

McDonald's relationship with the band extends beyond the usual formalities of the manager/group

Continues over

More 4 "Be 2"s

From previous page

Jimmy does his Irish gig in Cork. Pic: Ciaran O Tuama.

"No-one can tag us and they hate it. The only thing they can call us is hooligans. That's what we are."

hierarchy. Formerly a professional footballer, he now bears the mantle of a self-styled Real Punk svengali as a diehard champion of everything that the movement stood for in 1977.

He was originally the band's guitarist and still takes a hand in songwriting as well as adding occasional rabble-rousing vocals during the set.

He also has something of a growing eputation for tempermental excess and I had been warned, prior to the trip, of an almost psychotic edge to his character. It is true enough that he was recently accquitted of assault in London and is due to face another similar charge — again denied — in the magistrates court.

Despite his reputation, however, relations could hardly have been more cordial during the Irish trip and no red or yellow cards were flashed in his direction.

The other two occasional band members, Jck's protege Youngie and Jimmy's mate Stevens, are there primarily for the crack — 'the beano' as they repeatedly call it. They also add some extra colour onstage, trapsing around in ludicrous Carter and Ayatollah masks,giving support that is more visual than vocal.

But what of the music?

The songs fall roughly into two categories — crisp, energetic rockers in the mould of their two singles, 'One Of The Lads' (Island) and 'Frustration' (WEA), and more pensive, twisting, synthesiser-heavy songs like the opening 'DC10's'.

None of it is particularly new or spectacular musically, but neither is it anything like as unlistenable as some of the band's numerous detractors would have you believe.

They encore with a repeated 'No Feelings', again dedicated "to the Irishman who started it all, the Irishman who is now in Mountjoy prison and for the gardas who put him there."

With half the audience by now onstage, the set developed into a medley of Pistols hits, finishing in a numbing PA hum.

All in all, it was a fine party although it would have surely been one hell of a homecoming had one more member of the clan been up there onstage alongside his brother.

GIGS as chaotic as the Kampus, are, by all accounts, the norm rather than the exception, which must pose the question of whether the 4" Be 2"s are in it purely for the beano or whether the music has been of any importance to the 38 members who have passed through the band in the past year. Crack or credibility?

"The most important thing is having a laugh," concedes Jimmy. "At the start it was just a total wind up, a complete farce. Now that people want to come and see us, it's more of an organised farce."

"But how many people said that we couldn't play? We've always said that we'd come out and gig when we were ready and now we're ready. But we don't feel that we're going to have to prove ourselves by constant gigging. The more gigs you do, the worse you get. If you're playing every night of the week, you don't enjoy them so much. When we do them we do so few that we enjoy every one."

But Lydon is also confident in the group's musical abilities and believes that their soon-come album 'The Last Supper', due out before the end of the year, will surprise a lot of people.

"I think the two singles that we've done have been great singles, not because I've been on them. I wouldn't have done them if I didn't think they were going to be good. The great thing about them is that then were spontaneous. We just went into the studios and practically wrote them on the spot before recording them.

"You know what I love about us lot? Nobody could put a label on us at first. They called us paddy disco and gaelic disco. That was just after 'One Of The Lads' came out, which had a banjo on it. Then we came out with the next single without a banjo on it, so nothing is exactly the same."

Jimmy pauses and realises he is getting bogged down in boring musical mundanities and offers the true approximation of where the 4" Be 2"s are coming from.

"No one can tag us and they hate it. The only thing they can call us is hooligans. That's what we are. We're actually football supporters, only we're doing it in a band instead."

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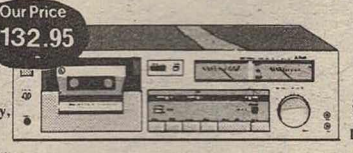

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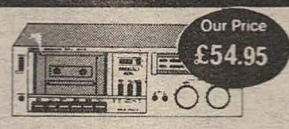

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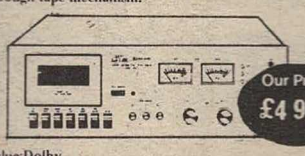

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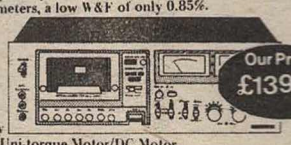

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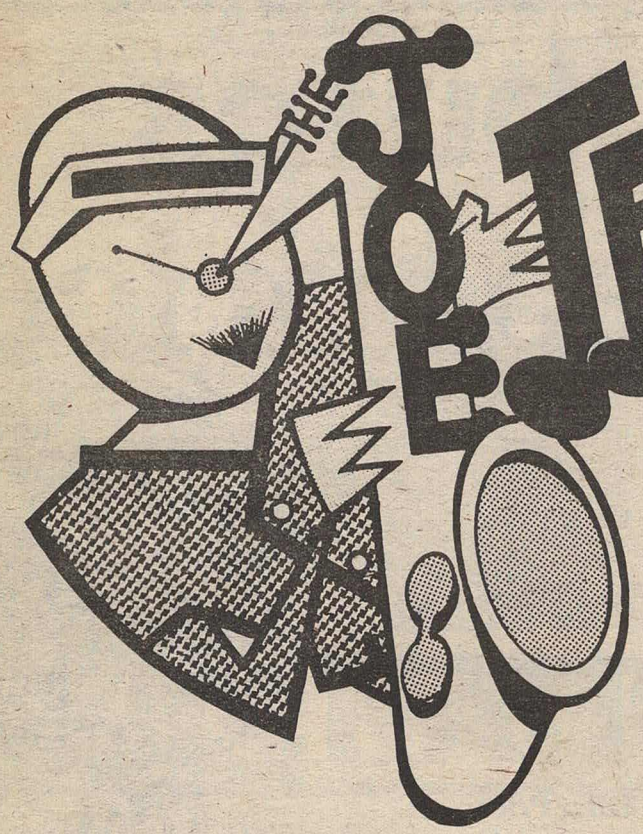

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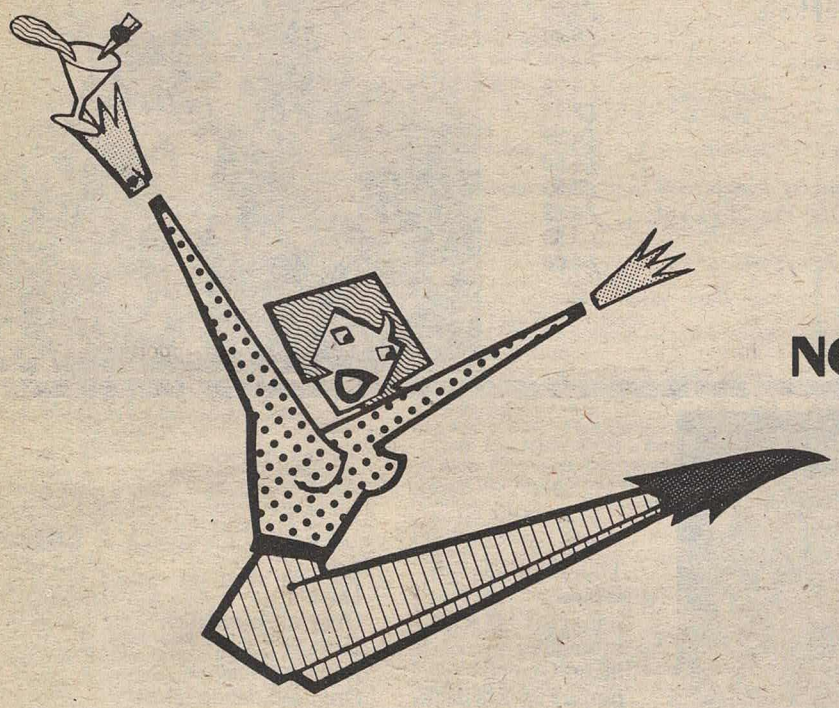

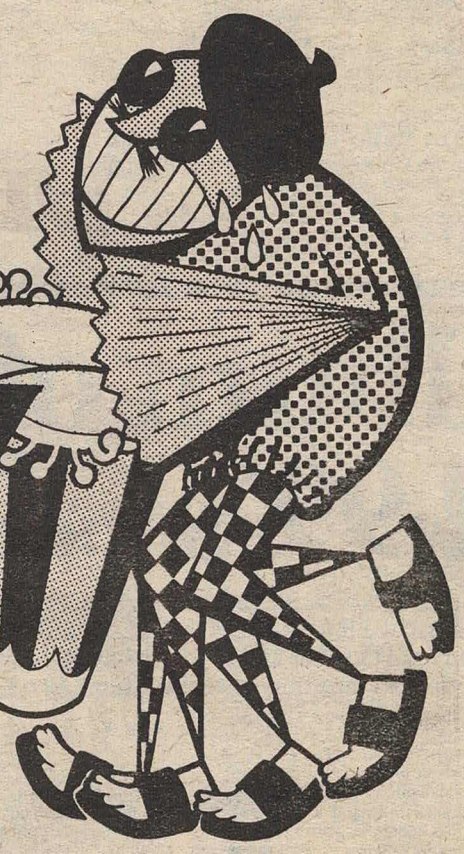

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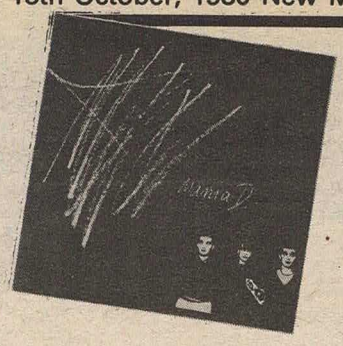


This is the CB World Service, calling Japan, Germany, New Zealand . . .

Chris Bohn reporting. . .

Praise flies at (Eric) Random. *Pic: Justin Thomas*

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

ERIC RANDOM: That's What I Like About Me (New Hormones). Like Cabaret Voltaire, ex-Tiller Boy Eric Random fashions the unlikeliest of dance musics from agonisingly desolate noises and pulsing programmed drumbeats. Using a variety of tapes ranging from CV-like voices to harshly metallic alloys, he achieves a sensurround effect that might have disturbing connotations, if it didn't have such a human base. Unlike the ugly manipulative music of Throbbing Gristle, Random's noise is as emotional as it's all-embracing.

'That's What I Like About Me' contains four samples co-produced by the Cabs' Stephen Mallinder, the best of which — 'Call Me' — is a broodingly slow piece set to a 'Wade In The Water'-like rhythm pattern. A great companion 12 inch to Cabaret Voltaire's 'Three Mantras' and almost as long.

SIMPLE MINDS: I Travel (Arista). An exotic blend of travelogue and documentary, and the most inspired motion picture disco record since Kraftwerk's 'Trans-Europe Express'. Fired by a wonderfully restless rhythm, the song flits across the continent and takes in a few frightening headlines along the way: *"In central Europe some men are marching".*

It's all sung with the haughty indifference of a jaded traveller by Jim Kerr, who's nevertheless wide-eyed enough to take in what he's seeing. That said, the single's narrative thrust is almost destroyed by the vicious pruning of some 50 seconds from the album track, which leaves only the all important second verse intact. As great and as powerful as the chorus is, I'll hold out for a complete 12 inch version before making it record of the week.

YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA: Nice Age (A & M). YMO consciously walk a precariously thin line between absurd mockery of Western pre-conceptions of the East and gen-u-ine chintzy muzak. But who cares when they're so entertaining? Wolfman Jack introduces a chatty Japanese graffiti account of a jailbait geisha girl that might have been offensive if tongues weren't so firmly planted in cheeks.

THE RESIDENTS: Commercial Single (Pre).
SNAKEFINGER: The Man In The Dark Sedan (Ralph Import) While on the subject of parody, let's go to San Francisco, home of Ralph Records and these two heartless conceptualists. Like Frank Zappa before them, they spend a lot of energy on slight jokes that lack the cornball wit of Devo or the comic strip humour of our own Human League. The Residents here offer eight short syn-theses of Hollywood desert movie soundtracks and Jonathan Richman whimsey, while their ally Snakefinger amuses himself with a Germanic tuba style romp.

MODERN ROMANCE: Modern Romance (WEA).
M: Official Secrets (MCA).
INVADERS: Backstreet Romeo (Polydor).
PLANETS: Don't Look Down (Rialto).
THE BOOKS: Expertise (Logo). The Yes / Buggles merger (see below) made clear the links between today's quirky pop and yesterday's pomp, and no amount of arch humour can disguise the fact. What these bands lack in originality they mask with unnecessary accessories, but outside M's Robin Scott, none has the amoral edge to make their contrivances work.

Modern Romance believe they do, but their unintentional homage to The Skids undermines whatever cool they might've achieved. MR's Geoffrey Deane plays Noel Coward to Richard Jobson's Graham Greene, except he hasn't the courage to make it work. The aforementioned Scott, as always, has come up with another perfect artefact to match your Habitat furnishings, while The Invaders slip further away from the instinctive pop of their debut 'Girls In Action' into something far too cluttered, though the new girl singer is perhaps a better vehicle for Slavko Sidelnyk's songs than he himself is. The Planets' 'Don't Look Down' falls somewhere between The Police and The Korgis and as I hate both I can't be too constructive about his one. And finally The Books, representing the scraggier end of this particular market, are already in serious danger of being the generation's Punishment Of Luxury — angst-ridden about something that appears immensely trivial to everyone other than their singer, Steve Betts.

LINCOLN THOMPSON AND THE RASSES: Spaceship (UA). Or the Meninblack, Rasta style. Benign Lincoln fuses religious mysticism and space adventure — as did The Stranglers and Von Daniken before them — to enlighten us with an other-worldly view of earthly problems. As always with The Rasses, though, it's his luxuriously high voice that demands attention first. Whether his sentiments take a hold depends on you.
MATERIAL: Discourse (Red).
COLD WARRIOR AND THE MERCENARY BAND: Jean-Paul Sartre Is Dead EP (T.M.I. US import). A couple of workable rants from America. Material were right enthused over by Max Bell on his recent NY trip, though if much of the unwieldy Marxist textbook verbals broke through their intense, jarring funk live, I'd be harder pressed to understand why — even if their hearts are in the right place.

Cold Warrior, aka Francis J. Lackey, is an unpleasantly daft cross between Patti Smith and Gil Scott Heron, featuring an organist who probably wanted to be a Cramp. But don't let them hinder your enjoyment of the title track of the funniest nugget of punk poetry since Iggy's 'The Soldier': *"He found comfort in alienation and existentialism."* Ha ha.

RAINY DAY WOMEN / FRAUEN FUER SCHLECHTE TAGE: No title (Monogram German import). It's taken Berlin ages to catch up with Dusseldorf in terms of modern music, but much of the stuff on this excellent new label helps re-dress the balance. Their first release couples two bitterly disturbing observations of obsessive love — on one side set to persistent Suicide electronic pop and on the other to a nagging irritant guitar. There's also . . .

MANIA D: Track 4 (Monogram). A promising female trio whose energetic polemics need thickening with something a touch more solid than loose but suspenseful tunes. Still, the brief stutter of 'Kinderfunk' and brooding sarcasm of 'Heartbeat' are well worth hearing. And, finally . . .

VORGRUPPE: Langer Abend (Monogram). The most compelling of three releases, Vorgruppe's vocalist Detlef Ritz has an attractively flat voice that he uses to great ironic effect on the title track, about the joys of a free evening, while the music updates the sort of pop Soft Machine used to make before they got serious.

SPELLING MISTAKES: Feel So Good (Propeller Records).
THE FEATURES: City Scenes (Propeller Records). If the Mistakes' mod-ishly youthful tunes were totally representative of music in New Zealand, then there'd be nothing special to get excited about. However, The Features' messy, atmospheric 'City Scenes' offsets the other's cutesiness. More verve and invention, but considering their distance, they're both depressingly close musically to what happened here two years ago.

NITWITZ: Dig It! (Vogelspin Dutch Import). Ditto, but I guess that's no reason why this Dutch band shouldn't thrash its way through the punk mini-boom possessing their country. Too late for the Pistols, or even Sham, they take their lead from the likes of the Rejects and the Subs. Do I need to go any further?

POLYPHONIC SIZE: Nagasaki Mon Amour (Sandwich Belgian import). Jean Jacques Burnel puts his European principles into practice by producing a nondescript Belgian electronic pop band who share his oriental obsessions.

RICK WAKEMAN: Spider (WEA).
YES: Into The Lens (Atlantic).
JON ANDERSON: Some Are Born (Atlantic). Would that Yes were the compact unit they once were. As it is, they've become the ugliest hydra of the decade — lop off one head and another outfit grows in its place. 'Into The Lens' is the most tedious reading ever of Christopher Isherwood's oft-abused *I Am A Camera.* Meanwhile, Yes offshoots Anderson and Wakeman follow the cloning principle of taking the form of their maker, albeit with minor idiosyncratic variations — the former airy, the latter beery.

VARIOUS: Son Of Stiff EP (Stiff).
ANY TROUBLE: Girls Are Always Right (Stiff).
THE EQUATORS: Baby Come Back (Stiff). More of a play-safe policy than the usual Stiff scramble for a financial saviour. Any Trouble, also featured on the five band sampler, are little more than a wimpy boggle-eyed alter ego to Elvis Costello's malicious character. Birmingham's The Equators give The Equals' hit an engaging post-ska pre-Jah reggae treatment — their 'Georgie' on the sampler isn't bad either. But as to the rest, Dirty Looks' third generation rock'n'roll deserves just that. Tenpole Tudor might have been a pleasant aberration from Stiff's too predictable norm, but that 'Not Fade Away' riff is just too familiar. Joe Carrasco's tex-mex punk sounds okey and not too distant from my 15-year-old Doug Sahm records. All testify that Stiff aren't quite the agile marketing force they once were.

THE RAMONES: Meltdown EP (Sire). Clever trick this, compiling these four most 'I Just Want To Have Something To Do', 'Here Today, Gone Tomorrow', 'I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend' and 'Questioningly' are all played at a third of the brothers' usual speed, though I can't see it really paying dividends. The EP spans three albums, yet it's still difficult to see the joins. Their admirers put this down to consistency — the rest of us are getting a little bored with the joke.

■ *Continues over*

■ *From previous page*

COCKNEY REJECTS: We Are The Firm (EMI).
THE CRAVATS: Precinct (Small Wonder). And the thrash goes on. The Rejects' ugly glorification of terrace thuggery would be comical if it didn't provide a rallying call for the Bash Street Kids. The Cravats, though, quite colourfully depict a depressing afternoon spent shopping. For further enlightenment go see George Romero's *Zombies.*

THE CHORDS: In My Street (Polydor). Doggedly staying true to the mod cause, even if they long since buried their anoraks, The Chords' mixture of The Kinks' social observations and Pete Townshend's crash chordings is almost zingy enough to excuse their wanton plagiarism. Ultimately, their lack of humour and Chris Pope's uncanny — or contrived? — resemblance to Paul Weller works against them.

RICO: Sea Cruise (2 Tone). Island could never do much with the genial Rico, but he's got better connections now. Unfortunately, warmth and niceness have never been major factors in anybody's success, though all this might change with Jerry Dammers' endorsement of muzak.

SUZI QUATRO: Rock Hard (RSO). From the excellent soundtrack compilation of *Times Square,* Quatro's stylised raunch is predictably one of its less endearing moments. Maybe it's time she changed her puppeteers Chinn and Chapman for a compatibly rough partner.

LEVI DEXTER AND THE RIP CHORDS: . . . In The Beginning (Mistral).
SHAKIN' STEVENS: Shooting Gallery (Epic).
SCREAMING JAY HAWKINS: I Put A Spell On You (Polydor/EG). Things aren't half so bad as this mini nostalgia boom for the '50's would have us believe, though I'd be hard pressed to support the point on the basis of this week's singles.

Despite its reactionary connotations rockabilly has a vital teen following, and going by the picture sleeve, Levi Dexter's as young as his prematurely aged fans. Probably sharpened by the undue attention paid to The Stray Cats, '. . . In The Beginning' warbles and wobbles frenetically enough to excite somebody, I guess. Meanwhile Shakin' Stevens' convincing Elvis Presley mannerisms and suitably hard backing might dull the ache for those not listening too closely. As to Hawkins, rumour has it Keith Richard's involved somewhere. So what? An early rapper, the flip's 'Armpit No Six' will amuse rugby players, while 'I Put A Spell On You' should cream off a few Cramps fans.

BLOOD DONOR: Doctor? (Safari). Set a Gary Numan fan loose in the BBC Radiophonic Workshop and the chances are he'll come up with a record not as singleminded as this — and not as wearily chirpy. A re-write of the *Doctor Who* legend.

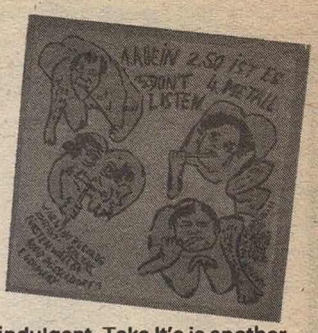
THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS: The Bunker (McDonald And Lydon Records). Those of us who're constantly plagued with visits from the world's most scurrilous blagger Jock McDonald will know that the J. Lydon referred to as producer of this unpleasant monstrosity — about the last days of the War set to a Rolling Stones type brass noise — is probably brother Jimmy and not John. Consequently, there's no reason whatsoever for anyone outside the most avidly stupid Pistolophile to own this.

TIGER LILY: Monkey Jive (Gull). Ultravox fans might like to embarrass their heroes by asking them to sign this 1975 incarnation, cruelly revived by Gull. Flip over to the excruciating version of Fats Waller's 'Ain't Misbehavin' ', if you need a break from the laboured hard rock.

ROKY ERICKSON AND THE ALIENS: Mine Mine Mind (CBS). Another skeleton best

left in the cupboard. Or a powerful argument against a psychedelic revival.

TAKE IT: Twenty Lines (Fresh Hold).
DISLOCATION DANCE: Birthday Outlook (New Hormones).
METHODISHCA TUNE: Leisuretime (Eustone).
THE BALLOONS: Jean-Paul's Wife/The Slope (Earwacks). Not the alternative I'd choose. Four from the wilfully exclusive, typically British area of drably colourless experiment; elastic rhythms meant to be liberating, but too often just sloppy; flat, offbeat voices singing eccentrically "ordinary" words that aim to be witty, but they'll only amuse those in on the joke. Dislocation Dance operate on the fringe of this group and with luck will slip into something marginally less



indulgent. Take It's is another classroom tale as distasteful as The Police hit. Methodishca Tune are unbearably twee. The Balloons are probably jesters to this particular court.

THE URGE: Revolving Boy (Consumer Disks). At last a Coventry record free of 2-Tone, though personal ties with Dammers' boys are strong. That said, it's no revelation, but the bold bass line carves pleasing shapes while the rest doodles a touch too cutely to hold our attention.
WIRTSCHAFTWUNDER: Allien/So Ist Es/Don't Listen/Metal (Warning Records German import): Great name — Economic Miracle — not so hot product from the normally reliable Dusseldorf label. A painless romp topped by a shrieker as cheerfully bizarre as Wild Man Fischer.

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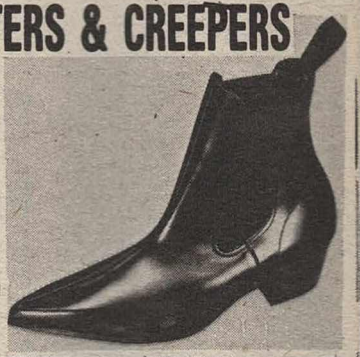

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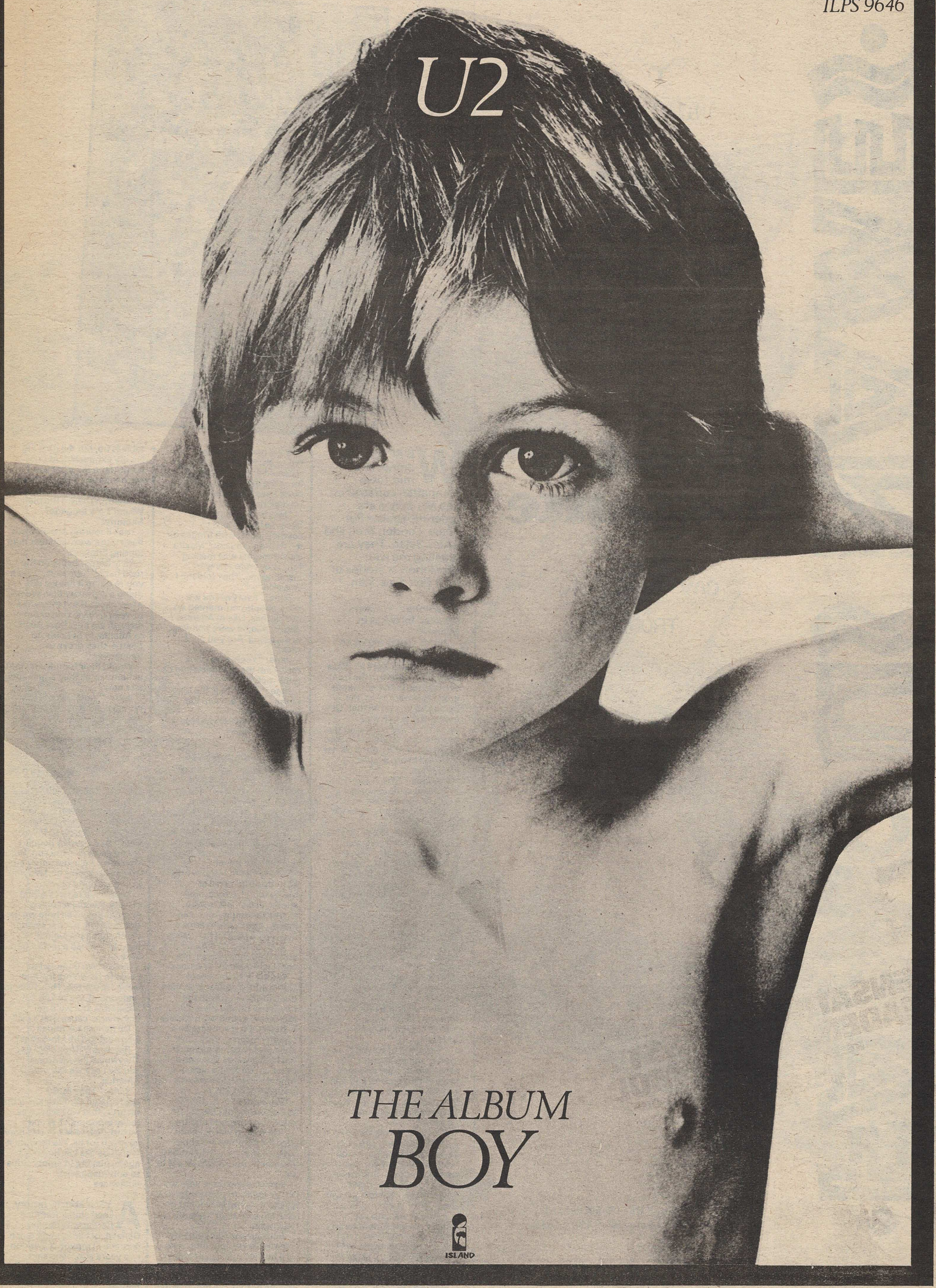

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Our American cousins extend

The girls mix it with Welsh mercenary (in disguise).

WE'RE HAVING dinner in a mid-town Manhattan coffee shop. The Mo-dettes are ordering Yankee Pot Roast, London Broil and Greek Salad. They are regaling me with shock-horror stories of their first American tour.

Ramona: "We were attacked by dykes in Miami!"

Jane: "I was exposed to. . .*by a woman!*"

Kate: "There were all these lascivious leerers at the front of the stage with their hands groping towards you, tits being shown and all that. One moment this one was screaming 'We want your tits' and the next moment I looked down and she'd ripped off her shirt and she was shaking hers at me."

Ramona: "They were mad, they were screaming, like it was The Beatles or something, and trying to grab onto our legs."

June: "From the drum-riser I could see what was going on, and I wanted to throw things at them. But I figured I better just keep on playing."

Jane: "That never happened to us before from a man, or from anybody. Never."

And that's not all. In Costa Mesa, in California's Orange County (long known as a conservative stronghold) their gig had to be cancelled due to threats of violence from some self-appointed Guardians of Morality.

"We met some rednecks and we couldn't play," Ramona explains, a bit unclearly.

"It was full of cowboy types," Jane expands. "We went into this bar and they were sitting around and one guy starts saying, 'Well, I shot two of those punks last week'. I suppose it was for our benefit."

Ramona: "I was sleeping in a car in a car park and I was awakened by six guys who were shaking the car, banging on the windows. And when we were in the bar these cowboys wanted to fight with the guys who were with us."

Kate: "It was this really typical, classic American bar. Sawdust on the floor, pool table. And I met these Hell's Angels who took a liking to me. They were ready to fight anybody."

Between the Hell's Angels and the psuedo-cowboy rednecks, the local promoter received enough threats to force the gig's cancellation. It must have been their mini-skirts.

"Maybe they hated me because I had a sort of cowboy jacket with fringes on it," Ramona muses. "Maybe they thought I was making fun. They were always insulting me. They told me I was skinny."

June: "Everywhere we went people commented on our clothes. Like at Atlanta airport people were pointing at us, going 'Are you punk rock?'

Jane: "Yeah, I am punk rock. I am the manifestation of punk rock."

Kate: "America is the land of the tumble-dry and the Sta-pressed."

Jane: "I like Sta-pressed. Yay Sta-pressed."

THE MO-DETTES have been touring America for five weeks. Most of the tour has been much less eventful than the two harrowing incidents just described; generally it was the usual tedium and routine of the road, but exaggerated in America by the vast distances to travel.

I meet The Mo-dettes on a Saturday afternoon at Mediasound, a recording studio. John Cale — who shares the same American management, the Wartoke Concern, with The Mo-dettes — is recording an album here, and asked them to provide backing vocals for one track.

The song is another of Cale's apocalyptic war stories, this time dealing with the death of a fighter pilot. The Mo-dettes gather around Cale in the studio; he looks like a fatherly teacher, they like a chorus of eager students. In the hallway, Joe Stevens and I hang out for hours, listening time and again to the same passage of music.

The session over, the Mo-dettes fly out the studio door, laughing and chatting.

"He was so warm, really nice," Kate enthuses about Cale. "I'm sure he has his bad moments, but he was sweet to us."

Ramona and June adjourn to the ladies to prepare for a photo session: they insist on making sure their make-up is just right.

Because the recording went over schedule, our interview is a hurried affair over dinner. Tonight is the next-to-last gig of the tour. In two days they will be home. The mood at the table is up, but the girls are clearly exhausted. At one point, Jane rests her head in her hands and moans. "I want to go home. Now! This moment! Where's the plane? Where's my luggage? Mummy!"

I ask if touring America has been more wear and tear than touring England.

"It is harder being on the road here," Kate says, "when you're doing it like we did, doing a gig every day. We had a few days off but they were travelling days. One of our days off we flew from Austin to Atlanta, to St Louis, to Seattle, then drove to Vancouver."

Would their friends and fans at home think they'd gone pop star now?

June: "Yeah, people think we are selling out by coming over here, living it up in the States. But all we're trying to do is cover more ground. It's the quickest way we could get to people."

Jane: "Selling out; It's hard work."

June: "But English people very often have this idea."

Ramona: "Well, I must admit sometimes it is really fun. When you go to Miami Beach and you see people laying around in the sun. But sometimes it's just going into these little towns and playing in some dreary bar."

Kate: "We're not visiting royalty. We're just doing another gig. Even here we get this reaction, people saying we should have waited, at least till we had a record out here."

Jane: "We intended to come to New York the first week we started. They have to understand, we're The Mo-dettes and we'll go anywhere, 'cause that's us."

Do they see America warming to The Mo-dettes?

Ramona: "They liked us. They knew the records. I couldn't say we stormed America."

Jane: "They really appreciated us. They knew the records, that was what was really amazing. That one record, 'White Mice', has done so much for us. We thought it would be like starting over again, playing in empty clubs to non-responsive audiences."

A VERY sketchy history. Lead singer Ramona Carlier was born in Geneva, of Swiss and French parents. "I moved to London two years ago," she says. "Lived in a dirty old hotel. One of those women's rooming houses."

their traditional hand of friendship to four innocent young girls...

EXPOSED! to by women
THREATENED! by men
LEERED! at by Hells Angels

INTERVIEWED! by Richard Grabel
PHOTOGRAPHED! by Joe Stevens

"Did that happen to us?"

Jane: "She had to sneak boys up to her room."

Guitarist Kate Morris is an expatriate New Yorker who came to London for a holiday in 1974 and decided to stay. Drummer June Miles-Kingston comes from London's East End, and bassist Jane Crockford from Camden Town. Both Jane and June urgently insist they are staying where they are, never want to move.

"We formed at first to do a one-off party for April the first last year," Kate recalls. "We were going to call ourselves The Bomberettes, which was taking the piss out of a group we knew called the Tesco Bombers. The party never happened, but we did rehearsals. It was supposed to be a joke.

"We were friends before the party. Jane and I met in '76, at a Split Enz gig, in fact, introduced by mutual friends. And we both met Ramona in pretty much the same way."

Rehearsals led to gigs, gigs to the attention of Rough Trade and the very successful 'White Mice' single. Now they've signed with Deram and have an album coming out shortly. Did it seem like it all happened very quickly?

Ramona: "What! Quickly?"

Kate: "It's been building up gradually, but it's never stopped."

Ramona: "It wasn't quick. We didn't suddenly have all sorts of people saying, 'Ah, you're so good' and record companies coming to every gig. It took time."

THE MO-DETTES, as they readily admit, have reaped incredible mileage from the success of their first single. 'White Mice' is ingenious. Ramona's accented singing makes the lyric a bit indistinguishable but the chorus of backing voices is instantly captivating. Really it's a puff pastry, sweet and insubstantial, yet all summer it's been in the repertoires of a lot of rock-disco and rock club DJs. In America, it created an audience for them.

My request to know the lyrics is greeted with moans, because they've had to recite them a million times. We compromise on the chorus. *"Don't be stupid, don't be limp/No girl likes to love a wimp/Dance make fun nicely done/Come and be my number one."*

What's the song about?

Jane: "Picking up young boys and taking them to bed."

Kate: "And corrupting them."

Jane: "It's a chauvinistic song about the seduction of young men."

As to the rest of Mo-dettes music, I confess to being less than expert, having seen only one of their New York gigs. My first impression is that only 'White Mice' really stands out from among their songs. At least their cover of 'Paint It Black' is not straight imitation, but it misses the nuance and menace of the original. The rest bop along nicely enough but offer nothing unusual. The songs all sound similar not because the group have hit a distinctive groove and are perfecting it, but rather because they practice a fairly ordinary type of bounce-and-flounce pop, and are stuck in it.

Onstage Ramona is impeccably cute, but very stylised. She doesn't look, sing or act as if pop-rock was her natural vocation. She creates the impression that she could just as easily be doing cabaret or singing torch songs in a supper club. She's an entertainer.

Kate and June play well but rarely rise above the level of doing their jobs. It's bassist Jane who gives The Mo-dettes their measure of wildness. She shakes, jumps and flies around the stage, hammering away at her bass with maniacal glee. She's the fulcrum of the band's energy; she holds it together.

The Irving Plaza gig is sparsley attended and politely received. Only 'White Mice' gets a real rave from the crowd. For an encore, Ramona invites the audience onto the stage for a rave-up version of 'Twist And Shout'. The stage is duly invaded and so the evening ends on a triumphant note. To me, it looked like just another ploy.

The Mo-dettes' music seemed safe, took few risks. The new pop has developed its own mainstream, and The Mo-dettes are firmly in it.

I find this a hard thing about which to challenge a group I'd just met, so I ask them instead if they are satisfied with their songwriting.

Ramona: "I'd like it if we had more new songs, but I think they are quite good."

Kate: "We've got quite a few sorts of songs. I'm satisfied with them, because for what they are, they're quite good. They've got different feelings and different messages. We're not standing still, we keep changing."

Where do they place themselves in the spectrum of contemporary pop?

Jane: "We don't really think about it."

Kate: "We're not conservative."

Ramona: "It's just music. We don't care where it is."

June: "We don't want to fit into commercial properties, like the record companies would like, but we want them to give us a break. We don't want to be one of their bands but we want them to work for us."

THE ATTITUDE of The Mo-dettes towards being an all-women band is that it is not a statement, not a declaration of independence, not even particularly important except perhaps as an attention-getter. They remind me that they began the band as a kind of satire on an all-male band they knew. I ask if they see themselves being treated differently by people in the music business as a result of their sex.

"I think, yes and no," Ramona replies. "Some have that 'be-nice-and-shut-up' attitude. But I don't mind the jokes and all that, that's only human."

Did they find any differences in attitudes in America and England?

"I haven't been aware of it at all," June says. "We're a bit on the spot because we're a band from England. They think of us more as an English band rather than an all-girl band. All the interviews we've done here have mentioned it but they don't stress it."

"There are bands that are thought of as a girl band," Kate adds. "All they're doing is being girls and doing the same thing as anybody else would. Then there are bands that are girls but you just think about them as a band.

"If you act like girls and you try to get by just on the basis of the fact that you are a girl, then people will treat you just like that. It's always like that, even walking down the street. Either you can handle yourself or you can't.

"When we started people used to say, 'You're too feminine, you ought to be more butch, then people won't accuse you of being girly'. But as far as I'm concerned, if I have to do that to get past the fact that I'm a girl then there's no point."

Jane: "Just be yourself and you've got no problems. That's the Zen of life. Be true to yourself."

This comment is greeted by shrieks and hoots of laughter around the table.

It's time to push on to the soundcheck. The Mo-dettes cram into a waiting car and disappear into the night. We all say goodbye and smile. Another rock and roll interview done.

The Mo-dettes don't quite crack the States

Kate, June, Jane and Ramona

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ATTENTION

"Er, 'scuse me, lads, but I think there's a bit more to this torch song business than this." Above: Pip Nicholls

Left: Arthur Kadnum, Adrian Wright, Mike Finney. Above: Alex Sidebotham. All pix: Daniel Meadows.

YOU ARE ABOUT TO BE DISTRACTED

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY is all set to beguile you with the story of THE DISTRACTIONS — a tale of magic and dreams, of bodybuilding and vows of celibacy. You know, all the usual stuff . . .

A BEGINNING: ONE OF MANY

"IF HE keeps that up for another minute he's going to come," the boy in the pink flying-suit says to no-one in particular. He is one of several people seated or sprawled around the control room of the BBC's Studio Four in Maida Vale watching Mike Finney sing.

On the studio floor, Finney is standing before a large Sennheiser microphone, hands clamped just above his hip pockets, pelvis moving convulsively, reaching down deep to wherever it is that he keeps whatever it is that makes him sing the way he does.

Finney's voice is deep, warm and grainy. He has one of the best and most convincing soul voices in Britain, and he's on the last lap of a song called 'Nothing Lasts', six minutes of Talking Heads-meet-Velvet Underground-meet-Otis Redding written by Adrian Wright, the only member of The Distractions to have a namesake in The Human League.

"I love this place the way it looks unreal," sings Finney. *"When it rains, the pavements shine like steel."* The composer looks up from his seat in the corner: a lean, gnarled individual with Doc Martens and a crop. A couple of feet away, Pip Nicholls hooks the cap of a beer bottle over her lower front teeth and worries it until it comes loose.

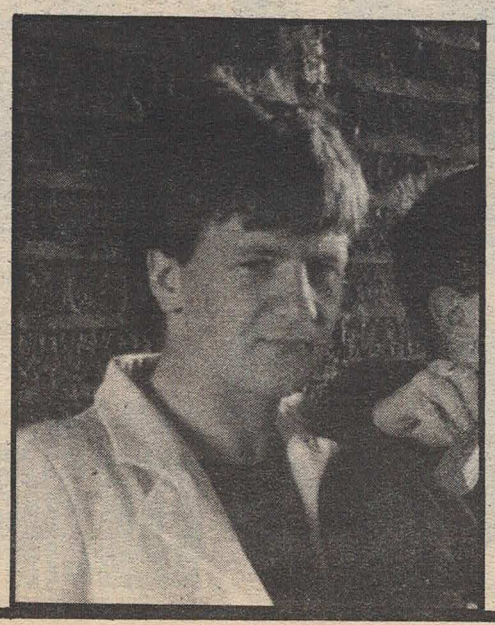
Last night the Distractions didn't get out of Manchester's Rafters club until damn near four-thirty: this morning they got themselves together for the drive to London at seven-thirty, and it'll be dawn again by the time they get back home for a few hour's kip before drummer Alex Sidebotham goes round to Salford Van Hire to explain the deep rip in the side of the van that they'll find when they get out after finishing off the mix.

The time-honoured institution of the Radio One session: it comes the way of groups who make a little bit of an impact. The Distractions are a few steps up the ladder now. They're big enough to have to run out of places to play around Manchester and they've built up something of a London following for themselves. Their Island album 'Nobody's Perfect' has sold neither exceptionally poorly nor exceptionally well, and they have recently sustained the loss of Steve Perrin, their principal songwriter and half of their guitar strike-force. Their new single — a Perrin composition taken from their album and retouched with some overdubs from his successor, Arthur Kadnum — is unexceptional. Many people in the band's entourage and following consider that a major Distractions hit single is inevitable, but it isn't going to be 'Something For The Weekend'.

But Mike Finney is still in there singing, and the man in charge of the session, Dale Griffins is smiling approvingly. Dale, who used to be known as Buffin when he was the drummer for Mott The Hoople in both its Ian Hunter and post-Ian Hunter editions, loosens the tie another notch and announces, "He's the most in-tune singer we've had in here for quite a while."

Finney is repeating the title of 'Nothing Lasts' over and over with steadily increasing passion and intensity, waiting for the end, but with just a couple to go he tries for a soulful Al Green screech and just misses. The tape is run back and Finney returns to the control room for briefing and a swig of beer. A plump, yeasty fellow with fair hair, he looks taken aback when someone asks him to "give it a little more Al Green."

"You're askin' a lot, aren't ya," he replies, on the way out. "I'm the wrong colour for a start." As an afterthought, he pokes his head back round the door. "The wrong size an' shape an' all." He goes back in to finish off. Pip Nicholls clamps down on another bottle-top, wrenches it off and returns to the task of addressing an envelope large enough to accommodate a copy of 'Something For The Weekend' to The Mo-Dettes' fan club. It is intended primarily for Jane and Ramona of that group — it is marked 'Private And Personal For Your Eyes Only' — and is accompanied by a painstakingly drawn, inked and lettered comic strip which tells the tale of how Arthur and Pip fell in love with the Mo-Dette belles and how they think about them all the time. A plane is shown in one frame traversing the Atlantic — The Distractions did the by-now obligatory five-day three-club stopover in New York and did right nice even though their records haven't even been imported to NYC, let alone released in the States — trailing a thought balloon which reads "M-M-M-Mo-Dettes". This is no mere infatuation.



ANOTHER BEGINNING: SOMEWHERE ELSE

A GREY afternoon beneath a gunmetal sky: Mike Finney stands in his blue T-shirt with white sleeves at the door of the semi-derelict building in Stockport where The Distractions — and many other bands from Manchester and its environs — rehearse. He is expecting visitors, and when they arrive he leads them up flights of creaking, dusty stairs, through broken rooms piled with the corpses of dead chairs, rooms where shattered boards reveal daylight and the exposed arterial system of pipes and wires. It used to be a club, he explains. "Now it's not fit for human habitation, so they 'ave bands in." Time and space are cheap, and — like the other bands — The Distractions are glad to have it.

At the final port of call, The Distractions are initiating new person Arthur Kadnum into the twists and turns of their numbers, old and new. Pip Nicholls runs through her armoury of funk devices, snaps and fingerpops, pounding with her thumbs, pulling with her fingers. Her bass goes *sproing* and *whonk*. Alex plays hard, soulful rock drums, tempering, pushing. Adrian Wright's guitar sounds like he looks: spare and wiry, remorseless Ramone chording, sharp, jagged funk chops and strangled, twitchy leads. And Arthur, who used to be in Ludus, among other bands, feels his way in, playing what seems to be the most fun at any given moment, the exact complement to Wright.

Arthur and Pip are linked by more than a common Mo-Dette passion. They are exploring magic, and their private conversations are a bewildering, esoteric maze of references to lines and pentagrams. Further, they are linked by a pact of celibacy. They seem to think that it will do them good and much of their dinner conversation is based around Arthur's indignation at Pip's alleged lapse from grace some two days earlier.

The Distractions' album sound is a frothy swirl of overdubbed keyboards. *Their actual* sound is a light but flinty mesh of interlocking guitars and dangerous funk. So where are the keyboards, Mike?

Finney looks embarrassed. "Aye well, you see, the Vox organ's broke and so are we so we haven't got it fixed. I could have brought the synthesiser, but we haven't got a spare amp for it because the vocals have to go through the amp that we normally use for that. . ." The rehearsal room doesn't boast

Continues over

THE CATS

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15th LONDON, MARQUEE
October
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18th SOUTHAMPTON, GAUMONT
Support on Captain Beefheart tour
25th CARDIFF, UNIVERSITY
26th BRISTOL, COLSTON HALL
27th BIRMINGHAM, ODEON
28th GLASGOW, APOLLO
29th LIVERPOOL, ROTTERS
30th MANCHESTER, APOLLO

polydor

MORE DISTRACTIONS

From previous page

an in-house PA system as part of its standard fittings: it's just a bare grimy room with an assortment of rock posters — and courtesy of some of the less sophisticated groups who rehearse there — a few willies and cusswords scrawled on the wall.

"The album had maybe too many keyboards on it: Steve was really into that, and we weren't around for the mix. We've got to be there for the next one. You should hear the monitor mixes for the album: we think they're much better."

(A few days later, a cassette of the aforementioned rough mixes arrives in the post. Rough it is, but it sounds a lot more like The Distractions than the finished album did. By contrast, the demos of Steve Perrin's new solo material — one of these new songs, 'Paris', is also in The Distractions' current repertoire — have a loose, floating sound that is the other side of the line drawn by the album, which appears in retrospect to be a compromise between basic Distractions and the sound in Steve Perrin's head).

"Steve was always more like a songwriter who played his songs on the guitar than a performing guitarist in a group," Finney confides in the pub over the road. "He was always saying that he was going to leave — for ages, it was. Then he rang up to say he could do Ireland and the States with us if he wanted and we said he needn't bother because we had Arthur lined up and he was quite upset, hung up on us.

"He's a good lad though; still see quite a lot of him, but he's moved up to London now."

Perrin was the band's lead songwriter; so what are The Distractions doing for material now?

"Well, I've got some stuff an' Ade's got some and Pip and Arthur are writing as well, so we should be all right."

THE LAST BEGINNING OF THE CURRENT BATCH

BACK IN the car park, Pip Nicholls discusses health and nutrition with a visitor. A small delicate figure, she was mistaken for a very young boy by a member of the *NME* collective who saw the band at Dingwalls during their last London sojourn. (The same *NME* person also thought Pauline Black was a boy the first time he saw Selecter, so maybe the error is not as significant as it might otherwise appear). Pip actively encourages misapprehensions of this nature. When The Distractions opened

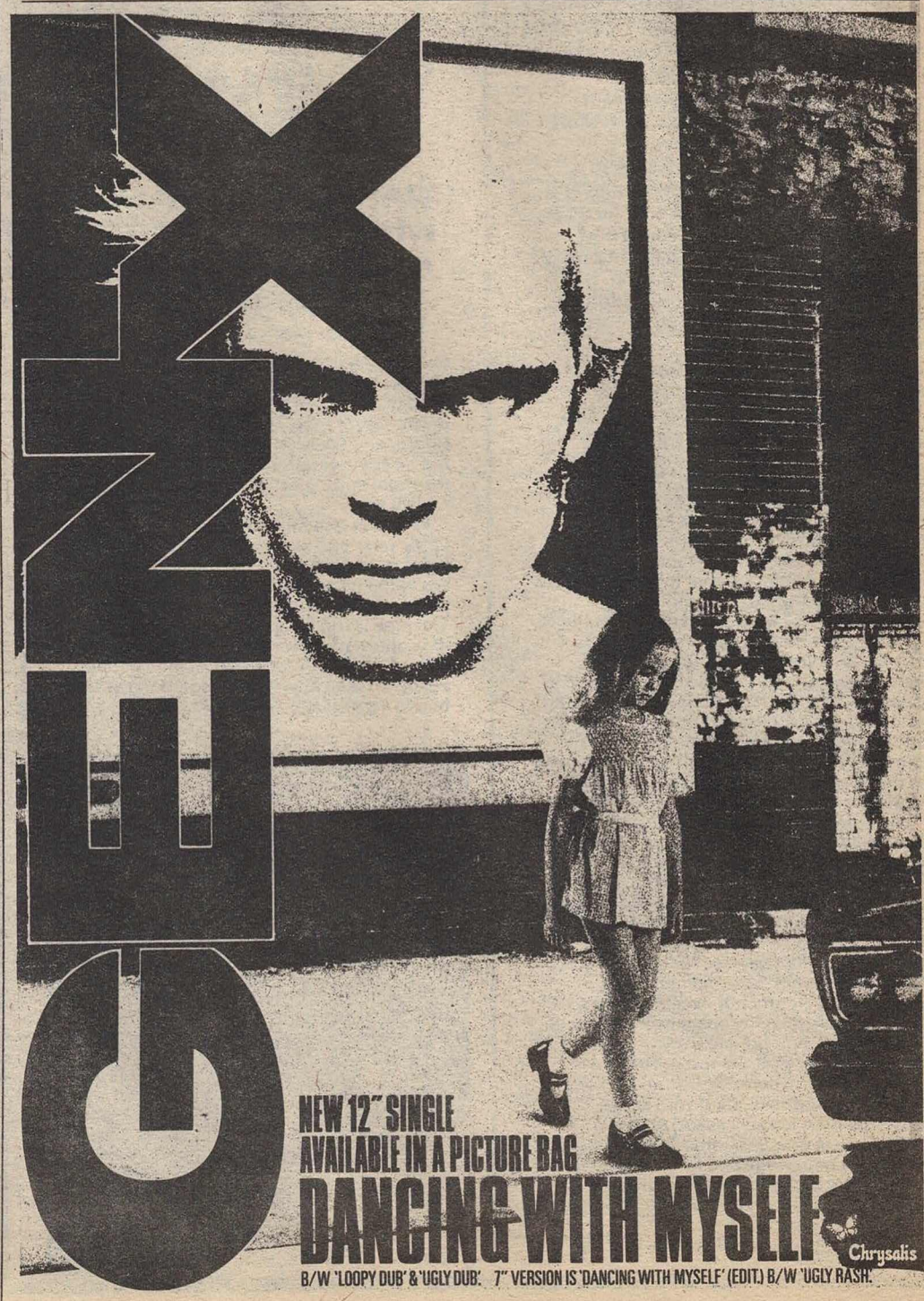
for The Members on tour, some of Tesco's crew hadn't twigged after a week. She mentions that she is getting interested in body-building, and the visitor opens his mouth and carefully inserts his foot in it, murmuring something to the effect that more and more women are involving themselves in the sport these days.

Nicholls' voice freezes over. "I don't associate myself with 'women'. I dissociate myself from my body. I dissociate myself from women. I'm not even a feminist." Then as the subject changes to safer ground of which vitamin pills in which combination and quantity produce the best results, the voice softens.

"You should always take some vitamin C before going to sleep," she advises. "It's very good for dreams."

AN ENDING (not 'the' ending; just 'an' ending)

THE DISTRACTIONS are just another group, and they shouldn't be. They're not just another group to anyone enticed and intrigued by their soulful, bittersweet pop, or by Finney's gem of a voice, but the country is full of bands hunting and fighting for an audience, a break and a piece of that mythical action. The Distractions should — by rights — be one of the ones who get it, because they're very good for dreams. Take some before going to sleep.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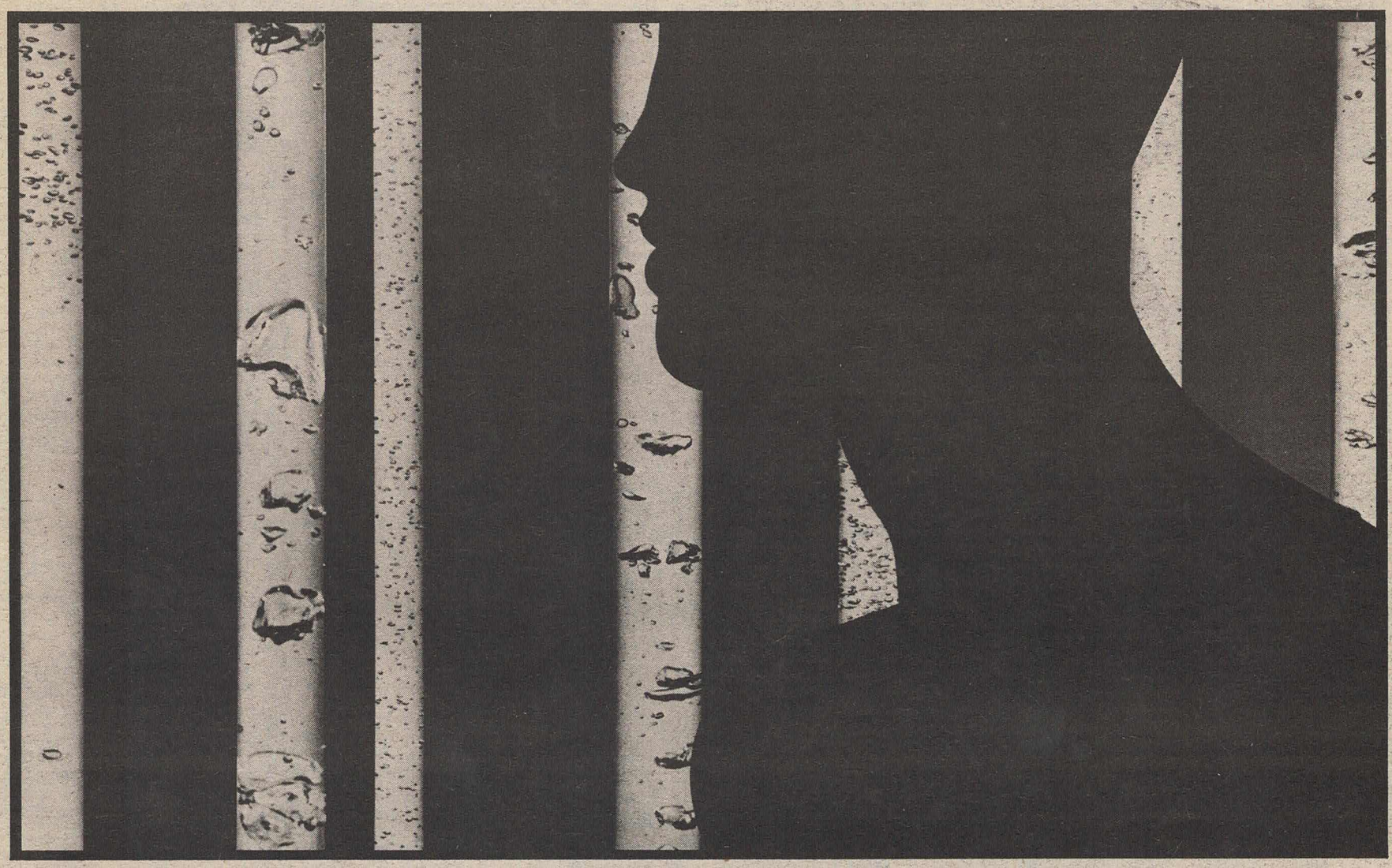

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	20	BIRMINGHAM TOWN HALL
	22	NORWICH UNIVERSITY
	24	HULL UNIVERSITY
	25	COLCHESTER ESSEX UNIVERSITY
	26	CANTERBURY ODEON
	27	BRIGHTON DOME
	29	LEEDS UNIVERSITY
	30	COVENTRY POLYTECHNIC
	31	HUDDERSFIELD POLYTECHNIC
NOVEMBER	1	LOUGHBOROUGH UNIVERSITY
	2	NEW VIC (APOLLO), LONDON
	4	BANGOR UNIVERSITY
	5	LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY
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At 69 years old, Sam Fuller has finally broken into big budget movie-making with The Big Red One, his acclaimed war film starring Lee Marvin.

THE HERO AND THE SURVIVOR

SAMUEL FULLER is holding court in a corner of the Dorchester's Regency dining room, regaling anyone in earshot of his booming voice with an anecdote about a Pentagon screening of his new war movie *The Big Red One*.

Among the top brass present was General Patton's son, now a general like his dad. Patton Jr praised the film — with the reservation that it didn't encourage men to fight, Fuller recalls triumphantly.

The Big Red One is the 69-year-old director's first film of any kind for eight years, and, after years of B-movies, his first big-budget shot ever. It opened in London two weeks ago to a critical response that ranged from positive to positively ecstatic.

Largely based on his own experiences in the First Infantry Division (the title refers to their insignia), *The Big Red One* follows the exploits of gnarled Sergeant Lee Marvin and his four raw riflemen through the war, from 1942 African landings to D-Day and the final days in Czechoslovakia.

In between, we learn very little about them, apart from a few biographical details at the beginning; but we do see them develop into efficient fighting machines intent on surviving the war. Fuller neither glorifies their fighting qualities with spectacular battle sequences, nor condemns their callousness towards fellow soldiers — be they the enemy or their allies. Instead he observes their unfeeling will to survive.

Far less manipulative than his earlier gut-wrenching melodramas — much admired by such European directors as Wim Wenders and Jean Luc Godard — this new movie more honourably makes its point. Which is: "Your only brother in combat is survival!"

Fuller makes this kind of assertion in the pugnacious tones of the campaigning tabloid newsman he once was. However, in conversation he allows himself to be sidetracked in a way he would never tolerate in either film or newsprint. Fuelled by after dinner brandy, he only lets up for a puff of a thick cigar or to "get to the end of a goddam harangue" to permit another question.

I put it to Fuller that his soldiers have none of the complications or doubts of modern movie fighters of the Vietnam crop, like *The Deer Hunter* or *Apocalypse Now*. Sam Fuller's war is a lot cleaner and simpler.

"Well," he growls, "World War Two was a good or a right war — though there's no such thing to a soldier in the field. Hitler was a sonofabitch and he had to be stopped. Mussolini, Hitler and Tojo were bastards — and there's nothing wrong with being a bastard. They were killers — and there's nothing wrong with being a killer. Except you can't have a discussion with killers. Don't forget, these are overt physical acts of killing and you must kill killers to stop them — and that's the animal truth of the whole thing.

"But with Vietnam, you not only had no goddam business being there but you fouled up, you lost, which is a very hard thing for a young country like the United States to live with. They're not used to it and *that's* a funny story . . ." He bursts into a raucous laugh. "Even Jack Dempsey lost — he lost twice, alright, and he was my idol. Well, you can't go on winning forever.

"But if we won, it would be termed a right war, because the victor in killing is always right — always remember that!" He chuckles at the irony. "Might makes right! It's an old goddam statement and Shakespeare wrote the hell outa it . . . haha . . . so that's the difference between Vietnam and World War Two."

Interview: Chris Bohn
Photographs: Anton Corbijn

Fuller sees life in much the same way as war: a dogged struggle for survival.

"It's either a battle for a job, battle for promotion, for money or whatever. It's living, it's eating, it's sleeping, it's having enough money to take care of a family. Life becomes a fight, that's all. Now just imagine a situation where you're doing all that, trying to figure out how to make a few dollars to feed your family and people are shooting at you at the same time."

Fuller's early films had the exploitative swagger and racy vigour of the gutter press, but their saving grace was their unapologetic tone. There was none of the phoney moralism that gives the tabloids their dishonest edge.

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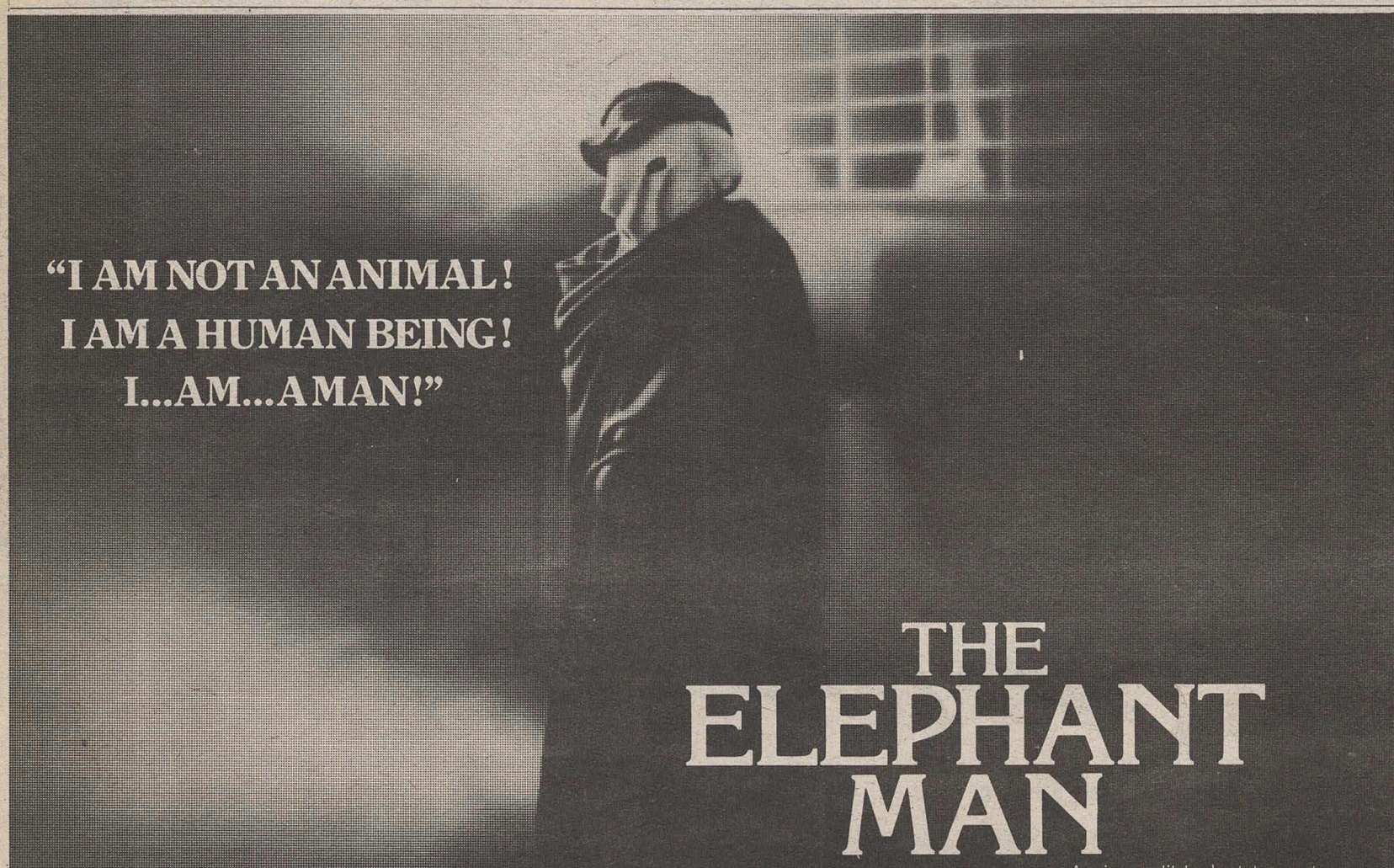

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FULLER

◆ From previous page

He began his career as a copy boy on the sensationalist *New York Evening Graphic,* soon becoming a crime reporter. His mother, however, remained unimpressed. "We were a cheap paper and she didn't like me working on it," he recalls with relish. "She would never admit I worked on it to friends and I'd say to her: *'You're a hypocrite! They're paying for our food! I get a good salary there!'* "

He admits now that the no-pussyfooting honest journalism that he fell in love with had disappeared before he'd even got there.

"I fell in love with history. I thought, my god, if the story's good, my editor is ready to blast anybody who's evil. I was always under the illusion that you cannot bribe the mind or soul of a fighting editor. That was true of some publishers, who fought the country and some very big people. But they were dead. My youth had nothing to do with that — I was living in the age of hypocrisy and large conglomerates, only I didn't know it." Fuller's newspaper movies are among his best. There's a *Lou Grant* forerunner, *Park Row,* about a campaigning editor in the 1880s battling against more lucrative competitors, and the wonderfully lurid *Shock Corridor,* in which an investigative journalist gets himself committed to a lunatic asylum in pursuit of a murderer.

He invariably sides with the little man against authority, be he a soldier in the trenches doing someone else's dirty work, or the ex-whore of *The Naked Kiss* fighting against a town's prejudice when she gets a job at a mentally handicapped children's home.

On authority, he comments: "The only reason I'm really happy about the nuclear bomb is that for the first time in history the bosses can get hurt too."

His characters are rarely heroic in the true sense. The closest they get to it is in *Merrill's Marauders,* about an American outfit in Burma led by Jeff Chandler and Ty Hardin. Unlike *The Big Red One,* their act of survival had a more conventional stamp of courage about it.

Fuller bellows: "Yes, there was a heroic quality about it, insofar as you get to like someone and they get killed, giving you, whether you're a newspaperman or a relative, a wonderful opportunity for hypocritical comment on the dead. And John Wayne made a whole career, a fortune from that sentiment. He would talk about the dead as if they were all his brothers!"

Fuller might talk like John Wayne, but his movies fight a whole lot dirtier. Like Lee Marvin's sergeant, Fuller's not interested in patriotic ideals. He fights for himself alone.

SILVER SCREEN

SCARY MONSTER?

Not on your nelly

The Elephant Man

Directed by David Lynch
Starring Anthony Hopkins, John Hurt, Anne Bancroft and John Gielgud *(EMI)*

MADE in fits and starts on a tiny, back-room budget, David Lynch's *Eraserhead* caused a rare old flap. Some dismissed it as a ghoulish surfeit of bad taste; others hailed it as a masterpiece of horror fantasy. Whichever, amongst those intrigued or impressed enough by Lynch's debut to offer him further work was Mel Brooks, comic, director *(Blazing Saddles, Young Frankenstein, High Anxiety,* etc) and fellow American. His Brooksfilms has produced *The Elephant Man* and so given Lynch the chance to direct a very best of British cast whilst filming free of financial worries.

The results are often overpowering, as much a tribute to Brooks' perception as they're proof of Lynch's own abilities.

Like *Eraserhead, The Elephant Man* was made in black and white, this time though in glorious 70mm Panavision, and demonstrates just how very expressive a medium b&w can be. As fitful as the era's hissing gaslight, Lynch's depiction of London's East End in the 1880s is ruthlessley graphic, its utter lack of sentimentality reinforced by the director's obvious fascination for mass-machinery.

"Machines — you can't

John Hurt on his way to Mirror Newspapers to sell exclusive picture rights on his Elephant Man make-up job.

ON THE BOX

Thursday October 16
BLACK NARCISSUS (Directed by Michael Powell 1947): A fitting conclusion to the Powell/Pressburger season, with Deborah Kerr as your typical nun cloistered in the Himalayas — that's rght, she can't think of anything but sex. Very repressed it is, too, and Jack Cardiff's striking colour photography won him an Oscar. Astonishingly, filmed entirely in a studio. **(BBC2).**

HIGHLIGHTS: 'Hollywood SE23' comes to **Open Door (BBC2)** as the boys of London's Forest Hill School show off some of their film works (a couple of their features have been shown at the ICA). George has become Julia in **A Change Of Sex (BBC2),** Robin Day returns with **Question Time (BBC1), Terry and Arthur keep at it in Minder (ITV)** and there's a bit too much of Mrs Pynchon for my liking in **Lou Grant (ITV).**

Friday October 17
THE FIXER (John Frankenheimer 1968): An ambitious, relentlessly depressing adaptation by Dalton Trumbo of Bernard Malamud's novel about Soviet anti-Semitism. Alan Bates is the suffering Jew, Dirk Bogard the lawyer. **(BBC1)**

HIGHLIGHTS: Les Dawson's back with **The Dawson Watch (BBC1)** and his first subject is politics ("My wife is politically naive — she thinks propaganda is an upper class goose").

Saturday October 18
TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS (Gordon Parry 1951)/OLIVER TWIST (David Lean 1948): Enjoyable double bill of mainstream British classics, with a bravura performance in each. Robert Newton is outstanding in *Tom Brown* and Alec Guinness' Fagin was considered anti-Semitic in America. **(BBC2)**

THE TAKING OF PELHAM 123 (Joseph Sargent 1974): Tough and funny thriller, adroitly handled by Sargent and an excellent cast. Walter Matthau's the transit cop chasing chief heavy Robert Shaw, holding a New York subway train to ransom. Martin Balsam, Hector Elizondo and Tony Roberts also shine. **(BBC1)**

HIGHLIGHTS: The Police (again) in a live exceprt from Germany's *Rockpalast,* tarting up this week's **Old Grey Whistle Test (BBC2).**

Sunday October 19
THE GREAT NORTHFIELD MINNESOTA RAID (Philip Kaufman 1971): Cliff Robertson and Robert Duvall head strong cast in Kaufman's curious re-telling of the James-Younger gang's final robbery. Undoubtedly his best work yet, and far more evocative stuff than *The Long Riders.* **(BBC2)**

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AND THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

Freddie Jones and Anthony Hopkins compare nose sizes.

reason with them," remarks a surgeon as he operates on the victim of an appalling industrial accident. Meanwhile, above all the dark, Satanic scenes dominated by roaring furnaces and pounding steamwheels, smoke from a thousand chimneys gluts skies already blanketed by cloud. Such is the blighted tapestry across which the misfortunes of John (Joseph) Merrick, the Elephant Man, are woven.

A miracle of cosmetic camouflage, Christopher Tucker's make-up recreates Merrick's terrible physical afflictions in unflinching detail. Unrecognisable beneath it, John Hurt plays the part of the young Leicester man whose chance encounter with an inquisitive, freak-hunting surgeon eventually elevates him into the vertiginous realms of high society. Whereas the actor in Bernard Pomerance's Broadway play (from which the film takes great pains to disassociate itself) must suggest Merrick's deformities, Hurt must somehow animate them, encased as he is in layers of make-up and masking. Again, his eyes and tone of voice remain his surest means of self-expression in the role, and Hurt's Merrick succeeds in being just as credible and inexplicably moving as Bowie's.

Lynch trawls a wide but fine net across Merrick's life and times, often strengthening his characterisations by resorting to the simple but effective device of holding faces centre-screen. The film's numerous climactic moments are orchestrated with considerable skill. Merrick's humiliation by the drunken revellers who invade his hospital room one night and his first, emotionally overwhelming visit to the theatre are cases in point — and the moods of both scenes are heightened by their links with bravura sequences of b&w psychedelia, either terrifyingly nightmarish or luminously phantasmagoric. *Eraserhead* had already hinted at Lynch's technical ambitions and expertise, but the studied complexity and visual kick of the images he streams before us owes little to anybody but Fritz Lang.

Although Lynch's Elephant Man lacks the impish humour of his theatrical counterpart, the screen character is more convincingly developed (and so he should be). Merrick's intelligence, religiosity, romantic sensibilities, boundless faith in human nature and incredible equanimity are all illustrated in ways and scenes that convey much more less self-consciously than the play's corresponding set-pieces.

So also are the reactions of those who meet Merrick, these varying from curiosity, fear, revulsion and unbridled hostility to genuine concern and affection: a range ably expressed by Lynch's cast, especially Hopkins as the ambitious but sympathetic and sometimes despairingly remorseful surgeon Frederick Treves, Gielgud as the patriarchal hospital governor Carr Gomm and Freddie Jones as Bytes, Merrick's brutal alcoholic showman.

Lynch's attitude towards his 'hero' is ambivalent. He certainly views Merrick with a compassion that isn't in the least condescending — and just as Merrick is seen to shout defiantly at the mob which corners him in the urinals at Liverpool Street Station that he's a man, not an animal, so the midgets and other so-called "freaks" who rescue him from Bytes in Belgium aren't looked upon with distaste, let alone disdain; they're manifestly human too.

Once their obvious shock value has been exhausted, Merrick's 'peculiarities' are relegated; they become secondary to his state of mind. The film's about as sensationalist as the *Times Literary Supplement;* it explores rather than exploits Merrick's predicament. Even Lynch's departures from the strict chronology of Merrick's stay at the London Hospital and his sometimes wildly fanciful (as in historically inaccurate) treatment of various key episodes in the man's life don't really detract from the film's subtitular claim to be "a true story of courage and human dignity". Its delicate balance of fact, faction and fiction is very knowing, but if at times *The Elephant Man* slips towards melodramatic overspill (and it does), then that's only because its subject matter inevitably entails as much.

And yet for all this, it's the way the film communicates its wide-eyed awe of Merrick as praeter-natural phenomenon that remains uppermost in the mind. Clearly influenced by Tod Browning's unequivocal *Freaks* of 1932, Lynch extends that film's fraught dissection of the antipathy that must exist between privileged, 'normal' or even 'beautiful' human beings and those who're ostracised or condemned because of their supposed freakishness. He does so by placing Merrick in a more mythical, almost magical context.

It's really the film's opening moments that set its compelling tone. The real Merrick was convinced that his deformities were in some way the result of an elephant from a travelling circus knocking down his mother when she was pregnant with him. This gives Lynch an excuse to summon up fearful, slow-motion visions of stampeding, trumpeting elephants, their trunks waving like monstrous tentacles. These sequences are the first of several in the film that begin or end, quite literally, in a proverbial puff of smoke.

Lynch's inference is blatant — that *The Elephant Man* is even more of a cinematic illusion or visual conjuring trick than most.

To some extent of course it is, but then the film soon contrives to cast a far stronger, stranger spell. Set at night in outlandish surroundings, the rescue scenes in particular could have been pulled intact from any of, say, the Brothers Grimm's more unpleasant 'fairy' tales. The collection of circus caravans parked on the outskirts of a forest is a striking metaphor, one that suggests we're involved with something well beyond the bounds of our conscious everyday experience. In fact we're tumbling headlong into the unconscious, a psychological shadowland patrolled by all sorts of unsightly things.

The Elephant Man is somewhere 'else'. It lingers. It's not just an account of how Victorian England's consuming, often hypocritical obsession with 'improving' unfortunates affected one Joseph Merrick. If Edgar Allan Poe were alive and agonising today, he'd surely envy it as a tale of mystery and imagination to rival his own.

Angus MacKinnon

HIGHLIGHTS: The new series of **Skin (ITV)** starts with a report on the increasing racial attacks in London and talks to victims and perpetrators (NF and British Movement skins); in the last three months more than 200 cases of serious violence have been reported — I'm sure a few proud Chelsea fans will be tuning in, even if the pubs are still serving. The first of the three Dennis Potter films is **Blade On The Feather (ITV),** starring Tom Conti, Donald Pleasence and Denholm Elliott; anything by Potter *(Pennies From Heaven, Blue Remembered Hills,* much else) is well worth you attention.

Monday October 20

HIGHLIGHTS: Nuclear energy comes under the hammer in **White Light (ITV)** and the spate of European right wing groups are spat on (I trust) in **Panorama (BBC1).**

BOX OFFICE

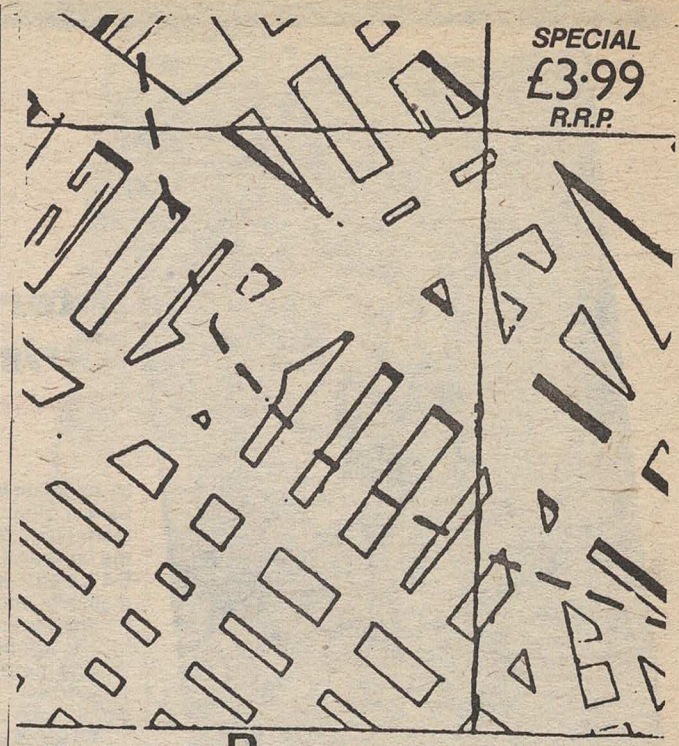
London

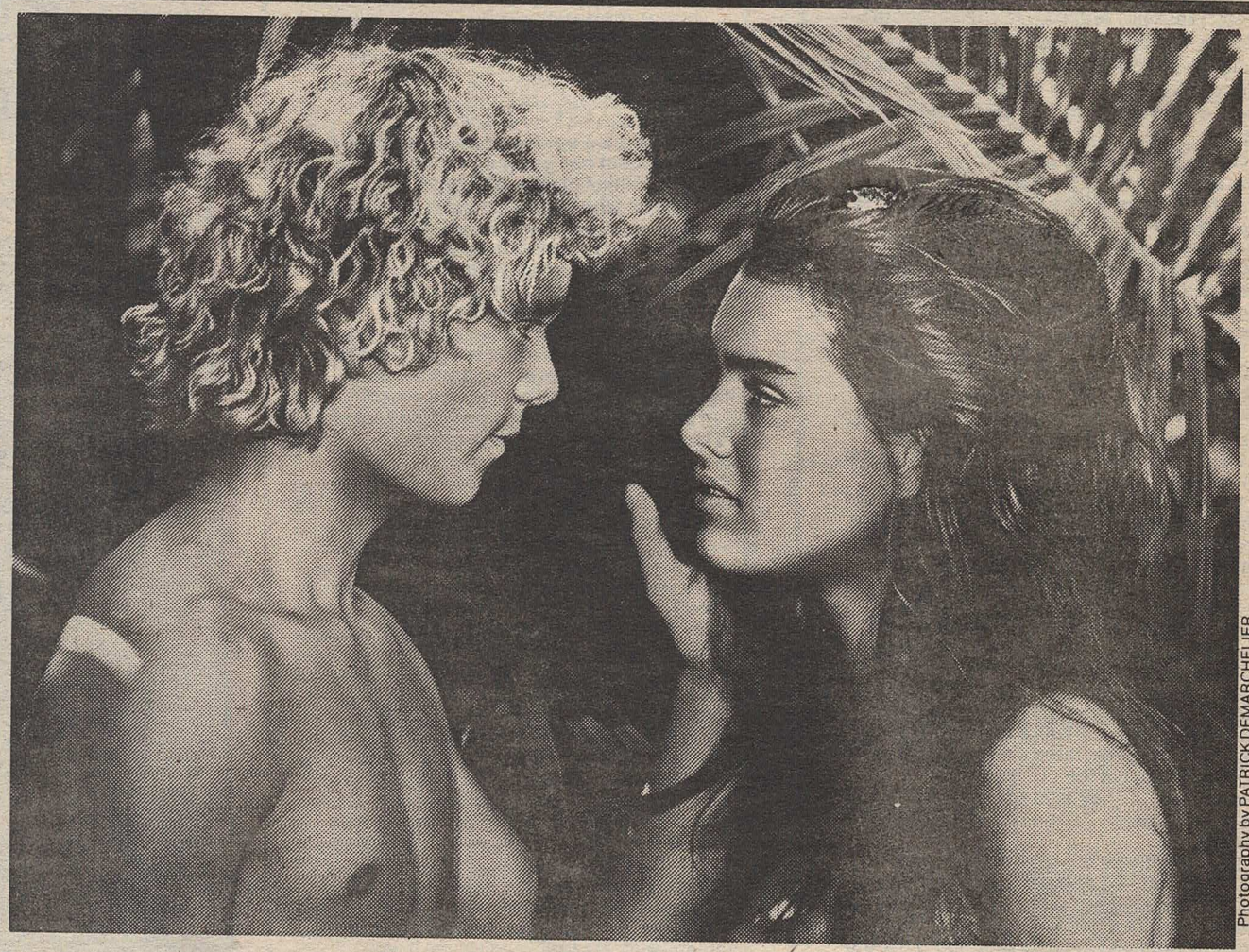
1. **The Shining** (Directed by Stanly Kubrick)
2. **Dressed To Kill** (Brian De Palma)
3. **Brubaker** (Stuart Rosenberg)
4. **Being There** (Hal Ashby)
5. **Airplane!** (Abrahams, Zuckers)

Regions

1. **Bermuda Triangle** (Dan LePlughole)
2. **McVicar** (Tom Clegg)
3. **Airplane!** (Abrahams, Zuckers)
4. **Friday The 13th** (Sean S. Cunningham)
5. **Being There** (Hal Ashby)

(Screen International)





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The Benefits Of H

Interview: Chris Salewicz

PERCHED ON THE edge of a bleak Bronte-like heath overlooking Bradford is the hotel in which The Pretenders are staying. In the forecourt, next to the band's touring coach, a vulgarly striped white Porsche squats by the main entrance as though it's having a crap, a testament to Northern flash kitsch.

Up here on high ground is where the bosses live, and it comes as no surprise when Pretenders bassist Pete Farndon informs me that their residence for the night is "apparently a famous local knocking shop". It recalls the opulently seedy venues in which local writer John Braine locates his corrupt councillors or businessmen for wild nights of illicit love.

With its sultry lighting, fringes and tassels about the bedheads, and lime green circular bath, Chrissie Hynde's bedroom seems like a room in a New Orleans brothel. If, that is, New Orleans brothels have twin beds, with the corner of the sheets neatly folded back by the chambermaid on just one of them.

As we come through the door into her room after the evening's gig Chrissie is comparing reactions on the band's second US tour, that had only finished a week previously, with the way The Pretenders in Britain are appreciated.

"Of course," she laughs, in her throaty, strong voice in which her American accent suddenly leaps with London vowel sounds, "you get a totally different reaction in the States. Everyone knows that. As soon as you step out onstage they go completely crazy. Half of them have driven a hundred miles to the gig, for the rest there's nothing else left to do apart from get their rocks off on rock'n'roll . . . They're pretty good kids up here, too, though," she adds, with genuine feeling.

She negotiates the piles of paper and clothing dropped about the floor, ("*I* always know *exactly* where everything is, but no-one else can figure it out"), steps lightly over a copy of Graham Greene's *Brighton Rock* and Albert Camus's *The Plague,* and flicks on the TV. She presses the channel buttons. "Well," she shrugs, "we've missed that Kinks concert."

She flops down in a swivel arm-chair. "America," she continues her consideration of her native land, "is completely *fucked*. All those great old Northern industrial cities have had their hearts removed, they're just waste-lands, completely deserted. Everyone's moved to the suburbs and the shopping precincts and industrial complexes, and everyone lives in their cars. If you're hitchhiking anywhere in America, you'll be the only person standing at the interchange, but ten million cars will be going past you.

"America is a giant industrial waste-tip; the chemical companies have — often quite illegally — been burying the waste material all over the country. All it needs is a couple of earthquakes and those chemicals are going to be reactivated with horrific results. And it's going to happen. And they fuckin' know it, too.

"The thing is, though," she adds pensively, "I really do love the American people. There are a lot of very fine individuals. But the way the place works!

"I did this interview in Detroit, and said I thought that cars were ruining their lives, and that serious attempts should be made to find some form of alternative transport. They told me I was being naive. 'There are all these people in Detroit whose livelihood depends on the continuance of the car . . .' But, on the contrary, I think it's *they* who are being naive."

The USA, we conclude, is out of touch with its soul. Yet Americans are more willing than inhabitants of other lands to accept new ideas. I mention that it's heartening to see that the cancer-stricken Steve McQueen has gone to try to defeat his illness at the Laetrile-based Cancer Clinic in Mexico which, rather than fearful radiation treatment, relies on purifying the body and attacking the illness with vitamin B-17, a proven cancer cure that, for reasons of their own, medics reliant on high technology treatments are reluctant to accept.

"The trouble is," comments Chris, "if he doesn't make it, people will go, 'Ah, I told you so. It doesn't work' . . . It's so difficult to make people wise up about these things.

"All these people get called quacks by straight doctors; in fact the ones calling them quacks are the *real* quacks . . . *Especially* in America. It's unbelievable the way they sell people on the need to have bits of themselves removed. Even just things like tonsils and molar teeth.

"I don't know," she chuckles, tossing back her head, "all this can sound pretty hippy . . . *but fuck it: I can out-punk the lot of them!*"

WITH her Ronnie Spector bob, white frilled Regency blouse, black leather waist-coat and tight black pants, Chrissie Hynde bounds out onstage. As she bursts into the ironic foxy opening lines of 'Precious' there's a positive glow of gamin-like girlishness about her, as though it's a guilefully feminine means of shoving into place all those who during her years around Europe as the perpetual punk contender had badmouthed her as a moody bitch.

Chrissie is a more sensitive feminine creature than is suggested by the popular conception of her as a hard-drinkin', hard-screwin' rock'n'roll woman. During the mid '70s when at any London bus-stop or any tube station the sight of a black leather-clad, guitar-case carrying Chrissie Hynde seemed like an inevitable fixture, she was often spoken of as being steeped in splenetic apathy towards her fellow-man.

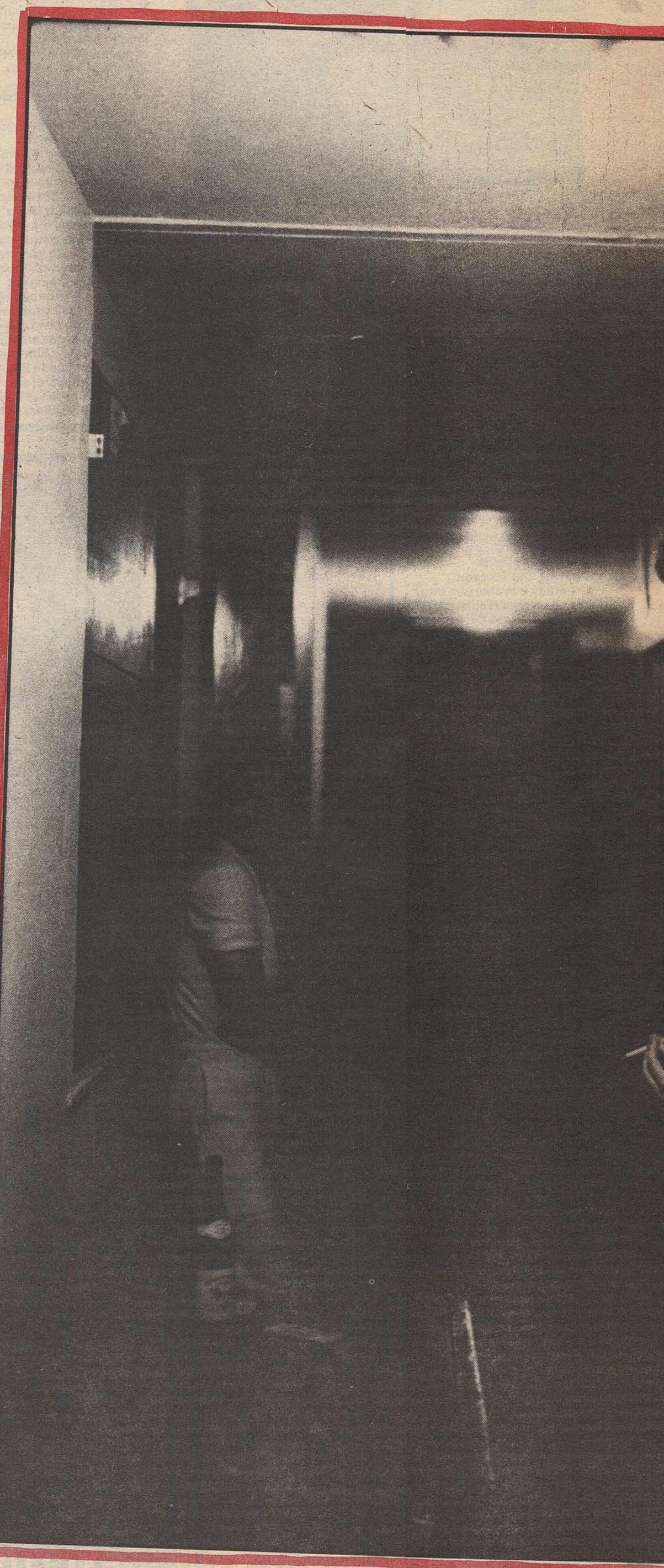
She'll admit to being moody — show me someone who isn't — yet within those alert large eyes is a mine of good nature that many might judge idealistic, although Chrissie just sees it — and I'll go along with her — as *realistic.* Her misinterpreted offhand manner was always the manifestation of an acute shyness; although a tomboy as a child, she found in her teens that she was hopelessly nervous when she wanted to communicate with boys. Maybe that's why, as a middle-class American teenager in the '60s growing up in the industrial Akron, Ohio, she fell in love with the romantic, overtly sexual, myth-enshrouded world of rock'n'roll, where an unthreatening fantasy lover could be created out of a beautiful icon like Brian Jones.

She's still very much a fan, in fact. Chrissie's also a bit of a Beat — she's heavily versed in the writings of Kerouac and has certainly read all the right City Lights poets: she seems to take comfort in on-the-road terminology like "canteen" and "bedroll" and claims it was only recently she adjusted to sleeping in beds again after having slept on floors for so much of her recent life. She's unselfconscious about this, however — she has a highly perceptive, very funny humour that deflates any pretensions that begin to grow in her.

Even today she doesn't possess a record player, though she seems to feel she should get around to buying one, and maybe a TV so she can use the video recorder with which each member of the band was presented by Warners, The Pretenders' UK record company. After years of squats and shop-lifting for food, these are strange new problems . . .

Of the group's album cover she says, "We chose that picture by literally just holding a load of colour transparencies up to the light. 'Oh, okay: that one will do'. It was not really a very good picture at all — I mean, we were *hardly* wearing the right sort of clothes, were we? Yet oddly enough that shot has become like a logo for the group. Because it's so simple it stands out from everything else in a record shop."

Yet the petulant, posey pout she presents on the sleeve of 'Pretenders' is these days an inaccurate representation of Chrissie Hynde. Though she's maybe got some new miseries she carries about with her for much of the time of late a wide, fresh smile that no doubt has its roots in the relief and satisfaction of finally having realized what for years she's been attempting to achieve, though as the hours creep nearer show-time she grows more and more tense, sinking deep within herself, as though within everyday are encapsulated the gnawing fears and cancerous frustrations of the years before a chance meeting brought her together with then Real Records boss Dave Hill, who gave her a deal and assembled



Or how to succeed in the roc business by really try

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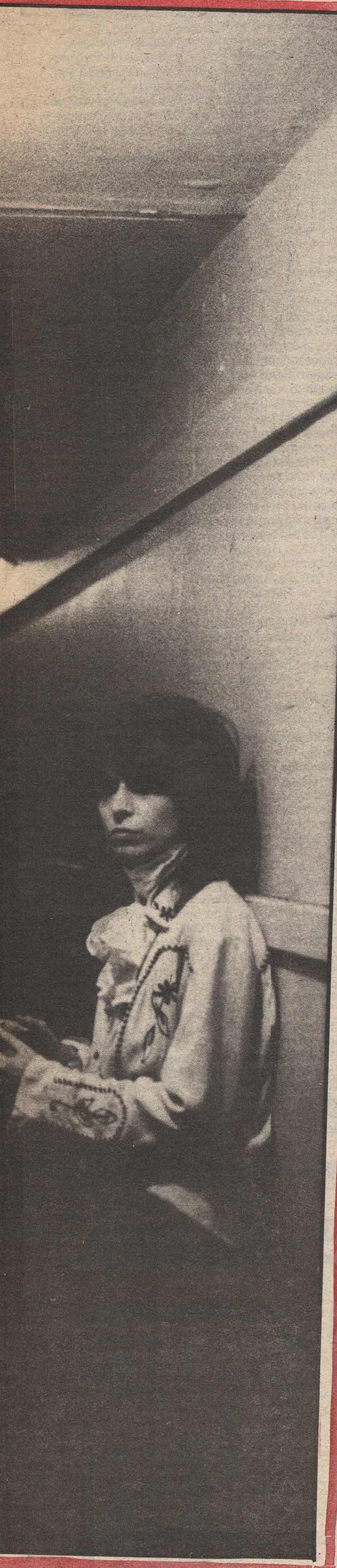

around Chrissie Hynde as solid musical foundations the noble, comradely trio of Herefordshire yeomen that is bassist Pete Farndon, drummer Martin Chambers, and guitarist Jimmy Honeyman Scott.

A good few people were surprised when Chrissie came up with an album of (admittedly often double-edged) love songs, many of which had as subtle and sensuous a feminine scent about them, and the same acutely caustic, astutely concise, nerve-end niggling lyrics, as the best Joni Mitchell numbers. (Indeed, Elvis Costello is said to have described her ultimately unconvincing Grace Jones-covered 'Private Life' as "like every Joni Mitchell song rolled into one".)

Chrissie doesn't approach her often oddly jolly stage-craft in the same manner as so many male performers whose facile onstage arrogance has its roots in something close to contempt for its audience (or perhaps towards themselves). "I think," she says, unaware of his criticism of 'Private Life'," someone like Elvis Costello approaches what he does very much like that: 'You *dare* laugh at *me!* I'll *show* you!

"With me it's totally the opposite: 'Urrhh . . . *Excuse* me: Do you *mind* me being up here? If you do I'll go. I'll leave *immediately* if you like!'."

CHRISSIE'S been a vegetarian for twelve years. She obviously believes in a God of some sort, I suggest, and she puts her fingers down the front of her black blouse and produces a St Christopher medallion. "Is it just superstition that I continue to wear this? But even though my background's Lutheran, I think you should be able to see there's little real difference between Christian teachings or those of Buddhism, or even the writings of someone like Rudolf Steiner or Edgar Cayce."

The manner in which, all over the world, the family institution appears to be breaking down appalls her: "I hardly know any women with children who've got the same father for all of them. If someone's got three kids you can guarantee that the first two have a different father from the third one. And this is spoken of so casually, as though it's the perfectly natural way to behave.

"And this attitude is fostered and encouraged by the media, especially in America. I saw this ad in American *Vogue* that went, 'You've Made Your Choice. Now Learn To Enjoy Your Freedom'. And the choice they are talking about was the decision to leave their husbands.

"If the whole world really is falling apart then it shouldn't be too surprising . . . Because the world is built around the family.

"I feel The Pill causes just as much damage, really. I did this interview with *Rolling Stone* where I talked about how I think women's psychic intuition becomes destroyed if they take The Pill. Because, basically, if a woman goes to bed with a man it should be because she has a very strong feeling of love towards him, sufficiently strong not to worry if she becomes pregnant. Because, in fact, she would really like to be pregnant by him. If you just start going to bed with anyone because you're on The Pill you destroy a large part of yourself."

Also, I mention, if you start screwing around indiscriminately there is this tendency to catch all sorts of horrible diseases, almost as though someone's wagging a finger at you . . .

"Boy, you're telling me! You name it — I've had it!"

ENOUGH, HOWEVER, of the intimate portrait. You wouldn't be reading this piece if Chrissie Hynde wasn't lead singer and songwriter with the popular beat combo, The Pretenders, bright new stars of Warner Bros' Real Records, from which Dave Hill relinquished his control when he felt a "conflict of interest" was being created by his managing the group *and* running the label on which their records appeared.

Controversy has recently surrounded the almost too remarkable success of the group's first album and single, 'Brass In Pocket'. The 'Pretenders' LP entered the BRMB charts at number one the same week as 'Brass In Pocket' reached the top of the singles charts early this year. "Warners have overdone it a bit," I recall a senior member of the *NME*'s editorial staff remarking to me, "The Pretenders' album has hit number one before it's hardly got into any of the shops."

Although Warners managing director at the time John Fruin, a man with a certain reputation for a "creative" approach to marketing, would make no comment when the programme was broadcast, it was revealed in August's *World In Action* TV expose of chart manipulation by British record companies that WEA reps were told to regard The Pretenders as a top priority act. Shops which supplied sales details to the vital BRMB chart, on which both *Top Of The Pops* and the Radio One play-list were based, were accordingly allegedly persuaded to doctor favourably the number of copies of Pretenders records that had been sold. Indeed, figures in the region of £100,000 are being bandied about in the music business circles as the amount that Warners spent in the UK on breaking The Pretenders as a top act.

"Oh, they probably *did* do all that," admits Chrissie, aware of the corruption inherent in big business. "I quite genuinely don't know anything about how they run their business practices, but it does seem likely they could have operated like that.

"Yet," she adds, "that doesn't explain why it did as well as it did throughout the rest of the world. It's sold over a milion copies in America. It's double platinum in Australia. In Japan and Europe it's sold in vast quantities."

It sometimes seems surprising that 'Pretenders' *has* sold so many copies; the first side, in particular, is a remarkably ropey grouping of songs for such a successful album. Though perhaps it isn't the *songs* themselves that are dodgy; sure, the instrumental 'Space Invader' is an obvious filler but 'The Phone Call', the second number on the LP, one of Chrissie's earliest and favourite songs, pinpoints the problem — so lacklustre is the production that it's virtually impossible to glean from the words any meaning at all. You just can't hear them. Considering the importance of Chris's lyrics in her songwriting, this seems an odd business.

Indeed, it isn't until the first side's final song, 'Stop Your Sobbing', produced by Nick Lowe as the group's first 45, that the album rises out of its muffled, meaningless, aural miasma. The other, excellent side is far more in keeping with the frequently inspired rock'n'roll comprehension that characterises the work of producer Chris Thomas.

"Listen," insists Chrissie, running her right hand through her hair in a frequently repeated, coyly nervous gesture, "I have no illusions. I know how low the standards are. I'm aware of why things happen in the music business. I know *why* the album did so well; we got our timing right.

"The market was wide open for a band like ours with a girl vocalist and solid, simple, straightahead rock songs. It sounds perfect on the radio, too, which is a large reason why it happened in America. And that is the *exact* reason why it sold 300,000 copies in California alone. I mean, why should we sell records *there?* Because, quite simply, it doesn't jar when it's played next to Foreigner or Styx.

"That said though, I hated 'Brass In Pocket' with a vengeance. *Fuckin' Ada.* I hated it so much that if I was in Woolworth's and they started playing it I'd have to run out of the store."

With her legs tucked under her, Chrissie leans forward in her chair excitedly as she denounces the group's biggest ever single. She takes a nouthful of wine, swallows it, and knocks the glass over as she puts it down on the coffee table in front of her.

"I mean, whaddya do, though? Everyone connected with you — the guys in the group, the manager, the producer, the record company — are all saying 'This is a fantastic song, this is a number one record'. And I'm going, 'Well, that's exactly the reasons *why* I don't like it: it's so *obvious*'. When Chris Thomas was mixing it, I kept saying to him, 'Chris, mix my vocals down, will you, *please?*' And he would just refuse: 'No, they have to be like this. They are meant to be clear, so that you can hear them!' And obviously Chris was right, because when it was played on the radio what you heard was the lyrics . . . But I still hated the fuckin' thing.

"As for Chris's production . . . Well, I've known Chris for years, and as far as I'm concerned he's part of the band. He *is* a member of the band. And if he says something then I'll go along with it, because it's his job to know what he's doing, and he's generally pretty good at it.

"The album took a while. It wasn't all done at the same time. After we'd done 'Stop Your Sobbing', we had to do a follow-up and went into the studio with Chris, and from that came 'Kid', plus about four backing tracks. And we just kept going from there."

'The Phone Call', Chrissie explains, deciphering the lyrics for me, "is about a very specific thing that happened to me, when I had to get on the phone and tell someone that she'd better get out of town *fast*. Because her boyfriend who'd been inside had heard she'd been screwin' around with someone else, and he'd just got out and was coming looking for her to inflict some vengeance."

The 7/4 time 'Tattooed Love Boys' is about bikers, and the potentially dangerous situations girls can get themselves into by following idealised romantic notions and infiltrating sub-cultures the true nature of which they have no understanding.

THE GROUP'S sudden success has brought with it a fair measure of new confusion, of course. Friends tell tales of running into Chrissie Hynde in the States and of her pouring out a string of miseries about how she's reluctantly had to concede she is now Public Property, that for the first time ever in her life she has the freedom that money can bring yet she has no-one with whom to share it, that she questions the whole point of what she's doing.

She's a loyal woman, though, and no doubt also understands how if she decided to jack it all in (which she wouldn't anyway . . .) she would screw up the lives of the three male members of the band, whose sudden success has granted them so much wealth that, if they were so inclined, they could all become tax exiles. Though ostensibly she's just One Of The Lads, Chrissie's relationship to Jimmy, Martin and Pete carries a slight maternal edge. This, though, is a good-spirited group that laughs a lot, and the three men support her and constantly provide her with positive energies off which to bounce.

Even so, after the show at Bradford's St George's Hall, the group and manager Dave Hill were sequestered deep in conference in the dressing-room for something close on three-quarters of an hour. The show wasn't happening at all, they felt. No-one in the audience would've noticed though; it seemed a sharp, neat set, in fact, devoid of the apparently dodgy quality that is said to have marked the group's live performances, particularly on the group's two American tours where, except for a quick sprint around the European capitals The Pretenders have been working since last March.

In a way, it almost seems surprising that Chrissie herself would get hung up about any onstage roughness. She has very much an artist's raw vision of rock'n'roll — at Kent State University, where she studied during the time of the Nixon-inspired shootings, she read art and when she first moved to London worked in an architect's office — and is probably secretly happy allying herself with some melodramatic vision of the manner in which most great rock bands constantly teeter on the edge.

"All over America," she says, "you have these technically astonishing musicians playing in Holiday Inn bands. Yet they seem to have a total inability to write songs. My brother is a professional musician — a saxophonist — who's three years older than me and been in a jazz group in Cleveland for nine years. They're all fantastic musicians, yet they don't have any *songs!*

"I mean, whaddya do? Do you spend your

Continues over

Photography: Pennie Smith

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PRETENDERS

Continued

whole life getting your technique together, and never have anything to play with that vast technical skill? Or do you behave like a group like The Kinks, and quite consistently play really dodgy live sets for the whole of your career, yet write brilliant songs?"

With the start of the group's English tour it also has dawned on Chrissie that a week after it ends The Pretenders are booked to go into the studio and record their next album.

"Which is fuckin' ridiculous!" she cries with something close to irritability, waving an unlit Dunhill at me. "I'm supposed to have been writing this album all the time we've been on tour. I'm expected to work on new songs after the gig.

"After I've got back from the gig, and I've unwound and I've done everything I have to do, and I've got into bed and laid down and read a book for a while, then I'm going to feel like picking up my guitar and writing a song? I mean, am I gonna get a song written tonight? I mean, am I?"

It is interesting that the next day manager Dave Hill informs me that a decision has been taken that the group will not go into the studio on the previously scheduled date, but instead take a lengthy break at the conclusion of this UK tour.

The bottle of wine finished, Chrissie and I leave her room and wander down the corridor to the bar. There the band and road crew are becoming very drunk, with Farndon, Chambers and Honeyman Scott absorbed appropriately enough, in the metaphor for modern life that is *Space Invaders*. They play it almost non-stop for two-and-a-half-hours.

Chrissie soon has a consoling arm round the shoulders of Rodent, celebrated punk roadie, as, half-cut, he bemoans the absence of his loved one in America. Soon they disappear to Chrissie's room where she lets him make a transatlantic call on her phone to his girlfriend.

Around two in the morning, the road crew head off with the equipment for the next night's show in Bradford. The band stagger off to bed, and I get a taxi back to the hotel in which I'm staying. As I leave, Chrissie Hynde's standing on her own at the bar sipping from a glass of vodka and Tia Maria.

She has three separate dips in her circular lime green bath during the few hours The Pretenders are at the hotel.

AROUND LUNCHTIME that day The Pretenders' coach is on the M62, pulling over the Pennines on its way to joining the M6 that will take it south to Bristol. As we all nurse our hangovers, Chrissie goes through the mail that the group's fan club received whilst they were playing in the States. Much of it consists of cards sent to her on her twenty-ninth birthday at the beginning of September. "Jesus Christ. Is this really what they think of me?" She shakes her head in puzzled astonishment as she opens about the fifth envelope in a row that contains a card with a fluffy pink cat on it. "I would never have sent something like this to Brian Jones."

Guitarist Jimmy Honeyman Scott sticks a Rockpile cassette onto the coach's stereo system. "Real men's music, this," he decries, with heavy sarcasm.

"Ah, I've forgotten how all this stuff fitted together," says Chrissie as, like one of those chapter-establishing dreams you have every once in a while in which all the significant events of past months become sorted out and clarified, she pours over her punk past.

Even before she was into English rock'n'roll, Chrissie had always been an avid Anglophile — although, in fact, her ancestry is Celtic, her forefathers having journeyed to America from Scotland and Wales. When she was in junior school her class was asked to choose a word and write a poem about it. The word around which the first Hynde lyrics were composed was "England".

In the summer of 1973 she and a girlfriend came over here into a hotel in London off Lancaster Gate. "The second night we were there I decided to go out and see London and live! So I went down the Bayswater Road and ended up in this pub in Queensway where I met this Arab guy who had a handbag stall in a market in Oxford Street. And he offered me a job. I worked there for a whole week and didn't sell one handbag!

"While I was there I kept getting pestered by this other guy: 'Listen, you come and work at Mates and you'll get a lot more money. I can get you a job there? You know, suck my cock and I'll get you a job. Anyway, I never did go and work at Mates, but I did lend this guy the three albums I'd brought with me — two Lou Reed records and one Iggy Pop one. And the bastard never gave me them back!

"We ended up getting kicked out of the hotel we were staying in, because I brought some guy back. In fact, we didn't really have to leave the hotel at all — the landlord, I later realised, only thought he had to say that for the sake of appearances. But of course I had to take him at his word and regard what he was doing as a threat to my freedom. So I stormed out. And he got very upset.

"Somehow I woke up next morning in Chertsey. And to this day I still don't really know where Chertsey is.

"The next thing that happened, though, was that I ended up at this party. Not really knowing anyone and feeling quite shy I started to come on the obnoxious Yank and was moaning about the records they were playing and about how my Lou Reed and Iggy records had been ripped off when this creep in the corner turns to me and informs me that he knows Iggy really well."

Enter Nick Kent! "Of course," Chrissie turns to Pennie Smith, "I'd seen your pictures of Iggy in the copies of *NME* I used to get hold of in Cleveland, and I'd read Nick's pieces about him. So I naturally assumed that everyone in London had Iggy records and knew all about him. I didn't realise you and Nick were the only two people in England who'd heard of him!"

By mending the right people's trousers, Chrissie secured a gig with the *NME* where, with pieces like the one she wrote about David Cassidy arriving at Heathrow Airport, she established herself as a figurehead. Later, female writers with surnames like Burchill and Suck would aspire to emulate her.

Unfortunately, though, "there was absolutely nothing going on in rock'n'roll, so I went off to work at Malcolm McLaren's Sex shop. The people at the *NME* were amazed. How could I rather work in a shop than write for them? But I really fid find working in Sex much more interesting. Then this French guy I'd met asked me to go over to Paris to front this group he was forming — The Frenchies. Which seemed really interesting, because it was right at the height of the French obsession with Punk. So one day I went round the record companies, got forty quids' worth of albums to sell, and split to Paris that evening."

The Frenchies didn't sell, and after forming a strong friendship with a girl called Sadia, later part of The Lous, Chrissie returned to the US, after a brief stop in London. Then, in early '76 came the call from Malcolm McLaren already starting to get The Sex Pistols together. A Hynde, Sylvain Sylvain, Richard Hell union was mooted by the ambitious McLaren but came to nothing.

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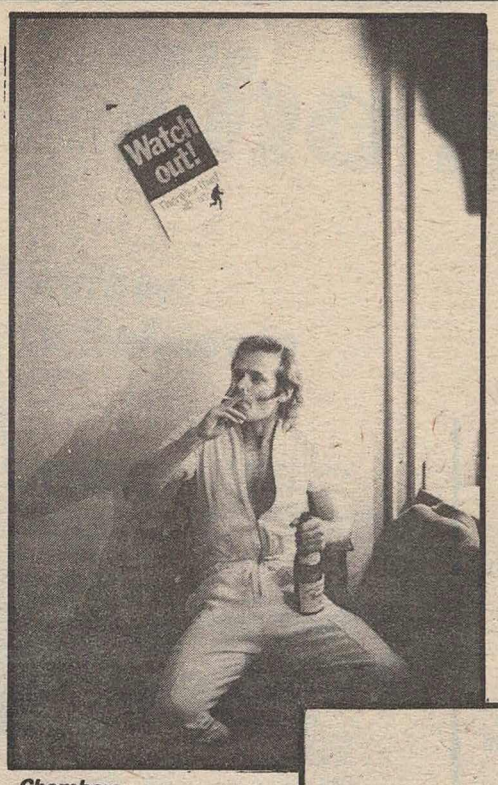

Chambers

"I have no illusions, I know how low the standards are . . . the market was wide open for a band with a girl vocalist and straightahead rock songs."

Farndon

Hynde

"I think women's psychic intuition becomes destroyed if they take The Pill."

Honeyman-Scott

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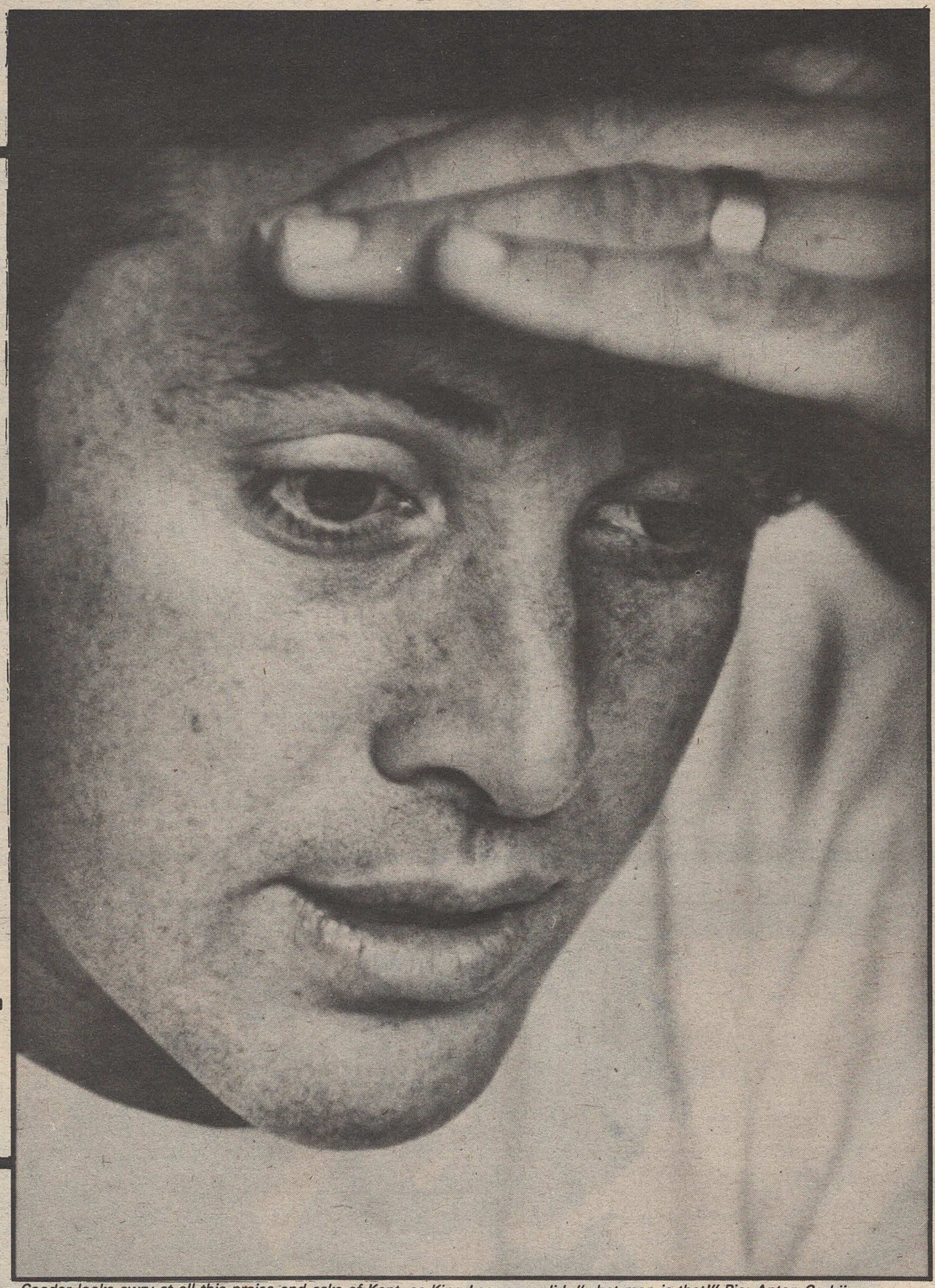
ALBUMS

Every rock critic I know is crazy 'bout a Ry Cooder album



Cooder looks awry at all this praise and asks of Kent, as King Lear once did, "what man is that!" Pic: Anton Corbijn

RY COODER
Borderline ***(Warner Brothers)***

CONTRARY to the misconception propagated in last week's splenetic review of 'The River', Bruce Springsteen has never received one unbridled rave review in these pages for any of his five albums.

But Ry Cooder — now here is one man the rock critics just cannot finger. I simply can't recall scanning *one* less-than-foaming-at-the-gills write-up on any of Cooder's extensive catalogue of recordings. Nor will the circle be broken by yours truly addressing his attentions toward 'Borderline'.

Quite possibly in Julie Burchill's terms of reference that makes me a 'Ry-bore': the sort of godforsaken dullard she'd condescendingly view as spending all his time arguing about all manner of ethnic guitar tunings, exactly what make of spark plug makes for the perfect slide guitar implement, when not chug-a-hugging imported Lone Star beer and making extensive use of a well-placed spittoon. Just pull up a bean-bag and croon along with Ry as he dusts off another esoteric tune from those arcane tumbleweed-infested badlands deep in America's gothic bowels.

'Borderline' however is so formidable an album that only a person suffering from terminal ear-cancer could twist the knife into it. Just put all recollection of Cooder's diligently conceived 'Long Riders' sound-track of a few months back to one side for this round: 'Borderline' is the official follow-up to the superb 'Bop Till You Drop' and thus stands as the second testament to Ry Cooder's loosening up, dispensing with the academic overview on American ethnic musics in favour of a good stomp 'n'romp roustabout.

Cooder makes his intentions more than clear from the very outset. Choosing to lock horns with something as quintessentially lascivious as Wilson Pickett's '634-5789' is a task that by rights no man should logically get himself roped into. Ry Cooder's muse knows no boundaries however. As was the case with his complete re-designing of the power-steering on Elvis Presley's similarly feverish 'Little Sister', Cooder completely reshapes Pickett's original crotch-fetish dynamic for a more flat-out gut-level punch to the pitch.

Comparing the way Pickett and Cooder perform this song is like studying two great boxers in their ascendent thrashing the same opponent. Where Pickett bobs and weaves, Cooder body-punches his quarry into abject capitulation reaching a glorious pitch before the perfect K.O. fade-out. The organ pounds sweaty block chords, the drummer rides the rim-shots, the back-up singers chant the telephone number in question as though it was some hyper-potent voodoo litany whilst Cooder's habitually dolorous voice gets quite carried away by the sheer triumph of the coup pulled off here, scatting and generally whooping it up as the climax is attained.

Literally before one can catch one's breath Cooder switches gears and slides into the sleazy precincts the Cadillacs' doo-wopped over many eons ago when they recorded 'Speedo'. One of those classic Johnny Cool-as-modern-Don Juan-self assertion exercises, Cooder parodies his adopted stance with his usual amiable stumble-bum delivery while a great mock pachuco chorus squeezes all the juice out of the 'Mr Earl' refrain.

The real thrill is derived via the sheer hyper-dextrous ensemble playing — Cooder's sleight-of-hand finger picking and positively wicked slide playing jumping up and over the Tex-Mex shuffle rhythm, percussionists Jim Keltner and George Pierre doling out benzedrine drum-rolls that make 99% of all other drummers sound like the ham-fisted dullards they invariably are.

'Why Don't You Try Me' is Cooder on more than nodding terms of acquaintanceship with rock-steady calypso, the frontman sounding earnestly soulful although a gorgeously clipped piece of guitar picking grants this opus its high-point.

The latter's not-inconsiderable merits however are overshadowed by Cooder's lavish reshaping of Billy Joe Royal's '60 s hit 'Down In The Boondocks'. Here — as is the case throughout 'Borderline' — Cooder completely dismantles the original's form right down to the most basic chord progressions and reshapes the vehicle — from engine spark-plugs through to upholstery — until a song as souffle-slight and mundane as 'Boondocks' becomes an extraordinarily affecting exercise.

There's a proverbial embarrassment of riches squeezed into the grooves of 'Borderline' that one could shovel the superlatives over. Side Two's gorgeous retread of John Hiatt's 'The Way We Make A Broken Heart' is reminiscent of the lilting Spanish cadences so impressively implemented on 'Boomer's Story' and 'Paradise And Lunch' whilst 'The Girls From Texas' showcases Cooder's long-underrated talents as vocal interpreter in a classic piece of Yankee vaudeville. 'Borderline' itself is an instrumental of Cooder's sole composition — so infectious that it almost jumps out of the grooves preceding a teasingly taut run-through of 'Never Make Your Move Too Soon' which completely trashes B. B. King's version of recent vintage.

Best of all is Cooder's vamp-up of an old Sam The Sham item. '(Every Girl I Know Is) Crazy 'Bout An Automobile' where all of 'Borderline''s ingredients — Amos and Andy chorus, Cooder's po-faced vocalising, an irrepressible Tex-Mex shuffle with rhythm'n'blues bearings, the guitarist's ridiculously fine guitar playing — conspire to cook up a collation buoyed up by characteristic good humour and truly inspired craftsmanship.

This last week has provided the discerning music-lover with real bounty, principally Springsteen's superb 'River', Tom Waits' new album and now this, arguably Cooder's best album to date.

All three simply put any homegrown product to shame — no pussy-footing around with half baked notions of what *should* be. They really don't need rock critics to bleat 'yea' or 'nay' as regards their particular merits, simply because the likes of Cooder, Springsteen and Waits may cry in their beer, they may drink it but they never throw it in your face. One can only wish more people had the savvy — and guts — to follow their examples.

Nick Kent

THE MONOCHROME SET
Love Zombies ***(Dindisc)***

THE LAST word in arty pretence: ten pointless, dreary dribs and drabs of vaguely chic muzak, neither likeable nor unlikeable, and devoid of effect on any level (cerebral, physical and emotional), save to evoke the feeling of embarrassment one suffers watching swinging-'60s films like *The Knack* and *Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush.*

Hold on a sec — I made a mistake. It *is* unlikeable. In fact, I hate it. I hate titles like 'Apocalypso', '"In Love, Cancer?"' and 'Karma Suture' (for what it's worth, the least worst track here). I hate Bid's infuriatingly cocky, pseudo-suave vocals, and the way the lyrics try not to scan most of the time. I hate songs composed entirely of French cliches ('RSVP'), and songs which sound like the Bonzo Dog Band on cocktails ('The Man With The Black Moustache'). And I absolutely *loathe* Lester Square's guitar style, those spindly lead lines and bland 'jazz' chordings so beloved of Joe Pass imitators. Most of all, though, I hate the way several hours of my life have been wasted giving this record the benefit of the doubt, painstakingly peeling away the veneer of superficiality to find only a none-too-solid core of superficiality beneath.

'Love Zombies' is the ultimate triumph of artifice over art, a collection of half-formed, stillborn shadows, apologies for the songs they were meant to be. This in itself wouldn't be so bad (a fair case might possibly be made for them as 'deconstructed' pop), were they not treated to such fussy, self-important arrangements, such a superfluity of finicky and ultimately vacuous detail.

For the (fortunate) uninitiated, The Monochrome Set sound like a 'pop group' dance-band in a package-tour hotel at some Spanish holiday resort, whose members are all failed jazzers with a condescending and laughably anachronistic view of 'pop music'. The Monochrome Set probably intend to sound like this.

Fair enough. 'Love Zombies', then, should only be bought by those of you who, like me, couldn't afford to go on holiday this year. Of course, if you couldn't afford a holiday, you sure as hell won't want to waste your precious pennies on this drivel.

Andy Gill

Scrambled egghead

COLIN NEWMAN
A-Z (Beggars Banquet)

AFTER THE flawed experimentalism of Gilbert and Lewis's Dome and Cupol projects, I wasn't quite sure what to expect from Colin Newman's first solo outing — a not unexpected state of affairs, considering Wire's past output.

The only available indication of the form it might take, the dissatisfying 'Get Down (Parts I and II), (Newman's contribution to the solo-projects EP which accompanied '154'), proved to be somewhat misleading, as 'A-Z' would actually pass muster as an acceptable Wire album in its own right.

It shows Newman continuing to utilise the technique of layered minimalism, using textural building-blocks of stark simplicity to create edifices of, at times, almost baroque ornamentation. For the most part, the songs follow rigidly logical progressions — things appear *exactly* when they ought to, as in Michael Rother's albums. Unlike Rother, however, the things themselves can be quite disconcertingly illogical and unexpected. Just like Wire.

Newman's accomplices on 'A-Z' are Desmond Simmons, Robert Gotobed and Mike Thorne, and a large part of the album's similarity to Wire may in fact be due to Thorne's production; like all their records — more so, in some tracks — there's a dozen things happening which you don't hear till later on ('A-Z' is probably one of those "patchwork albums" Andy Partridge disparaged on TV recently. It's also a damn sight more interesting than any XTC album).

'I've Waited Ages' opens side one, invention organised around an anchoring rhythm, as in much of Wire's work. Rumbling bass and apposite little drum flourishes collide with fuzzed guitar stabs and screeches, joined later by a battery of speeded-up voice, distorted noise and musique concrete fragments looping madly around. The lyrics here, as throughout the entire album, are well-nigh impenetrable *("I feel so wholesome, I could cry/I got a chicken in my bandolier/I've hung it up to see if it would fall out/I've waited ages, but then I'm told these things take time.")*, but manage to evoke something of the feel of the title, nonetheless. '& Jury', which follows, is the most obviously Wirish track, an up-tempo clip of relatively normal construction which rises to a statuesque climax of overlaid vocals. It'd probably make a good single, as would 'Order For Order', built on a naggingly simple keyboard progression which sounds like something I've heard before.

To go through the entire album this way would take up far more space than I'm allowed here, and still wouldn't get near to conveying the range of musical information present on 'A-Z'. Suffice to say that Newman, by refusing to adopt the principles of immediacy and uncertainty with as much rigidity as Gilbert and Lewis, has managed to make an album in which experiment and accessibility (those strangest and rarest of bedfellows) coexist in peaceful democracy: neither predominates, and the two pull together in harness, rather than cancel each other out.

Andy Gill

The anguished face of a man with a chicken in his bandolier. Colin Newman pic: Sally Matthews.

JOE 'KING' CARRASCO & THE CROWNS
Joe 'King' Carrasco & The Crowns *(Stiff)*

THERE are Americans and there are Texans. They have little in common with one another. For instance, deep in the heart of the Lone Star State, Joe 'King' Carrasco & The Crowns sound like a cheap five dollar transistor radio with the dial jammed on 1966.

A stereotype 'Louie Louie' cover-job bar band, they are almost religious in their fanatical devotion to those sainted Tex-Mex rubes, Domingo Samudo (Sam The Sham) and Rudy Martinez (Question Mark). However, modelling one's career on cultist one-hit-wonders does possess its inherent drawbacks. Both artists possessed one good lick apiece, 'Wooly Bully' and '96 Tears' respectively and attempts by Joe to permutate these over both sides of an album rapidly wear thin.

When all else fails, he drags out 'Let's Get Pretty' for which he does his Them-period Van Morrison impression whilst 'Gloria' plays quietly in a corner of his subconscious.

As you may have grasped, everywhere you turn there's the swirl of a two finger Roller Rink organ, stiff packing-case drumming and leery loose-lip beer-breath vocals.

It takes a great deal of genuine talent or bare-faced arrogance to don both a velvet cape and a crown and cavort around in public. The only artist ever to have accomplished that double-top with both dignity and humour was Solomon Burke. Nevertheless, when he proclaimed himself 'The King Of Rock 'N' Soul,' Burke also possessed sufficient credentials to back up his statement. All

"Pursey quite clever" shock!

— critic's amazing claim.

JIMMY PURSEY
Imagination Camouflage (*Polydor*)

Well well, what a turn-up. With Sham 69's second, apparently final demise following hard on the heels of a critically trounced swansong in 'The Game', chat show appearances in his role as the alternative Tommy Steele looked to be Jimmy Pursey's only short-term option.

His first solo album changes all that. If Pursey never worked again, 'Imagination Camouflage' would prove conclusively that there was more to him than mouth and trousers. Apart from the title, there's not a laugh in it — that's a compliment — and I always reckoned Sham 69 were Slade without the tunes. It's as if he'd taken Nick Kent's advice and pestered his library for Sillitoe and Braine: the old diatribes resurface with far more flesh on their bones, expressed in Real Songs of considerable power and variety, rather than the erstwhile riffs 'n'chants.

Crucially, this dramatic improvement extends to the playing of all on board. After the Cook and Jones fiasco, JP was second time lucky in extricating drummer Mark Laff and guitarist Bob 'Derwood' Andrews from the tottering Generation X. The latter in particular had always seemed a potentially explosive performer in search of a context — Gen X's music centring on nothing more substantial than an obsession with rock'n'roll swagger — and on 'ImCam' Andrews and Peter Godwin emerge as inspired exponents of rock's duelling guitars tradition, as a great, shrieking solo on 'Have A Nice Day' amply demonstrates.

Particularly novel for a Pursey project is the presence of Nik Turner, whose saxes gell perfectly, being, by turns, nicely sleazy and expertly poised. But my money would go on American Howard Massey as the catalyst transforming this disparate crew into such an impressive unit. Listed as consultant to producer Pursey — the sound is excellent throughout — he contributes the quaint, early Floyd-ish instrumental ('Moon Morning Fundag') that opens the album, plays bass and keyboards and generally looks the obvious choice for M.D.

Sham 69's dramatic, almost dignified revival of the Yardbirds' chestnut, 'You're A Better Man Than I', was evidence that Jim was learning about dynamics and the process continues here. With several tracks seguing into each other, 'ImCam' is almost a concept album about the traps awaiting any disadvantaged youth, but Pursey's anger is newly restrained. His singing is even notably relaxed on 'Freak Show' and nicely stagey on 'Situations Vacant', making his magnificent, shaded shouting over a Stones/Mott backdrop on 'White Trash' doubly effective.

Like John Lennon and a couple of others, Jimmy Pursey can be ridiculous and splendid at one and the same time. Take this couplet from 'White Trash': *"Don't wanna be no rock 'n roll prostitute/I'd rather stay alone and be absolute"*.

Fine by me, Jim. Now get this group on a stage.

Harry George

Pursey ponders a new song in praise of Mr George: "Erm, 'Well Done, Harry' . . . no, er, 'Come For A Pint, Harry',no . . . 'Hurry On Down, Harry ' er . . . ." Pic: A. Weatherman (really).

that poor ole Joe can do is come across as a runner-up in a school fancy-dress contest.

But then, look at it this way, rock'n'roll thrives on its regular supply of mis-directed dorks. Back home in San Antonio, Joe probably delivers right on the nail when — particularly late on Saturday Night — pistol-packin' club audiences become *extremely* tired and emotional and much less discerning.

Stone cold sober, the songs — which seldom get beyond such hedonistic delights as the pursuit of girls and magic mushrooms — give the impression of being as derivative and thread-bare as his persona.

The only occasion when Carrasco really has anything worthwhile to offer is when, on a song like 'Buena', he taps straight into border-town carny cantina dance music. Sadly, Carrasco has chosen to all but abandon this facet of his personality in favour of going *New Wave* (whatever that might mean!).

Carrasco probably has it in him to make one great single and that's about it. Whether or not he'll ever get around to concentrating an album's worth of ideas in under three minutes isn't worth making book on.

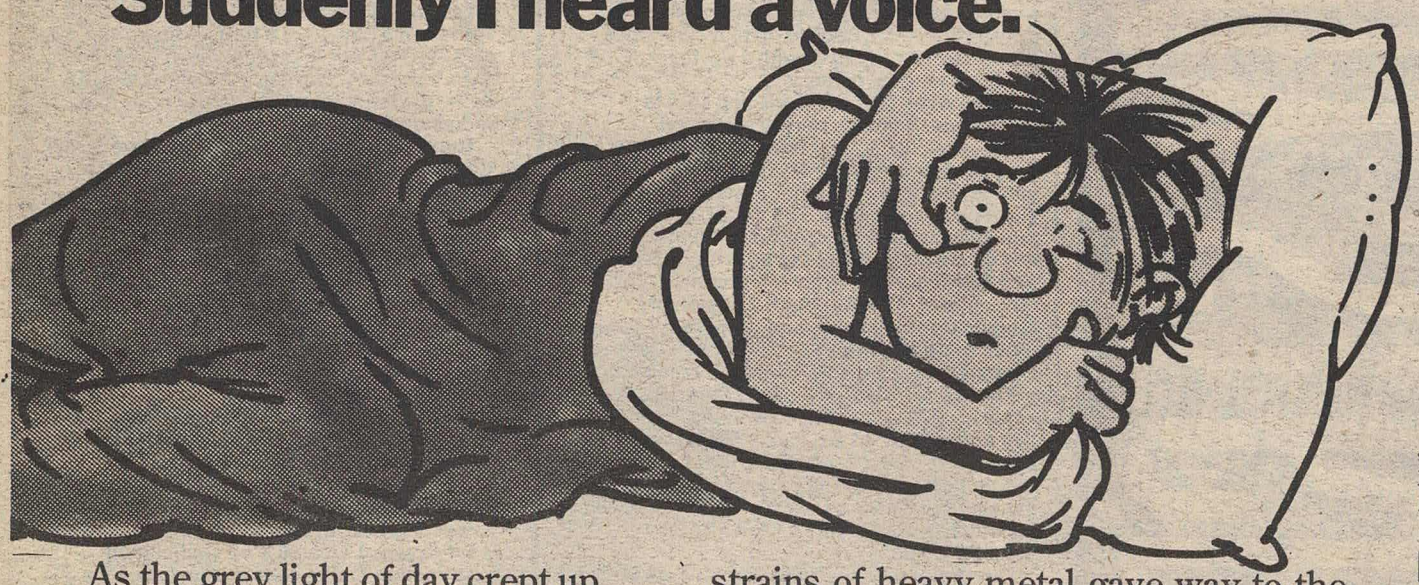
At the other extreme, play this album at full volume at one minute past midnight on New Year's Eve and it probably sounds like the best record ever made!

Roy Carr

Three postmen had just delivered my fan mail for the day.

A group of slender but determined blondes were trying to get into my bedroom. (Fortunately the door was locked.)

Suddenly I heard a voice.



As the grey light of day crept up over the rooftops, it found me in my very favourite place.

Bed.

I was idling the morning away with one of my favourite fantasies, while half listening to Radio One. Suddenly the strains of heavy metal gave way to the voice of Dave Lee Travis.

Now, I've not got anything (much) against DLT.

But when you've just been offered the lead in a new punk movie, it's a bit much to have DLT remind you that you're really an unemployed teenager with a pimple problem.

I almost switched off.

Fortunately, I was too tired to reach out for the off button. 'Cos what DLT was on about was this "Action Special" booklet, all about how us school-leavers – girls as well as blokes – could get our first job.

Like how to write letters to bosses, how to pass for human at interviews and lots of useful stuff like that.

Say no more squire. I immediately cancelled lunch with my press agent and sent off for my booklet.

A mere three weeks later yours truly is earning £15,000 a week as the new drummer for Britain's number one rock group. Thanks to DLT's "Action Special" booklet!

A note from his mother.

"Actually he got a job as a plumber's mate and he loves it. Well, he's earning a lot more than he got on the dole..."

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IN THE STREET

OCTOBER
15th. GLASGOW College of Technology
16th. ABERDEEN Fusion
17th. DUNDEE Technical College
18th. EDINBURGH Heriot Watt University
19th. EAST KILBRIDE Olympia Civic Centre
21st. MANCHESTER Polytechnic
22nd. LIVERPOOL Gatsbys
23rd. ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA
Royal Spa Centre
24th. DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall
25th. LEICESTER University
28th. BRISTOL Berkeley Club
29th. GLOUCESTER Roundabout Club
30th. CANTERBURY University of Kent
31st. HULL College of Higher Education

Polydor

The Young Person's Guide To Park Bench Posing. Passage L-R: Lizzy Johnson, Andy Wilson, Dick Witts, Joey McKechnie. Pic: Andrew Ratcliffe.

Fear! Anger! Power! Love!

— and more Mancunian melodies

THE PASSAGE
Pindrop *(Object)*

THE PASSAGE have been a part-time group, on an interminably unfashionable label, whose agitating, pent-up seven inches have disappeared into the nowhere. With the disquieting 'Pindrop', The Passage can be accepted as major even by the cowardly, cautious and cynical: it's a work of disciplined intellectual aggression, frantic emotions and powerfully idiomatic musicality.

There is nothing likely, of course, about a masterpiece. 'Pindrop' is densely shaded, erratically mixed (which often works in its favour) rough edged, heavy in an unlovable sense of the word: it was recorded and mixed inside a week on limited budget. It's as shocking a beautiful nightmare, as stormy and aware a debut LP as 'Unknown Pleasures'. Where you gasp a lot. Comparisons will harm. Their sound is their own. It's the shock of the new . . . new shades, textures, noises, pulses, atmospheres, energies, the opening up of new realms of feeling.

'Pindrop' follows no fashion, but has the scent and subtle strategy of something that should become fashionable — these days that's the best that great rock can expect. The Passage sound is guitarless — an immediate break with phoney tradition. It's explorative and anti-dogmatic, suggestive and wildly dramatic. They radically alter rock's dubious, fallible sense of form, its rigid shapes, charmless textures, indecent blandness, and combine a vigorous conversion of (what are still) rock's fundamental basics — economy, melody, impact (they retain the essence of punk primitivism, hooked up to an immense measure of intuition) — with a fluctuant, fractious textural richness.

It's all spite, bite, wariness and supple movement. Restless, deeply ingrained percussion, delinquent bass, simplistic but epic sounding keyboards drift and rush combining both a pragmatic attack and a surrealist atmosphere. The music is hermetic and hallucinatory (in common with the best of this year's rock), related to both Steve Reich and Sex Pistols (different kinds of pressure), reminiscent of the liquified, occasionally languid jazz-inclined dynamics of the Wyatt on 'Rock Bottom' and some of 'Ruth Is . . .' It's desperate mood music, packed with motive.

There are thirteen intimately linked, concentrated songs. Some disconcertingly halt abruptly at the last spoken/sung word, as if tune is simply there to serve lyrics. No moment is wasted. The Passage are not ashamed of wanting to save us all from some insidious contamination. Their idealism is actually bruising.

Percussionist/singer/songwriter Dick Witts (a former percussionist in the Halle Orchestra, his resource and experience in a rock framework greatly emancipating — in truth Passage music is more an opposite to Oldfield pseudo-classicism than UK Subs) writes passionately appalled words delivered/recited with a mix of disgust, exultance, anguish and alarm. Words and vocals jerk the amorphous music up to a hellishly urgent and pained pitch.

'Pindrop' critically conveys the limitless and licentious pressures of contemporary existence. It explores: political oppression, degenerating social expectations, morbid narcissism, gradual loss of freedom, the hopeless weight of love, the rancorous traps of art, illusion and language, the strange traditions of idealism, the audacity of guilt, the spiritually poisonous effects of conservatism, endless fear, recurrent uncertainty, the conflict between instinct and reason: and more.

The songs, as some act of revenge, illuminate crisis: disintegration. Witts' words, with authentic lyricism, cut through to truth, implicitly demolish the empty rhetoric of so much rock lyricism. 'Pindrop' is a provocative, considerably forceful and beautifully focussed set of lyrics, occasionally over-wordy but never sloppy. They are often like poems set to music: Witts reciting with a limited but animated voice over the humming, drumming music. The words can be read as poems:

"a nocturne

in the clean black air
under their breath
they heard a pindrop
they and the routeless earth
oh and the dead light
and the frost"

('Hunt')

The key words are *love, power* and *fear* and all the songs are concerned with one of those ruling forces. The stunning opening piece 'Fear' sets scenes and scopes. It takes the form of a conversation — between 'them' and 'us' — about ruling force: 'they' ask us what runs this place. Three forces are offered. Power. Love. Finally and realistically: Fear.

That one word fucked their heart.

There are six songs of power. 'Troops Out' — a realistic attack on the obvious. 'Hunt' — a coherently symbolic attack on deceit. 'Anderton's Hall' — *"I'd turn up the sound, I'd play The Fall, but Anderton doesn't like them at all."* 'Locust', 'Carmen', 'A Certain Way To Go' — the latter about the empty pride and parasitic smugness of posing.

There are four intensely detailed love songs. 'Carnal', 'Watching You Dance', '2711' and 'Sixteen Hours' — love seen as cruelly captivating, violent, a perverse 'reward', utter despair, at best a melancholy release.

After 'Fear' there are two equally wrenching songs of *fear* — 'From The Heart' and the closing 'Prelude'. These songs are desperate searches: rebellion in a vacuum? The songs are laid out and structured to imply a spiral: upwards and onwards, round and around, constant movement.

'Prelude' ends the LP, and everything is set up to begin again: ending with a song of fear, the ruling force, the major charge.

The underlying messages of 'Pindrop' are that language — mindlessly used — corrupts, power crushes, love (relief) paralyses, and fear is a dirty word. Overall it's a challenging examination of the limits and layers of life which stresses that the solution is *anger* not submission: the feel of the record may not be elation but neither is it surrender. The Passage are trapped but struggling, and there is nobility in their noise. They prefer the spirit of fortitude to the sense of futility.

"I'm as frightened as you
I'm more frightened than you
Where in the world are we going?
It all depends if you want to move on"

('Prelude')

In this chaotic and noisy age you have to hear the pindrop.

Paul Morley

T-BONE BURNETT
Truth Decay *(Chrysalis)*

THE whimsically named T-Bone Burnett (J. Henry to his mom) has had his aquiline nose pressed firmly against the new country shop window long enough to have accumulated a bookful of choice observations.

Production stints with The Legendary Stardust Cowboy, Robert Ealey and Delbert McClinton established Burnett's eclectic reputation amongst Texas' most intelligent journeymen — writing for the Alpha Band and picking with Dylan's Rolling Thunder paid the rent. Before Athens, Georgia was entered on the hipster's map he even had himself a B-52 group.

T-Bone hasn't exactly rushed into the recording studio to lay down this surfeit of riches, neither does he appear to need any lessons in contemporary rhythm — from the outset 'Truth Decay' glows with elegant assurance.

The basis of the man's appeal is the quality of his writing. Most of the songs evoke the atmosphere of captured settings: their treatment — cinematic, literary, animated or frozen — guarantees a variety that stays with the listener, sinking in slowly.

Furthering Burnett's acute ear and eye are a selection of musicians all eminently capable of rendering the desired effect, chapter and verse; some Alpha members, Gary Montgomery, Jerry McGee and Billy Swan are amongst those at hand. The results, heard in the enigmatic asides of 'Talk Talk Talk Talk Talk' (phew), the cautionary Buddy Holly tinged 'Quicksand', the solo piano and rhetorical expose on 'Madison Avenue' or the smarting rockabilly of 'Driving Wheel', are not so much overtly impressive as subtly deployed. Burnett sneaks in under cover of a deadpan drawl and hooks you in by the mood.

Musically the material mixes around slithery blues ('Come Home') with complex litanies ('The Power Of Love') and lilting country ballads delivered in the manner of Gram Parsons ('Tears Tears Tears' and 'I'm Coming Home'). Burnett's edges are what make him so intriguing; he is no more afraid to tackle a metaphysical tragedy or to state a fervent belief than he is to be agreeably simplistic when the opportunity's right.

When the scores are settled 'Truth Decay' may not be one of 1980's most inflammatory gestures but it will have few rivals to match its depth and clarity.

Max Bell

A blow for saxism. Anthony Braxton pic: Paul Wood

ANTHONY BRAXTON
Seven Compositions 1978
(Moers Music — import)

BRAXTON: the natural pentathlete. Ever since the shaking 'Three Compositions Of New Jazz' in the mid-'60s the Chicagoan reed specialist has displayed a ravenous appetite for musical environments so competitive the squeamish would run screaming.

Most would have taken the easy course by now, indifferent nail-paring on an inward spiral while the youngbloods slug it out. Braxton's still a front-runner.

'Seven Compositions', each given the habitual chemical symbol as title, actually dates from last November and features a new trio. John Lindberg from String Trio of New York proves again that his fingers-on-overdrive attack is linked to a total understanding of the sound; Thurman Barker drums in the Elvin Jones line, a merciless wallop lit by the incessant flicker of the cymbals.

But the major interest lies in newcomer trombonist Ray Anderson. His frantic, outraged bark charges out of the collective like a man wild with exasperation; when locked in counterpoint with Braxton's spillage of ascetically notated lines of soprano sax and clarinet, it's little short of electrifying.

The seven tracks are the expected grab-bag of bewilderment: themes of toytown naivety turn into capricious free-form scrambles, parade ground rhythms are derisively blown apart. With Svengali-like assurance, Anthony Braxton smiles and dots another sentence.

Richard Cook

PAT BENATAR
Crimes Of Passion
(Chrysalis)

BACK IN school Pat Benatar studied opera which, she says, taught her "how to sing rough without hurting my voice."

Continuing to apply that logic to her career, she delivers an album of songs that are as shiny as lip gloss and just as transparent. 'Crimes Of Passion' has lashings of show and lots of sweet nothing, all well-wrapped in twee admissions of sanitised angst.

The sound commercial thinking of making painless emotion so pleasantly palatable for mass consumption has already paid off in the American market place. And on the cover Pat is presented as pure, anonymous product, made of money and make-up; there're two artists credited with creating her face and a long list of extras who are a necessary part of her packing. These days the stereotype even includes an obligatory streak of wilful self-sufficiency that's as convincing as the independence of the dashing Victorian heroine who willingly surrenders when she falls for Mr Right.

While poor Pat warbles plaintively about being a prisoner of love, loyally stalks her man, implores him to *"treat her right"* and finally blurts *"I need you"* at his fast disappearing back, her band wallow in a stagnant pool of proficient rock sounds, all crisp, crying guitars and chundering percussion.

Only two songs surface from the general anaesthesia and seriously grate on the nerves. Her version of Kate Bush's 'Wuthering Heights' soon snaps the rapt atmosphere of the original's rich, romantic witchery. And child battering is subject-matter which most rock performers would do well to avoid: her trite treatment of one of society's worst evils in 'Hell Is For Children' makes the song rather revolting.

Overall 'Crimes Of Passion' is about as attractive as a crumpled Kleenex: a useless wisp of society's waste. An eminently disposable item.

Lynn Hanna

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HOW TO ENTER A word has been replaced by *PEPSI* in each of the six questions below. What's the word?

A. Marty Wilde said that he was a *'PEPSI in Love'.*
B. Bill Haley told us that he would *'See You Later, PEPSI.'*
C. The Everley Brothers reached no. 1 in 1958 with, *'All I have to do is PEPSI'.*
D. Little Richard once suggested that his fans might like to *'PEPSI it up'.*
E. The first Elvis record to make the British Top Ten was *'PEPSI Hotel'.*
F. Chuck Berry was the first to perform the rock classic *'PEPSI B. Goode'.*

Write the answer in BLOCK CAPITALS on the corresponding line of the Entry Form then complete the following sentence in no more than 10 of your own words. Lipsmackin' Pepsi helps me Rock 'n' Roll at parties because.....

Prizes will be awarded to entrants that answer all the questions correctly and complete the tie breaker sentence in the most apt and original way.

Send *one* Pepsi ring pull or bottle cap for *one* entry, *two* for *three* entries, and *three* for *five* entries.

The ring pulls or bottle caps you send in can be from any specially flashed can or bottle of Pepsi-Cola. Now complete the rest of the Entry Form and send it, with the appropriate number of ring pulls/bottle caps, to:
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Please package your ring pulls/bottle caps securely and carefully. Competition closes May 31st 1981.

For full rules and conditions of this competition, please send an S.A.E. to the competition address.

Titles	1st try	2nd try	3rd try	4th try	5th try
A					
B					
C					
D					
E					
F					

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I agree to abide by all the rules and conditions and that the judges' decision is final. I enclose the correct number of Pepsi ring pulls/caps.

Signed.....

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NME

PEPSI

IMPORTS
by Fred Dellar

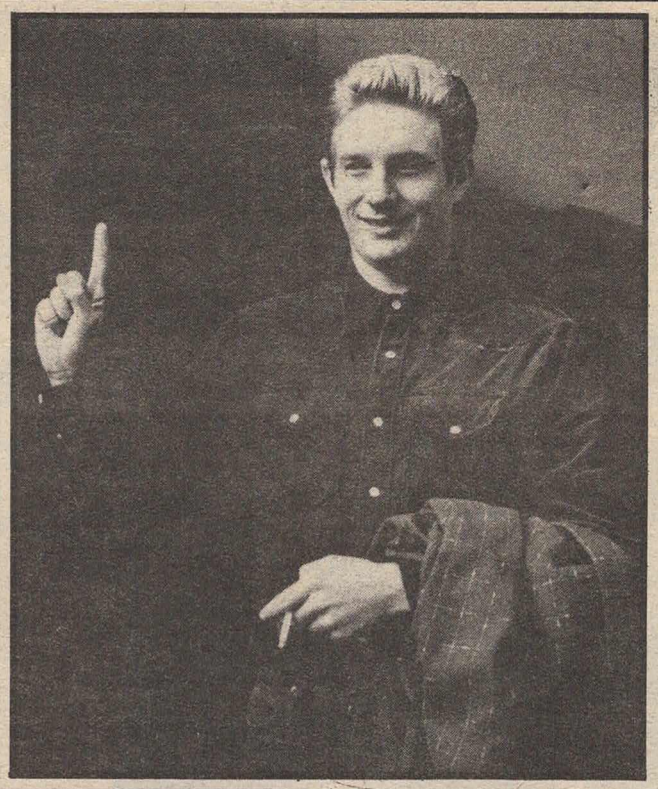
AN ORGAN left over from the last Johnny and The Hurricanes tour; an echoed drum that envelopes to become part of an instrumental all; guitarists who hastily swop Edmunds-licks and then melt; vocal sounds which surf on sheep dip.

Again it's the call of East Sydney and, in particular, **Mental As Anything**, Antipodean pop providers par excellence. **'Espresso Bongo'** (Regular), the band's second album, is much in the mould of 'Mental As Anything Get Wet', which Virgin wisely, if unprofitably, bestowed upon this beleaguered isle a few months ago. Once more there are melodies that just edge out of being merely catchy, while the lyrics are pithy creations, hardly caring if they rhyme or mean more than a few seconds of two-up.

Instrumentally, things are equally naive and wonderful. One simple sound follows another but with Mental the simple things are merged to become multi-faceted structures, able to appeal to those merely surface skimming or others employing infra-red. Mental As Anything? Crazy, like foxes.

In another far-flung outpost of the Commonwealth, MacLean and MacLean have been holding the fort. Or rather, filling the jails. For, in their native Canada, the duo have been busted countless times — despite offering to provide concerts for the deaf, which they consider equates pretty well with Keef's concert-for-the-blind bust let-off. Trouble is, apart from their penchant for weird weeds, **The MacLean Brothers** are the rock'n'roll Derek and Clive of Segariniland.

Now signed to El Mocambo, the label that has provided the Alberto's and Straight Eight with Canadian releases, the brothers have cut **'Suck Their Way To The Top'/'Take The 'O' Out Of Country'**, an album that contains one side of live performances and a side formed from studio country-rock sessions. The live side, which commences with the warning "Anybody who is going to be offended will be immediately offended by our opening number, so they can piss off now" features the duo's brilliant synopsis of *Star Wars* plus an unfunny 'Bob Dylan Goes Punk' and cuts of similar dubious nature.



Mental man Greedy Smith proudly shows Australia how many hit singles his band have scored in England. Pic: Anton Corbijn.

'BARBRA STREISAND
Guilty *(CBS)*

THE MARK of a true second-rate talent is that it always tries to move with the times (whereas Ella Fitzgerald stays the same, Rotten hibernates, Julie London evaporates like love-in-a-mist). Get Barbra Streisand.

She still gets hits without a crutch in America, slop-bin of the world, but here she's zero *sans* a trendy disco name to prop her up. Apres Donna Summer . . . le debris.

Every song on this album is written by one, two or three Bee Gees, Barry Gibb sings two excuses for songs with her, the whole mess is credited to Barry Gibb *productions*, if you please. Rumour has it Babsy didn't want his picture on the cover; tough, he gets it on *nine times.*

Ironically, by attempting to inveigle her way into the '80s via slow singles bar slush-funk, Streisand opts out of cashing in. Torch is going to be *so* big — "Oh! I always loved Sinatra," people are saying like we used to say "Oh! I always loved the New York Dolls" in 1977 — and a reissue of 'People' and related epics would be much more contemporary. Everyone's ready for torch songs now, everyone's had just *enough* heart-break. Though come to think of it, Streisand was always a little too aggressive to be really there; she always sounded like she'd *throw* a torch through the seducer's window rather than carry one for him.

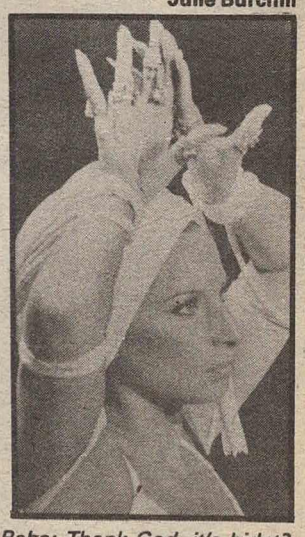
Well, the egotism and volume that were so unique to Streisand are gone. In keeping with her creaking passes at trendiness (the Gibbs were hot in 1978 but now they're on the wane again, never to return) the only *loud forceful* things on this album are the *electric guitars.* Another sop to last century's modes — keep the emotions tame, keep the music wild. *Electric guitar, only one in captivity!*

Her gelded voice creeps through titles like 'Guilty', 'A Woman In Love' and 'Make It Like A Memory'. You could see it coming. Most of those '60s women — apart from the great militant feminists shining then like Gloria (swoon!) Steinem and Valerie Solanas — despite their little shows of being so freewheeling, were vapid bitches, good for nothing but a career of divorce and analyst.

Like many strong women (Zsa Zsa Gabor and Patti Smith are sisters under the skin, here) Barbra Streisand seems to feel the need to be *seen* or *heard* not to be a, horror of horrors, *Castrator.* Debbie Drool, who many fools — I was one — believed to be the supreme subjugatee would never drivel on about how she loves men who open doors for her, or make an album of apologies in a hushed voice.

Casting couch, trick cyclist's couch, they're much the same. The new morality is the old immorality condoned, ha-ha — *canonized*, more like. Babs, if you have to go grovel-crazy/spill your guts, do it in the privacy of your own bed/bathroom, okay? No more songs that sound like the aural equivalent of a bidet, *please.* The tough cookie crumbles!

Julie Burchill



Babs: Thank God, it's bidet?

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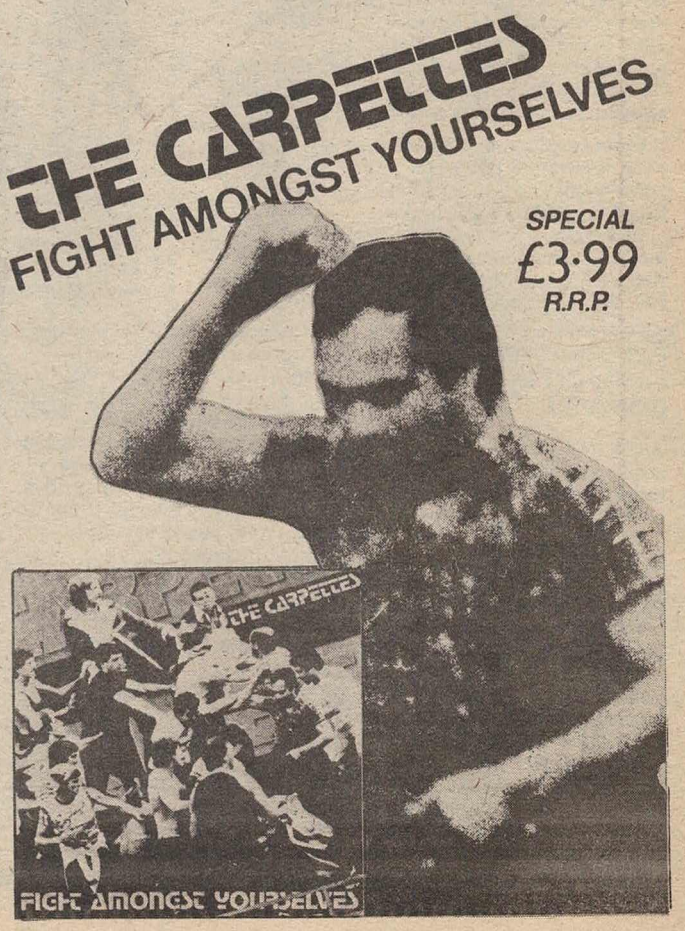

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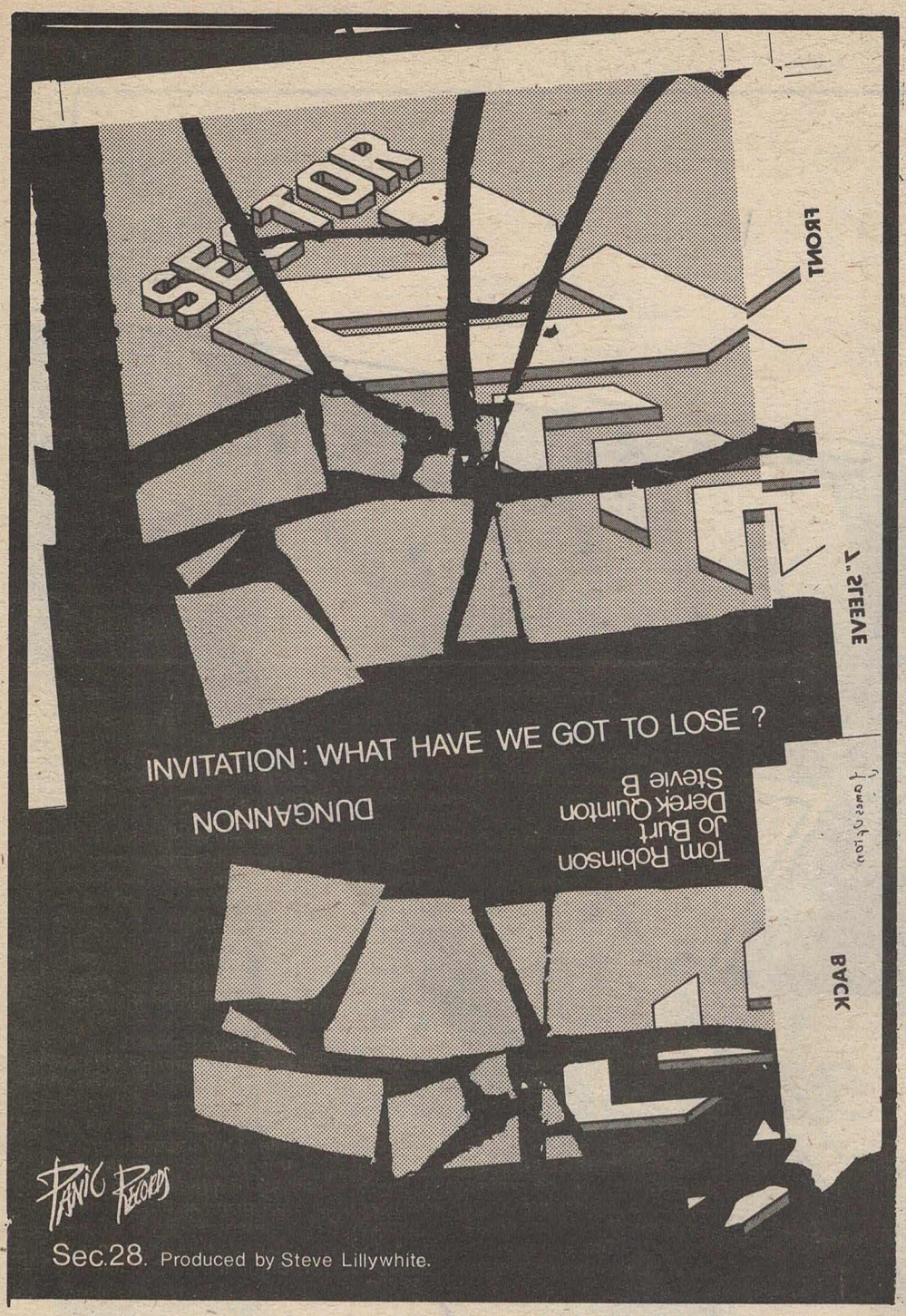

Sec.28. Produced by Steve Lillywhite.

GARAGE LAND

■ Manchester's **New Hormones** continue their recent resurgence of activity with a four-track EP from **Dislocation Dance,** one of the bands on the Manchester Musicians' Collective album. It is available from Rough Trade and the usual independent sources or from New Hormones at 50 Newton Street, Manchester M1 2EA, price £1.

■ Bristol's **Fried Egg Records** have released three singles to coincide with their Fried Alive '80 tour, which runs right through the month. Bands on the tour are **The Various Artists, Shoes For Industry, The Stingrays** and **The Untouchables.** The singles are as follows: Various Artists; 'Original Mixed Up Kid', The Stingrays; 'Countdown', The Untouchables; 'Keep On Walking', the latter produced by Wilko Johnson. Shoes For Industry's debut album 'Talk Like A Whelk' is also available.

■ **Oval Records,** the two-man south London independent launched by Charlie Gillett, follow their first two self-produced albums with a couple of singles, **Woodhead Monroe's** 'Mumbo Jumbo' and **Harry Kakoulli's** 'I'm On A Rocket'.

Compiled by ADRIAN THRILLS

■ Starting the Fun Twenty list of independent single releases in this week's all-record *Garageland* is the second release from London's **Dancing Sideways** label. It is the debut single by **Strangers In The Night** entitled 'New York', and can be heard on the label's sporadic package tour of London clubs featuring **Strangers In The Night, Self Control** and **Bongo Express.**

■ Unknown Guildford band **The Stranglers** also have a single independently released this week through their own **Stranglers Information Service.** It is a version of the early track 'Tomorrow Was The Hereafter', never released before and is available for £1.50 from SIS at New Hibernia House, Winchester Walk, London SE1.

■ **Just The Job:** 'Fears Of The Years', the debut 45 from a new Glasgow band, available from **Paul Middleton,** 165 Menmuse St, Glasgow.

■ **The Jump:** 'Tomorrow's Mine' **(Rewind Records,** available through Spartan)

■ **Steve Jackson:** 'Fiction' **(Almost Records,** 57 Lestrange Street, Cleethorpes, South Humberside)

■ **The Inserts:** NME **(Supermusic,** 9A Hallcroft Lane, Copmanthorpe, York)

■ **Red Beat:** 'Machines In Motion' **(Malicious Damage,** 11 Portland Rd, W11)

■ **DNA:** 'Do The Shopping' **(DNA Records,** 118 West Side, Clapham Common, London SW4)

■ **The Dealers:** 'Share The World' **(Magnum Records,** Horizon House, Warwick Road, Coventry)

■ **The Crackpot Cults:** 'Who Killed John Milner' **(News Of The World)**

■ **Neo-Rustic Bop Band:** 'The Dancing Did' (£1 from Tim Harrison, **Fruit And Veg Records,** Sands Croft, Leamington Road, Broadway, Yorks)

■ **A Sudden Sway:** 'Jane's Third Party' **(Chant Records)**

■ **Noise Annoys:** 'Tomorrow' **(Adult Entertainment Records,** 62 Seaforth Road, Stornaway, Isle Of Lewis, Scotland)

■ **Charlie's 'Ungry Band:** 'Who Is My Killer' **(Charlie 'Ungry,** 135 High Street, Ponders End, Enfield, Middx)

■ **Jerry The Ferret:** 'The Music Goes On And On' **(Dead Horse Records,** 50 South Park Terrace, Ilford, Essex)

■ **The Demons:** 'Action By Example' **(Crypt Music,** 11 Pleshey Road, N7)

■ **Bleeding Hearts:** 'This Is The Way' **(Crazy Plane)**

■ **Eddie Stanton:** 'Milton Keynes We Love You' **(Black Eye Records)**

■ **The Dealers:** 'Share The World' **(Magnum Records,** Horizon House, Warwick Road, Coventry)

■ Next week's *Garageland* will be a special conceptual All-Cassette feature.

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NEW LIVE & RARE: Vol 3

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A Certain Ratio.

Both pix: Peter Anderson. Section 25.

Factory Produce

OBSCURE Manchester independent label Factory have announced their autumn worksheet, a programme of releases including singles by Joy Division, A Certain Ratio, John Dowie, Section 25 and Blurt.

Heading the batch is an English pressing of the 12" Joy Division single 'Atmosphere'/'She's Lost Control', released to avoid the large mark-up prices being charged for the US import pressing.

Following it this month is the third single from A Certain Ratio, 'Flight', a 12" produced by Martin Hannett, and a 10" single by Crispy Ambulance.

October 17, meanwhile, sees the release of the double compilation album 'A Factory Quartet', in a gatefold polaroid sleeve, featuring a side apiece from Durutti Column, Kevin Hewick, The Royal Family and Blurt.

The October programme is to be followed by singles from John Dowie, The Names, The Mini-Pops and Section 25 in November when Joy Division's 'Transmission' is also due for re-issue in a new picture sleeve.

Recording sessions slotted in during the Factory clan's low-key visit to the east coast of the States have also produced two singles and an album, all produced by Martin Hannett, for December release.

Bound to create the most interest is the new single by New Order — Peter Hook, Bernard Albrecht and Stephen Morris — as yet untitled. The sessions have also produced an album from A Certain Ratio and a single by the latest Factory acquisition ESG (Emerald, Sapphire And Gold), three young Puerto Rican girls from South Bronx described as "PiL meets Motown on the wrong side of the Triborough Bridge!"

Extra-musical activities scheduled for the next few months include the first Factory video — a two-hour in-performance film of JD, ACR, Durutti Column, Section 25, Kevin Hewick and Blurt — and a series of three books, the *Factory Editions*.

New Album, Did 8, includes single "Apocalypso" Din 26.
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6, Manchester, Rafters,
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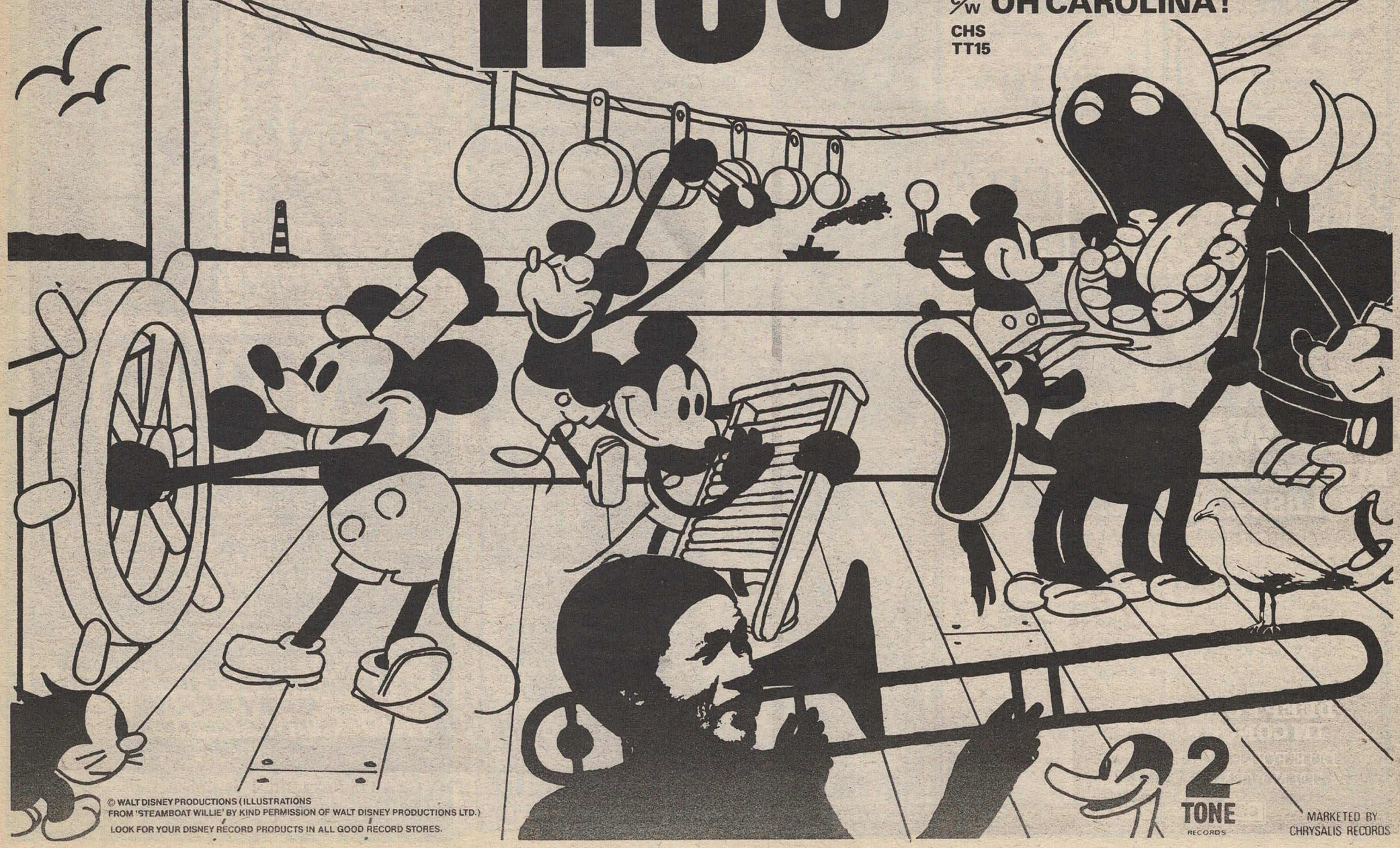

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UPP + Strange Behaviour
Wednesday 22nd Oct — £2.25
INVISIBLE SEX + Cooper S
Thursday 23rd Oct — £2.50
THREE MINUTES
Friday 24th Oct — £3.00
MERGER + SUPPORT
Saturday 25th Oct — £3.00
CLIMAX BLUES BAND + White Heat
Sunday 26th Oct — £2.00
SPLIT RIVITT + support
Monday 27th Oct — £2.50
JOHN HIATT + support
Tuesday 28th Oct — £3.00
JOE SUN + special guest HANK WANGFORD
Wednesday 29th Oct — £3.75
CHUBBY CHECKER (2 shows)
Thursday 30th Oct — £2.00
CHRIS HILL
Friday 31st Oct — £3.00
THE STEP + The Vandells
Saturday 1st Nov — £3.00
RED BEANS & RICE + The A.K. Band
Sunday 2nd Nov — £2.00
THE A.T.'S + The Kicks
Monday 3rd Nov — £2.25
JUICE ON THE LOOSE + Seven Year Itch
Tuesday 4th Nov — £5.00
JOE COCKER + support
Wednesday 5th Nov
As above
Thursday 6th Nov
£2.00 before 11pm, £3.00 after
CHRIS HILL
Friday 7th Nov — £3.00
CIMARRONS + support
Saturday 8th Nov — £3.00
THE INMATES + Deaf Aids
Sunday 9th Nov
Ring Box Office for details
Monday 10th Nov — £3.00
DAVID GRISMAN + support
Tuesday 11th Nov — £2.50
NIGHT DOCTOR + support
Wednesday 12th Nov — £4.00
CAPTAIN BEEFHEART + support
Thursday 13th Nov — £2.00
CHRIS HILL
Friday 14th Nov — £4.00
CAPTAIN BEEFHEART + support
LATE SHOWS
Monday 10th Nov, 12.00pm onwards — £2.00
SHOCK
COMING SOON
Sunday 16th Nov — £5.00
CHARLIE DANIELS
Tuesday 18th & Wed 19th Nov — £3.50
RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON

CAROLINE Roadshow

Fri 17 Oct, **CHANCELLOR HALL, CHELMSFORD, ESSEX**
Sat 18th Oct, **TOWN HALL, HAVERHILL, SUFFOLK**
Fri 24th Oct, **TALK OF THE EAST, LOWESTOFT, SUFFOLK**
Sat 25th Oct, **RHODES HALL, BISHOPS STORTFORD, HERTS**
Thurs 30th Oct, **CINDERELLAS, IPSWICH, SUFFOLK**

Sat 1st Nov, **STOUR CENTRE, ASHFORD, KENT**
WITH SPECIAL GUEST OF THE CAROLINE ROADSHOW
GARY MOORE
+ FRIENDS LIVE ON STAGE

Thurs 6th Nov, **ST. IVO CENTRE, ST. IVES, CAMBS**

CAROLINE BRITAIN'S BEST ROCK ROADSHOW WITH DJs ROBB EDEN, BRIAN MARTIN AND TOM ANDERSON
Doors Open 8pm — Bar — Admission £2.00

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY

Bath Charlie Brown's: **Streets Ahead**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Stray Dogs**
Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel: **Partizans**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Briton**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Specials/Swinging Cats**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Titan**
Bournemouth Stateside Centre: **Bauhaus**
Bradford Queen's Hall: **Shake Appeal**
Brighton Hungry Years: **Suspect**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Gillan**
Bristol The Berkeley: **The Associates**
Bristol Tiffany's: **The Paynkillers**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Caerphilly Crown Hotel: **The Frames**
Camberley Lakeside Club: **The Drifters (until Saturday)**
Cardiff Chivas: **Tanzschau**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Asylum**
Coventry Bulls Head: **Turning Point**
Coventry Theatre: **Darts**
Coventry Tiffany's: **The Cockney Rejects**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Rasses**
Crewe Alsager College: **Weapon of Peace**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Mary O'Hara**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Majority**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **The Skids/The Books**
Edinburgh Astoria: **The Rude Boys/The Producers/The Resinators**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Freebird**
Fulham The Maltings: **The Enid**
Glasgow Theatre Royal: **Sheena Easton / Dennis Waterman/Gerard Kenny**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Joe Jackson Band/The Members**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **The Cheaters**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Hawkwind/Vardis**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Bluesblasters**
Hornchurch The Bull: **Chinatown**
Hull New Theatre: **Billy Connolly**
Hull Wellington Club: **Local Heroes**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Classix Nouveaux**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Chris Hunt's Cable Car**
Leamington Spa Royal Centre: **Steve Gibbons Band/Bad Publicity**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Atomic Rooster**
Leicester Phoenix Arts Centre: **Leicester Tours/Electric Savage**
Leicester University: **Bad Manners**
Liverpool Mona Hotel: **Chinese Religion/The Drills**
Liverpool Star & Garter: **Stun The Guards**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **Kaspers Engine**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Fabulous Poodles**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Depeche Mode**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Telemacque**
London City University: **Modern Man**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Taurus/The Odds**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Johnny G/Bad Actors**
London Film Co-op (Gloucester Ave., NW1): **Thompson Twins/Missing Presumed Dead**
London Finchley Torrington: **Juice On The Loose**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Splodgenessabounds/The Exciters**
London Fulham The Cock: **Route 66**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Tagus**
London Hackney Sebright Arms: **Real To Real**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Yellow Magic Orchestra/The Comsat Angels**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Club: **Emotional Picture**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Chevrons/B Film/Red Box**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Modern Jazz**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Dark / The Demons / The Mandies**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Meteors**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Marquee Club: **The Step/The Vandells**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Von Trap Family**
London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **The Bodysnatchers**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Kraze**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Cool Notes**
London Putney Half Moon: **O'Malley & Friends**
London Putney White Lion: **Sam Mitchell Band**
London Richmond Brollys: **Blurt/Mass/In Camera**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Red Letters/The Spiderz**
London Soho Pizza Express: **George Masso/Bob Burns Quartet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Jack Scott/The Cruisers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Carl Perkins**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Les Apaches/The Soulboys**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Directors/The Kraze/The Pick-ups**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Competition/Duck Soup**
Lye Bulls Head: **Switch 7**
Maltby Yorkshire Dragoon: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Spirit Level**
Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplight Club: **The Swinging Lampshades**
Manchester Millstone: **Militia**
Manchester Rafters: **DAF/Non/Artery**
Manchester University: **Rockpile**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **Supercharge**
Newcastle Balmbra's: **The Sabrejets**
Newcastle University: **Geno Washington Band**
Norwich Cromwell's: **Creation Rebel**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Tourists/The Barracudas**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **Crass/Poison Girls**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Nottingham Palais: **Slade/Straight 8**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Loaded Dice**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Rue De Remarx**
Peterborough Bull & Dolphin: **Moonstone**
Poole Arts Centre: **Alvin Lee Band**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Gang Of Four/The Au Pairs**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **The Revillos**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Pat Benetar**
Sheffield City Hall: **Jasper Carrott**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Q-Tips**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Alwoodley Jets / Agony Column**
Sheffield The Penguin: **Spider**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Linda/The Dark**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **UB40**
South Shields The Commando: **The Rhythm Methodists**
Stevenage Gordon Craig Centre: **George Shearing Duo**
Sutton New Inn: **Avenue**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Madame**
Windsor Christopher Hotel: **The Kicks**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard of Ozz/Budgie**
York The Forge: **The Inmates/The Deaf Aids**

FRIDAY

Aberdeen University: **Geno Washington Band**
Basildon Towngate Theatre: **The Bodysnatchers**
Basingstoke Queen Mary College: **Thieves Like Us**
Birmingham Aston University: **The Revillos**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys/Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Magnificent 7/The Heartbeats**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**

Frieze facts

Pictured above from left to right are PAT BENETAR, who plays concerts in Reading (Thursday) and London (Saturday); JIM KERR of SIMPLE MINDS, who kick off their latest outing in Kidderminster on Friday; CHARLIE HARPER, still the linchpin of UK SUBS despite their recent personnel changes, and the new-look band begin their first tour in Gravesend on Monday; and the lovely LEMMY, who'll be up front as usual, when MOTORHEAD start their extensive tour in Ipswich on Wednesday.

Blackpool J.R.'s: **The Munroes**
Bournemouth Pinecliffe Hotel: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Bradford Palm Cove: **Effigy**
Bradford Queens Hall: **Dangerous Girls**
Brighton Dome: **The Dance Band**
Brighton Stanford Arms: **Ijax All Stars**
Brighton Top Rank: **UB40**
Bristol Charfield Hall: **S.O.S.**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Loudon Wainwright III**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **The Androids Of Mu/The 012/Real Insects**
Buxton Opera House: **Billy Connolly**
Cambridge Great Northern: **Spring Offensive**
Cardiff New Theatre: **George Shearing Duo**
Carlisle Market Hall: **Joe Jackson Band/The Members**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **Madame**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **J.G. Spoils Rock Band**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Coventry The Climax: **The Nostoc Band**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Slade/Straight 8**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Hank Wangford Band**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **The Skids/The Books**
Dublin Grand Cinema: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Tom Robinson's Sector 27/Cosmetics**
Edinburgh Odeon: **UFO**
Epsom Baths Hall: **John Martyn**
Fakenham Community Centre: **The Stingrays**
Glasgow City Hall: **Harvest/Just The Job**
Glasgow University: **'Son of Stiff' package tour**
Goole Station Hotel: **Head-Hunter**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Triarchy**
Gt. Yarmouth Caister Holiday Centre: **Rock'n'Roll Weekend Hop with Carl Perkins/Jack Scott/Matchbox/The Rockin' Shades/The Cruisers/Gina & The Rockin' Rebels etc. (for three days)**
Guildford Surrey University: **Alvin Lee Band / Splodgenessabounds**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **The Exclusives/The Ammonites**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Hawkwind/Vardis**
Hornchurch The Bull: **Spider**
Hinckley Regent Club: **Valhalla/3 Minute Warning**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **The Cockney Rejects**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Inmates/The Deaf Aids**
Hull College of Higher Education: **The Soft Boys**
Ipswich The Manor: **Creatsion Rebel**
Kidderminster Town Hall: **Simple Minds**
Kirkbride White Heather: **The Cheaters**
Kirklevington County Club: **Supercharge**
Launceston White Horse: **Loaded Dice**
Leeds University Union: **Dick Smith Band /Hooker**
Lancaster University: **Rockpile**
Leicester Phoenix Arts Centre: **Morrissey Mullen Band**
Leicester Polytechnic: **The Slits**
Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: **Zorkie Twins**
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: **Spirit Level**
Liverpool Brady's: **Gang Of Four/The Au Pairs**
Llantwit Major St. Donats Art Centre: **Turning Point**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Johnny Mars' Seventh Sun**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Ronnie Laine Band**
London Chelsea College: **Patrik Fitzgerald Group**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Junco Partners**
London City Polytechnic: **Modern Man**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Den Hegarty & The Random All Stars**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Method Actors/Device**
London Crystal Palace Hotel: **Blurt/The Kraze**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Bluesblasters**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Chuck Farley/London Secret**
London Fulham The Cock: **Jazz Sluts**
London Hampstead Starlight Club: **Ojah**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Keys**
London Marquee Club: **Praying Mantis**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **Johnny G**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London NW3 Fleet Centre: **The Table/The Form**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **Shadowfax**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dr. Cosgill / The Spiv/ Snatch 22**
London Richmond Snoopies: **Competition/Code Name Borealis**
London School of African & Oriental Studies: **Misty In Roots**
London School of Economics: **Nine Below Zero**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Don Ewell/Benny Waters**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **The Chevrons/B Film/Red Box**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Thompson Twins/Normal Hawaiians**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **The Step**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Scala Cinema: **Richard Strange/God's Toys /Way Of The West**
London University College: **The Associates**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Colah Brothers Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Taj Mahal**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Chinatown/The Dumb Blondes-/Chris Hunt's Cable Car**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Stray Cats**
Luton Baron of Beef: **The Friction/The Statics**
Luton Blowins: **Moonstone**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Shadows**
Manchester College of Higher Education: **C.P. Lee & The Charlie Parkas/Mike King Band/Bob Sleigh & The Crestas**
Manchester Comanche Students Union: **The Missiles**
Manchester Mayflower: **Crass/Poison Girls**
New Brighton Empress Hall: **Rockin Horse**
Newcastle City Hall: **Darts**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Ozz/Budgie**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Q-Tips**
Northampton Cathedral Club: **The Crew**
Northampton Nene College: **Classix Nouveaux/Tour De Force**
Oxford Penny Farthing: **Metro Glider**
Oxford Polytechnic: **The Rasses**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Fine Lines**
Plymouth Top Rank: **The Blues Band**
Pontypridd Polytechnic: **The Dangerous Brothers**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Zena Xerox**
Preston Polytechnic: **Atomic Rooster**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Raven**
Retford Porterhouse: **Weapon Of Peace**
Rotherham Arts Centre: **B Troop**
Sheffield City Hall: **The Pretenders**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **After The Fire**
Sheffield University: **Wahl Heat**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Expozer**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Gillan**
Southampton La Sainte Union: **Various Artists/The Shoes/The Untouchables**
Stanford-le-Hope Corringham Gable Hall: **Small Town Rumour/Caesar**
Stockport Technical College: **Fast Cars/Performance**
Street Strode Theatre: **The Enid**
Stroud Marshall Rooms: **The VIP's**
Sunderland Locarno: **More**
Weybridge National College of Food: **Front Page**
Weymouth Dorset Institute of Higher Education: **The Sound**
Windsor Christopher Hotel: **Ian Campbell Band**
York Penny Farthing Club: **Syntax**
York University: **A Certain Ratio/Durutti Column/Section 25**

SATURDAY

Bicester Red Lion: **Spider**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Flash Harry**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Fashion/Audio-Audio**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **New Hearts/The Dossers**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Inner City Unit**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Birmingham Sutton YMCA: **Helpless Huw & The Hesitations**
Blackpool J.R.'s: **The Munroes**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **The Revillos**
Blackpool Opera House: **The Shadows**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Mary O'Hara**
Bracknell Sports Centre: **Gillan**
Bradford Palm Cove: **Natural Progression**
Bradford University: **The Skids/The Books**
Bramhill Parkside Social Club: **Thin Ice**
Bridgwater Arts Centre: **The Dangerous Brothers/Pompeii Stiffs/Recorded Delivery/Picassos Optician**
Bristol Arnolfini Gallery: **Turning Point**
Bristol (Totterdown) Three Lamps Hall: **S.O.S./The Options/M.O.T.**
Cambridge The Middle Eight: **The Associates**
Cannock Troubadour: **The Kicks**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **Nosferatu V**
Colchester Essex University: **Climax Blues Band/The Planets**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Soft Boys**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Simple Minds**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Seven Year Itch**
Derby Ajanta Cinema: **Killing Joke/The Au Pairs/Dangerous Girls**
Dundee Caird Hall: **UFO**
Dunfermline Bellville Hotel: **Strutz**
Durham University: **Q-Tips**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **The Cheaters**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Crass/Poison Girls**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Sheena Easton-/Dennis Waterman/Gerard Kenny**
Folkestone East Cliff Pavilion: **Criminal Class/Biff-Bang-Yow/Last Resort/Empty Sounds**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Tom Robinson's Sector 27**
Glasgow University: **Darts**
Gloucester College of Education: **One Foot In The Grave/Steve Hooker's Shakers**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Chris Hunt's Cable Car**
Hatfield Forum Theatre: **Midnite Follies Orchestra**
Hereford Market Tavern: **The Androids Of Mu/The 012/Real Insects**
Huddersfiled Cleopatra's (matinee): **The Cockney Rejects**
Hull City Hall: **Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Ozz/Budgie**
Ilkley College: **Pyramid**
Leeds Staging Post: **Shake Appeal**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Knife Edge**
Leeds University: **Rockpile**
Leicester Phoenix Arts Centre: **Exit 21/Groundation**
Leicester Polytechnic: **The Bodysnatchers**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

MORE GIG GUIDE: 700 DATES THIS WEEK

THE COCKNEY REJECTS are on the road to support their new single 'We Are The Firm' and album 'Greatest Hits Volume 2'. You can catch the Bow Bells sound this week at Coventry (Thursday), Huddersfield (Friday) and Saturday), Sheffield (Monday) and Bristol (Tuesday).

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: **Zorkie Twins**
Liverpool Brady's: **Martian Dance**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Salt/The Mechanics**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Mistakes**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Tribesman/Billy London**
London E.13 North East Polytechnic (Greengate House): **The A.T.'s**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Micky Jupp Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Salt/Hot Shots**
London Fulham The Cock: **The Cobras**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Albert King Blues Band/Rocket 88**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Metro Glider**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Thompson Twins/Local Heroes**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Black Slate/The Dave**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Levi Dexter & The Rip-Chords**
London Marquee Club: **Long Tall Shorty/Positive Signals**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Isaac Guillory**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Ryan & Burge/Silas**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Count Basie Band/Joe Pass**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **The Shout/Room Service**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tommy Whittle Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Sanity Clause**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Pat Benetar**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Colah Brothers Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Taj Mahal**
London Waltham Forest North-East Polytechnic: **Wild Oats**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Blurt/Broadcast/Guy Jackson**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Slade/Straight 8**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Basil's Balls-Up Band**
Loughborough University: **The Slits**
Luton Baron of Beef: **C-Saim**
Manchester Apollo Theare: **The Scorpions**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Militia**
Manchester Polytechnic: **John Martyn**
Manchester UMIST: **Atomic Rooster**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Creation Rebel**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Bauhaus/Dance Chapter**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **The Dooleys**
Newcastle Eldon Leisure Centre: **Billy Connolly**
Newcastle University: **'Son of Stiff' package tour**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Supercharge/More**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **The Speedy Bears**
Oldham Lancashire Vault: **Crafty Avenue**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Chinatown**
Oxford Penny Farthing: **Spring Offensive**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The Squirm (lunchtime)/Orange Juice (evening)**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Shoes/Various Artists**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **George Shearing Duo**
Retford Porterhouse: **After The Fire**
Rochdale (Whitworth) Rawston Arms: **Rockin Horse**
Salisbury King & Bishop: **David Marx & The Mix**
Sheffield University: **Caravan**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Dark**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Yellow Magic Orchestra/The Comsat Angels**
Southampton University: **The Blues Band**
Stockport Ups & Downs: **Night Visitors**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Asylum**
Waterlooville Football Club: **The Frames/The Rams/The Time/The Chimes/Spicer**
Watford Red Lion: **Fool**
Weymouth Cellar Vino: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Windsor Christopher Hotel: **Dangerous Age**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
York College of Ripon & York St. John: **Weapon Of Peace**

SUNDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **UFO**
Ayr Pavilion: **'Son Of Stiff' package tour**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: **Turning Point**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bournemouth Royal Exeter Hotel: **Thieves Like Us**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Loudon Wainwright III**
Bradford Palm Cove: **Jeds Blues Band**
Brighton Jenkinsons: **Simple Minds**
Bristol Colston Hall: **AC/DC**
Bristol Locarno: **UB40**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Gillan**
Chigwell White Hart: **Park Avenue**
Cleaton Moor Civic Hall: **Crass / Poison Girls**
Colchester Guisnes Court: **VHF**
Coventry Theatre: **Jasper Carrott**
Cowdenbeath Commercial Hotel: **The Cheaters**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Cliff Richard / Chas & Dave / Madeline Bell / Joe Brown etc.**
Croydon The Star: **The Accidents**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Jacques Loussier Group**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Shadows**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **Rhesus Negative**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Brighton Blues Corporation**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Rockpile**
Kirklevington Country Club: **Cosmetics**
Leeds Compton Arms: **Twisted Nerve**
Leeds Fan Club: **Killing Joke**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Agony Column**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Liverpool Rotters: **Caravan**
London Acton Kings Head: **Odd Hits / The Volcanoes**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Seven Year Itch**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Kim Lesley Sportons**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Directions / Talkover**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Theatre Of Hate / The Presents**
London Dalston Pembury Tavern: **Avenue**
London Finchley Torrington: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Spoilers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Den Hegarty & The Random All Stars**
London Fulham The Cock: **Kirk St. James**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Pretenders**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Planets**
London Marquee Club: **The Associates**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Spring Offensive**
London NW2 Hog's Grunt: **Tucker Finlayson Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Bluesblasters**
London Putney White Lion: **Johnny G**
London Richmond Brollys: **01 Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tommy Bridges**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Slade / The Pirates / The Last Words / Discharge**
London University: **The Collectors**
London Victoria The Venue: Geno Washington Band
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co / The Karl Wallinger Band**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Paz**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Scorpions**
Manchester (Ashton) Spreadeagle: **Spider**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **The Mekon**
Market Harborough Kibworth Lodge: **The Elevators**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Darts**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **The Soft Boys**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Doolevs**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Weapon Of Peace**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich Cottage Tavern: **The Stingrays**
Nottingham Commodore International: **The Four Tops**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Chinatown**
Oxford New Theatre: **Hawkwind / Vardis**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Non Compos Mentis**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Ad Hoc**
Preston Guildhall: **George Shearing Duo**
Saltburn Zetland Hotel: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Scarborough Floral Hall: **Billy Connolly**
Seaford Great Dane: **Ricky Zom-Zom & The D.T.'s**
Southend Railway Hotel: **Orin Starr & Gary Mehalik**
Southend Shrimpers: **Nine Below Zero**
Southport Theatre: **Sheena Easton / Dennis Waterman / Gerard Kenny**
St. Albans Goat Inn: **Dave Walters**
Swansea Top Rank: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **The Mechanics**
Waterlooville Football Club: **The Media / The U.B.'s / Look Back In Anger / Rox / The Monitors**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Q-Tips**

MONDAY

Aylesbury Maxwell Hall: **After The Fire**
Bath Western Hotel: **The Androids Of Mu/The 012/Real Insects**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Joe Jackson Band**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Briton-/Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Gentleman Jim**
Birmingham Night Out: **The Drifters (for a week)**
Birmingham Railway Hotel; **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Enigma**
Birmingham Town Hall: **John Martyn**
Boston Folk Club: **Muckram Wakes**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **The Blues Band**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Ozz/Budgie**
Bristol Locarno: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Cambridge Guildhall: **Jacques Loussier Group**
Canterbury Odeon: **The Skids/The Books**
Cheltenham Eve's Night Club: **Tom Robinson's Sector 27/The Au Pairs**
Coventry Theatre: **Jasper Carrott**
Dublin Stadium: **The Tourists/The Barracudas**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **'Son Of Stiff' package tour**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **The Shadows**
Exeter University: **Loudon Wainwright III**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **UFO**
Grangemouth International Hotel: **The Cheaters**
Gravesend Woodville Hall: **UK Subs**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Neil Ardley/Alan Holdsworth**
Kingston Three Tuns: **R.P.M.**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Marquis of Granby: **Nosferatu V**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Twisted Nerve**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **AC/DC**
Leicester Treviners: **The Amber Squad**
Liverpool Rotters: **UB40**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Bonnie Parker Band/Karran Dash/Atlantys**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Monsters**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Meteors-/Vox Continental**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Midnight & The Lemon Boys/The Bees**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Kraze/Ram Jam Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Another Pretty Face/TV 21**
London Fulham The Cock: **Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Pretenders**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Metro Glider**
London Marquee Club: **Grand Prix**
London North Polytechnic: **The Rasses**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Syndicate**
London NW2 Hog's Grunt: **The O.K. Band**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Kicks**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **Red Letters/The Spiders**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Putney The Railway: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Richmond Snoopies: **Lonesome No More/Rama**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Cedar Walton Quartet (for a week except Wednesday)**
London Stratford Green Man: **The Soul Band**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Waterfall**
London University College: **The Mechanics**
London Victoria The Venue: **Hank Wangford Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Jump/Sore Throat**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Actors**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Music School**
Manchester College of Higher Education: **Coup D'Etat**
Manchester Golden Garter: **The Four Tops (for a week)**
Newcastle Balmbars Music Hall: **Stiletto**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Billy Connolly**
Preston Guildhall: **Hawkwind/Vardis**
Redcar Hydro Hotel: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Rotherham Thurncoe Hotel: **The Odds**
Sheffield City Hall: **The Scorpions**
Sheffield Top Rank: **The Cockney Rejects**
Windsor Christopher Hotel: **Amy**
York Arts Centre: **X Press**
York Jaspers: **The Soft Boys**
York University: **The Rasses**

TUESDAY

Aldridge Elmers: **Weapon Of Peace**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **The Tourists/The Barracudas**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Birmingham University Guild: **Dansette Damage**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Apocalypse**
Bradford Palm Cove: **Patchwork**
Brighton Basement Club: **Blurt**
Bristol Granary: **The Cockney Rejects**
Bristol Romeo & Juliet's: **The Slits**
Bury The Derby Hall: **The Salford Jets**
Cambridge Great Northern: **Frequency Band**
Canterbury Odeon: **Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Ozz/Budgie**
Cardiff Top Rank: **The Blues Band**
Coventry Theatre: **Jasper Carrott**
Coventry Zodiac Club: **Sub Zero**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Baby Laurel**
Doncaster Rotters: **UB40**
Dublin Stadium: **Joe Jackson Band**
Exeter St. George's Hall: **Killing Joke**
Fleet Fox & Hounds: **Peter Bond**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Hawkwind/Vardis**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **The Pretenders**
High Wycombe College of Higher Education: **The Androids Of Mu/The O12/Real Insects**
Ilkley Rose & Crown: **Agony Column**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Gillan**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **First Moves**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Soft Boys**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **AC/DC**
Leicester Luca Centre: **New-Age/Future Toys**
Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: **B Troop**
Liverpool Star & Garter: **Asylum**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wasted Youth**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Patrick D. Martin/Chinese Wasps**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Midnite & The Lemon Boys/TV21**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Zero Zero/The Montels**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Soul Band/Lux Electro**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Mechanics**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Lonesome No More/ Nuthin Fancy**
London Fulham The Cock: **Eazy Money**
London Greenwich White Swan: **The Razz**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Skids / Ruts D.C. / The Books**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Local Heroes**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Niteshades**
London Marquee Club: **The Upset**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Sons Of Cain**
London North-East Polytechnic: **The A.T.'s**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Alvin Roy Band**
London Richmond Snoopies: **The Sound-/Low Countries/Furniture**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Jacques Loussier Group**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Alvin Lee Band/Ronnie Lane Band**
London Stratford Green Man: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Accidents**
London Victoria The Venue: **Upp**
London Waterloo National Theatre: **The Chieftains**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Avant Gardnerz/Five Or Six-/Fish Turned Human/The Several**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Papa Bue's Viking Band**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Touch**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Chords**
Manchester Royal Northern College of Music: **Turning Point**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Shadows**
Norwich Cromwells: **Classix Nouveaux-/Martin Besserman**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Hollow City Rhythm Circus**
Nottingham Royal Theatre: **Billy Connolly**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **The Teardrop Explodes/The Thompson Twins**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **Q-Tips**
Portsmouth Locarno: **UK Subs**
Reading University: **The Inmates/The Deaf Aids**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Bauhaus/Zev**
Sheffield City Hall: **The Scorpions**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Rockpile**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Swansea Circles: **Tom Robinson's Sector 27/The Au Pairs**
Swansea White Swan: **Hamish Imlach**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **More**
Warwick Guy Nelson Hall: **George Shearing Duo**
Windsor Christopher Hotel: **Len's Seattle Six**

WEDNESDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **The Dooleys**
Bedford Addison Howard Centre: **The Teardrop Explodes / The Thompson Twins**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Dansette Damage**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M.S. Nightwork**
Birmingham Odeon: **AC/DC**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham Top Rank: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Blackpool Scamps: **The Zanti Misfitz**
Bournemouth Stateside Centre: **UK Subs**
Brighton Sussex University: **The Androids of Mu**
Bristol Carwadines: **Nine Below Zero**
Cambridge Great Northern: **Rank Amateurs**
Chelmsford Odeon: **Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Ozz / Budgie**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Significant Zeros**
Coventry Theatre: **UFO**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Wilgar Campbell's Madlads**
Durrington The Plough: **Chinatown**
Gilesgate Bank Brewers Arms: **Prefab Sprout**
Glasgow Burns Howff: **Duff Party**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Proposition 31**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Motorhead**
Keele University: **'Son Of Stiff' package tour**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Kai Winding & Don Lusher**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Knife Edge**
Leeds Warehouse: **Ram Jam Band**
Liverpool Gatsby's: **The Chords**
London Acton Kings Head: **The Decorators / Blancmanche**
London Brixton College: **Linton Kwesi Johnson**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Animal Magnet**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Jane Kennaway's Strange Behaviour / The Outpatients**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Section 25**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Classics**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Talk / Modern Jazz**
London Fulham The Cock: **M.G.A. Band**
London Hampstead Starlight Club: **FX**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Electric Kool-Aids**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band / Max Collie's Rhythm Aces**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Park Avenue**
London Marquee Club: **Angelwitch**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Metro Glider**
London Richmond Snoopies: **Toes That Pop / Pops That Toe**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Gerry Mulligan Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill Skeat Quartet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Tagus**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Back To Back**
London Stratford Green Man: **The Cobras**
London Waterloo National Theatre: **The Chieftains**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Carpettes / Animal Magnet**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **The Cadillacs**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Spare Parts**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Pretenders**
Manchester Beach Club: **Medium Medium / XL5**
Manchester Rafters: **Bauhaus / Zev**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **The Soft Boys**
Newport Stowaway: **Tom Robinson's Sector 27 / The Au Pairs**
Newcastle City Hall: **Hawkwind / Vardis**
Norwich East Anglia University: **John Martyn**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Oldham The Lancashire: **J. G. Spoils Rock Band**
Oxford Scamps: **Dangerous Girls**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The News**
Plymouth New Palace Theatre: **Boxcar Willie / Jean Shepherd**
Poole Arts Centre: **Darts**
Sheffield Brincliffe Oaks Hotel: **Eberhard Weber's Colours**
Sheffield City Hall: **The Shadows**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Simple Minds**
Southampton Top Rank: **Ebony Rockers / The Skavengers / Big Brother**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
St. Helens Railway Hotel: **Madame**
Stockport Davenport Theatre: **Billy Connolly**
Swansea Top Rank: **The Blues Band**
Swansea University: **Q-Tips**
Thorne White Hart: **B Troop**
Treforst Wales Polytechnic: **Weapon Of Peace**
Windsor Christopher Hotel: **Thumpa**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Classix Nouveaux**

TO ADVERTISE PHONE 01-261 6153

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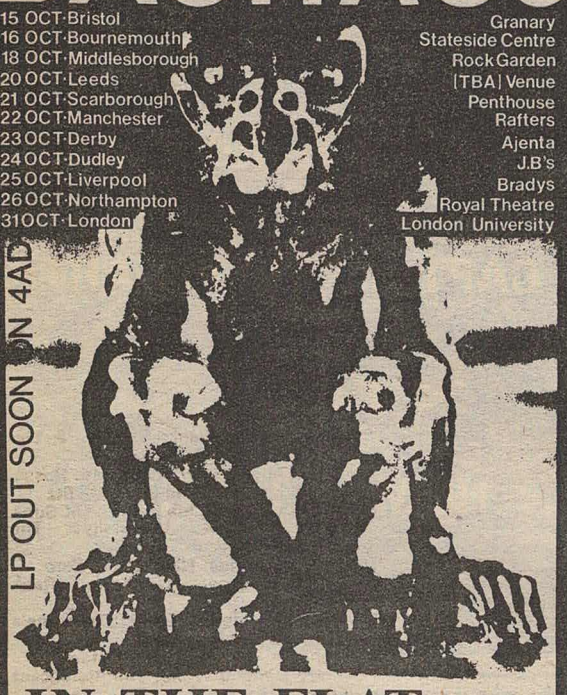
15 OCT·Bristol — Granary
16 OCT·Bournemouth — Stateside Centre
18 OCT·Middlesborough — Rock Garden
20 OCT·Leeds — [TBA] Venue
21 OCT·Scarborough — Penthouse
22 OCT·Manchester — Rafters
23 OCT·Derby — Ajenta
24 OCT·Dudley — J.B's
25 OCT·Liverpool — Bradys
26 OCT·Northampton — Royal Theatre
31 OCT·London — London University



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FLOWERS
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MARTIAN DANCE
MUSIC FOR PLEASURE
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ORANGE JUICE
THE THINGS
LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 2nd NOVEMBER at 6·30
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WEAPONS OF PEACE
SATURDAY 18th OCTOBER £2
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PLUS The Books
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O-JAH (Afro Jazz)
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60s SOUL DISCO
(Members only)
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FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
Tuesday 21st October 50p
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FX
Thursday 23rd October £1.00
SAFITA
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NO MEEN FEET
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1st London Appearance

BRIGHTON ROCK

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+ Support
7.30 pm
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LES APACHES + The Soul Boys
Friday 17th October £1.50
THE DUMB BLONDES
+ Chinatown + Chris Hunts Cable Car
Saturday 18th October £1.50
BLURT + Guy Jackson + Broadcast
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+ Five or Six + Fish Turned Human
+ The Several
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101 St. John's Hill. Tel 01 223 8309

Wednesday 15th October
MODERN MAN
+ The Producers
Thursday 16th October
PAURUS
+ The Odds
Friday 17th October
THE RANDOM BAND
(With Don Heggarty & Derrant Watkins)
+ The Leapers
Saturday 18th October
RESISTANCE
+ Transistor
Sunday 19th October
THE DIRECTIONS
+ Code Name Borealis
Monday 20th October
THE METEORS
+ Vox Continental
Tuesday 21st October
MIDNIGHT & THE LEMON BOYS
+ TV21
Wednesday 22nd October
JANE KENNEWAYS
STRANGE BEHAVIOUR
+ Out Patients

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DE MONTFORD HALL, LEICESTER
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TOP RANK, CARDIFF
WEDNESDAY 5th NOVEMBER at 8.00
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APOLLO THEATRE, MANCHESTER
THURSDAY 6th NOVEMBER at 8.00
TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50 FROM APOLLO BOX OFFICE, TEL: 061 273 1112, OR USUAL AGENTS
PLAYHOUSE THEATRE, EDINBURGH
FRIDAY 7th NOVEMBER at 8.00
TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50 FROM PLAYHOUSE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 031 557 2590.
RAINBOW THEATRE, LONDON
SAT. 8th and SUN. 9th NOV. at 8.00
TICKETS £5.00, £4.00, £3.00 FROM RAINBOW BOX OFFICE, TEL: 01-263 3148/9. LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 01-439 3371. PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 01-240 2245. THE TICKET MACHINE (VIRGIN MEGASTORE), TEL: 01-631 1234.
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Phone 01-551 4138/9

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Thursday 16th October
CENTRAL FUNK LTD
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Adm. £1.25
Licensed Bar 8 - 12
Groups Wanted - Phone Fred - 5952708

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OCTOBER DATES....

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Fri	17th	Kirkbride - White Heather
Sat		
Sun	19th	Cowdenbeath - Commercial Hotel
Mon	20th	GRANGEMOUTH - International Hotel
Tues	21st	FISHING - Loch Ness!
Wed	22nd	EDINBURGH : ERIC BROWNS
Thurs	23rd	KIRKALDY - DUTCH MILL
Fri	24th	Kinghorne Cunzo Nucke
Sat	25th	PAISLEY - BUNGALOW BAR
Sun	26th	Motherwell - Bellshill Iron Maiden
Mon	27th	
Tues	28th	GLENROTHES - Rothes Arms
Wed	29th	HELLENSBORO' TRIDENT CLUB
Thurs	30th	LANARK - Clydesdale Hotel
Fri	31st	DUNFERMALINE Northern R.H.

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THE SOUND

Tues, October 21st, RICHMOND, BROLLEYS

Fri, October 24, W. HAMPSTEAD, MOONLIGHT

Tues, October 28, COVENT GARDEN, ROCK GARDEN

Fri, October 31, CLAPHAM, 101 CLUB

The London Dates

THE GREYHOUND
FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 16th October £2.00
SPLODGENESSABOUNDS + The Exciters

Friday 17th October £1.00
CHUCK FARLEY + London Secret

Saturday 18th October £1.00
SALT + Hot Shots

Sunday 19th October £1.00
THE RANDOM BAND (ex Darts & Wizard)
featuring Den Heggarty
+ The Leapers

Monday 20th October 75p
ANOTHER PRETTY FACE/TV21

Tuesday 21st October 75p
LONESOME NO MORE + Nuthin' Fancy

Wednesday 22nd October 75p
THE TALK/MODERN JAZZ

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AT:

Oct	Nov	Dec
16th Windsor Castle, Harrow Rd.	1st Baron of Beef, Luton.	2nd The Moonlight Club, Hampstead
17th Hamborough Tavern, Southall.	3rd Bunters, Guildford.	10th The Brecknock, Camden.
23rd Windsor Castle, Harrow Rd.	8th Goodwill To All, Wealdstone.	12th The Star, Croydon.
24th Kings College, Strand.	16th Ealing Abbey Youth Centre.	21st The Brecknock, Camden.
25th Hamborough Tavern, Southall.	21st Ruislip Youth Centre.	
31st Acklam Hall, Acton.	23rd Kings Head, Acton.	
	27th The Starlight Room, Hampstead.	
	30th The Brecknock, Camden.	

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THE METEORS

Friday 17th October £1
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Saturday 18th October £1.25
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Sunday 19th October 75p
THE PLANETS

Monday 20th October 75p
METROGLIDER

Tuesday 21st October 75p
LOCAL HEROES

Wednesday 22nd October 75p
THE ELECTRIC KOOL-AIDS

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OCTOBER
16 Yellow Magic Orchestra
17, 18 Rory Gallagher
18 Albert King Blues Band
18 Pat Benatar
19 Slade
20 Pretenders
21 Alvin Lee
21 Skids
21, 22 Chieftains
22 DAF
23 Blues Band
23, 24 Killing Joke
26 Ozzy Osborne
26 Four Tops
26 Simple Minds/Wasted Youth
27, 28 Joe Jackson
27, 28 Scorpions
30 Ry Cooder
31 Gladys Knight & The Pips

NOVEMBER
1 The Shadows
2 John Martyn
2 Buzzcocks
2 Rockpile
2 Sheena Easton
2, 3 Hawkwind
3 Killing Joke
3 UB40
5 Cheap Trick
6, 7 Elkie Brooks
6, 7, 8, Paul Simon
8, 9 Kool & The Gang
8, 9, 10 Robert Palmer
9 Detroit Spinners
9 4 Be 2
10, 11, 12 AC/DC
10 Tangerine Dream
11 Ralph McTell
13 Orchestral Manouevres
13, 14 Weather Report
15 Triumph
16 The Teardrop Explodes
16 Loudon Wainwright
17 Sad Cafe
20 Bill Haley/Matchbox
20 Bob Seger
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21, 22, 23 Aretha Franklin
22 John Williams
23 Adam & The Ants
26, 27, 28, 29 Motorhead
27 Japan
27 Crusaders
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INFORMATION CITY

By Fred Dellar

HOW many records have Joy Division released?
J. ORAM, Brixham.

● **A right old rigmarole it proved sorting this lot out. But, with the aid of Rough Trade, Bonaparte's of King's Cross, Factory Records and Rob Gretton, a listing emerged that commenced with the 'Ideal For Living' EP, which surfaced in 7" form on the band's own Enigma label and later, as a 12", on Anonymous. Since then, there have been two tracks ('Digital' and 'Glass') on the 'Factory Sample' EP (FAC 2), a couple of albums in 'Unknown Pleasures' (FAC 10) and 'Closer' (FAC 25), and such Factory singles as 'Transmission'/'Novelty' (FAC 13), 'Love Will Tear Us Apart'/'These Days' (FAC 23 and FAC 23/12), and 'Incubation'/'Komakino' (FAC 28), the latter being the freebie flimsy. Additionally there's a Joy Division offering called 'At A Later Date' on Virgin's 'Live At The Electric Circus' 10" album (VCL 5003), plus a couple ('Auto-Suggestion' and 'From Safety To Where?') on 'Earcom 2' (FAST 9), while 'Atmosphere'/'Dead Souls' formed part of the French Sordide Sentimental project (SS 33002).**

A 12" single, 'Atmosphere'/'She's Lost Control', formerly only available in the States, is now out here on Factory US2, while a whole album of material recorded prior to Ian Curtis' death is also being planned.

Rob Gretton, the band's manager claims: "We'd like to get everything out of the way before the new band goes on the road. It was intended to release an album of live and studio material in Germany but it's probable that it will now come out here. There are around six or seven previously unissued studio tracks still around, including 'Ice Age' a cut recorded at the same time as 'Atmosphere' and one time intended for release on a projected 'Futurama Sci-Fi Festival' album, plus 'The Kill', 'Walked In Line', 'The Only Mistake', 'Excercise One', 'Something Must Break', 'The Drawback' and 'Sound Of Music'. We'd also like to release an album of tracks from the John Peel sessions but this could be a non-starter because of the high royalties involved. Maybe I just ought to buy up some of the many Joy Division bootlegs that are around. I'm a great believer in bootlegs."

Gretton added that a further supply of the flimsy single (actually a three-tracker through the label fails to list 'And Then Again' on the 'Incubation' side) will shortly be made available. "We'll do 25,000 or maybe 50,000 more. We did 25,000 the first time around but when you realise that 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' has sold 160,000 then you'll have some idea of the number of people who want the freebie. But we'll keep the freebie available forever if we possibly can. We don't want it to become a collector's item. I heard of someone paying ten pounds for a copy recently and that's stupid. I wouldn't pay ten pence for it myself!"

The remaining three members of the band, now working under the name of New Order, are currently in New York, where they're doing a number of club dates and cutting a single formed by 'Ceremony' and 'In A Lonely Place' two songs penned by the original Joy Division but never recorded by them.

Ian Curtis. *Pic: Peter Anderson*

CAN YOU tell me if they piano music used in Francis Ford Coppola's film *The Conversation* is available on record?
DAVID RHODES, Bristol

Is a soundtrack album available that contains the music to the film *Home Before Midnight*?
M. COOP, Oldham.

● **I've searched through Schwann and other catalogues but neither David Shire's music to *The Conversation* or Ray Russell's score to *Home Before Midnight* — a movie which provided work for Chris Jagger, Jigsaw and Anne Nightingale — seem to have made it onto vinyl in Britain or the U.S. Meanwhile I've got my own problems — could anybody out there tell me exactly who performs what in such beach movies as *Beach Ball, USA, Beach Blanket Bingo, Beach Party* and *Muscle Beach Party?* All answers will be gratefully acknowledged.**

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THE TAPE OF THE STARS

LIVE!

Graham Parker And The Rumour

Hammersmith Palais

I COULD have and should have been somewhere else, but the terms of my employment dictated that I had to be at the Hamm Pal to witness another pointless exercise. An extra Parker night, full of — although there were lots of gaps — dedicated followers of 'cults', 'runts' and critic-made legends.

There's a lot of them about, I keep tripping over them. Sometimes in a desperate if not pathetic attempt to please my elders (who go for this sort of stuff) I've written expected critical platitudes about the 'rock and roll might' of the tough and tender Parker mite, knowing deep down how much I was part of the grand illusion. But, as people keep telling me, I'm no critic. So I've given up that pretence. And.

These days greedy as I am, I've no time for a music so obviously and stubbornly tucked up inside the waning, warming roots of R&B, cos the cliches clog, the plain rhythm hogs, and it all seems such a strained yearning for fainthearted excitement. Some people like Graham Parker And The Rumour, would have it that rock'n'roll is dead. This is the revival: which abandons wit and freshness.

I couldn't keep my eyes on the stage to look at Graham Parker And The Rumour, but the glimpse I caught now and then (accidentally from behind a nice cold pillar) reminded me of The Hollies on Friday Night, Saturday Morning: old fashioned 'hip' clothes, they were having a good time, one more time through the motions, worshipping a god that deserted them.

This week the best set of ageing romantic session hacks I've seen were The Invisible Girls. The Rumour paled next to them in all ways known to man. And Parker . . . proved disappointing . . . the kind of frontman only America, the BBC and a pretend-critic could see a point in. The loaded noise that they played — good for spoiled people seeking relief I suppose — I've heard from so many different directions so many times before I had difficulty staying leaned against my pillar.

It's hard getting worked up about the 300th page of a telephone directory.

WHAT DID THEY PLAY?
WHAT WAS THE SOUND LIKE?
WHAT WERE THEY WEARING?
WHAT WAS THE AUDIENCE REACTION LIKE?
HOW MANY ENCORES DID THEY PLAY?

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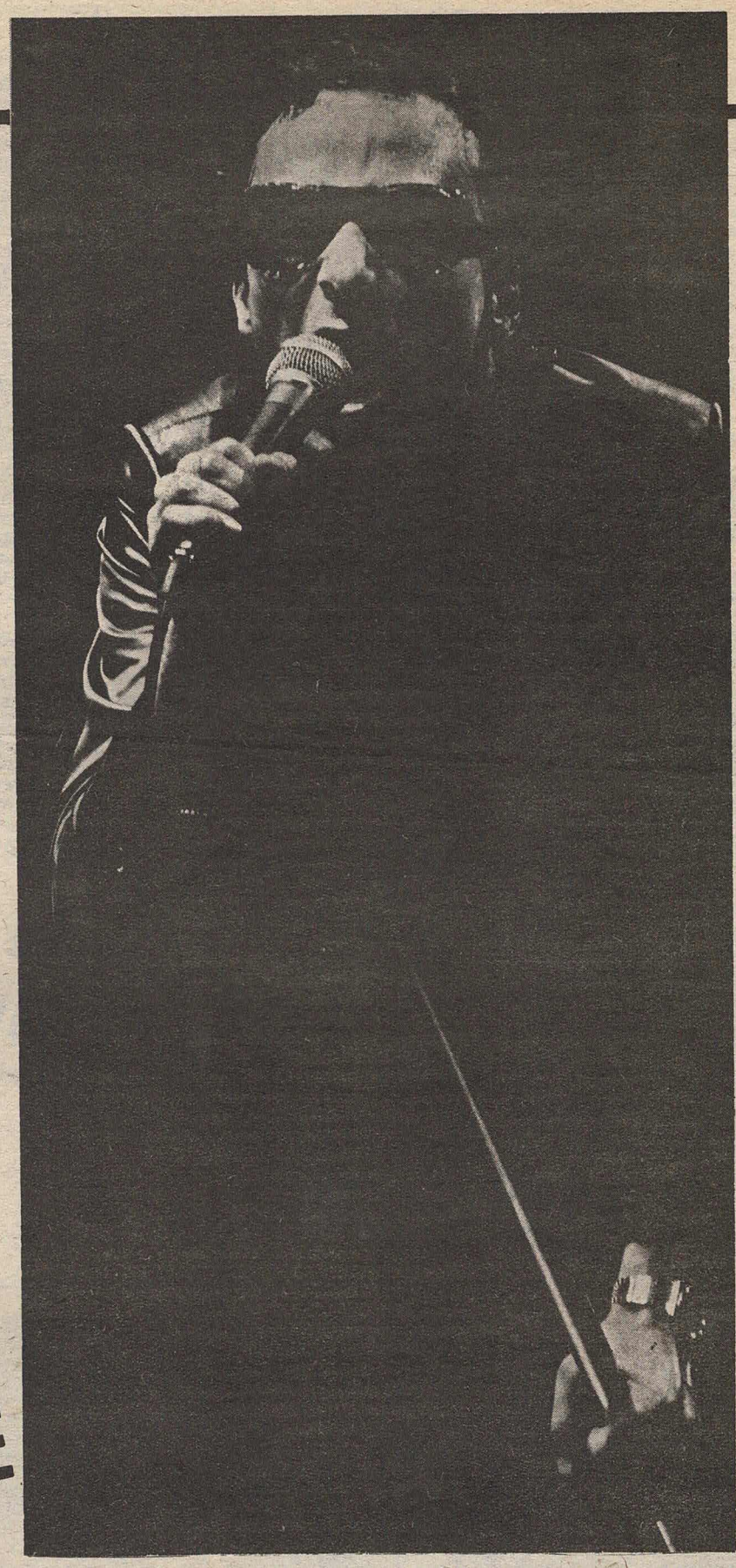
Paul Morley



When the thrills leaves the Parkerilla. Pic Glen Smith.

SPECIALS STILL IN ONE PEACE

When the violence leaves The Specials. Pic Santo Basone.

The Specials Swinging Cats

Hammersmith Palais

NO TROUBLE! (To speak of, anyway). All week there's been the usual stupid rumours flying around about how all kinds of chorus lines of right-wing youth were being assembled by person or persons unknown to mash the gig and cause upset and unhappiness to The Specials and their audience.

About the worst that happened (apart from a bit of routine pushing and shoving and oo-you-screwin'-John-ing) was right at the end during the statutory stage invasion during the encore when this big fat skinhead — all B.O. and studied hulking menace — hoisted his bulk on to the stage and raised one arm in that time-dishonoured gesture . . . just as the band finished and walked off. Hermann is left in a vacuum and *what a big fat shame that is. His big moment shot!*

And do I feel sorry for him? Not a lot. The Specials — not to mention the rest of us — need him and his like America needs Ronald Reagan; and whatever else the second night of The Specials' stand at the Palais may have been, it was certainly a triumph for decency. A lot of dancing, a lot of smiles.

Whether it was a triumph for Jerry Dammers' new music — The Haunted Elevator, The Supermarket Spook! — is another matter. Live, songs like 'Man At C&A', 'International Jet Set', 'Pearl's Cafe' and the others are shorn of their ghostly, distanced textures leaving them in the dead centre of the occupied Specials canon. The Specials' new vision is not so much a radical change in style as in treatment: it's the production which is the radical departure.

Otherwise, The Specials are The Specials are The Specials: Neville Staples has a pair of conga drums to keep him occupied when he's not singing, toasting, running, jumping, dancing and all the rest of it; Terry Hall prowls and stares ("For those who don't understand sarcasm . . ."); Roddy Radiation stands on his platform, plays his licks and does not resemble a happy person; Dammers skanks away behind the Yamaha and produces the greasiest, slimiest organ sound imaginable when he's not feverishly clapping his hands over his head. He's got a bigger stake in all this than anybody else and he sure as hell doesn't want to be the *second* hardest working person on the stage.

The band open with two of Roddy Radiation's songs, 'Concrete Jungle' and 'Rat Race'. The composer hits a reasonable selection of bum notes as the wildness ensues. No one can doubt that The Specials are a more complicated organism than anybody could have suspected when they hit the London scene and started blowing everyone away. First time I saw them they were halfway down a bill topped by Gang Of Four and they stole that show; they'd taken it right out of the hall, chucked it in a van and driven it away before G4 and their Led Zep light show had even stalked on.

That night I grabbed Pete Thomas from The Attractions and gave him all this beery bullshit about Elvis *had* to take this band on their next tour (that was when I could still have civilised conversations with Attractions) and he said, "You're kidding? They'd blow us off every night!"

So now they have this new(ish) music, but it's still the old stuff that cues the wildest dancing. Their new album is certainly the bravest album of the year, but courage and weirdness ain't everything. This latest move in the great drive against rock has its amusing side — and no negligible potential for the conveying of moods and ideas outside the regular rock vocab — but I hope The Specials don't stay here any longer than they stayed in the last place they were at.

The Swinging Cats, who supported, may not have anywhere else to go. Their cavalcade of movie themes should gladden the heart of any hard-core Geoff Love fan, but I'm seriously rusty on my bossa nova and unless hordes of skins sign up for a course of samba lessons their 15 minutes may not last for more than a few months.

Charles Shaar Murray

Seeing Through The Invisible Girls

John Cooper Clarke
Durutti Column
Pauline Murray
The Invisible Girls

Lyceum

DON'T DICTATE the girl once told us. With that in mind, I'll try not to be too pedantic about this, but there was something sorely lacking as the Factory / Illusive roadshow glided into London. An enticing bill promised the best in modern rock, verse and mood music, all to be held together by the impeccable musical finesse of numerous Invisible Girls. The overall impression, however, came to much less than the sum total of the various parts, attractive as most of those parts are in their own right.

It's hard to point the finger at exactly what was wrong, but there was something distinctly lacklustre about an evening of supposedly challenging entertainment which slumped first towards a smooth exercise in musical expertise before sinking into a mire of polite easy listening.

Considering that one of the key protagonists once proudly declaimed 'I Don't Want To Be Nice', it's ironic, to say the least, that *nice* is precisely what the night became. It simply cried out for some vigour, a few rough edges.

Pauline Murray surprisingly opened with a set drawn totally from her new Illusive album. He pairing with the phantoms of Factory was an inspired stroke and the album is undoubtedly one of the year's best, Pauline's haunting vocal phrasing finally getting a complementary instrumental glove.

Onstage, Pauline is far more relaxed and assured than in her Penetration days giving full vent to her superb vocal range while losing little of her gritty northern soul intensity. Her lack of conventional stagecraft — always one of the more engaging features of Penetration — is now disguised by an almost total lack of verbal communication with her audience, the chanteuse pausing only once between songs to inform some fans bawling for the older songs that "we don't do those anymore".

A few runs by bassist Robert Blamire aside, the band — guitarist Vini Reilley, keyboard men Steve Hopkins and Pete Barrett, drummer Paul Burgess and percussionist Steve Gilbert — remained static and anonymous throughout, leaving Pauline at the fore, accomplished and professional if lacking some of the precocious wit of two years ago.

A brief interlude of the purest incidental music from Durutti Columnist Vini Reilley followed before The Invisible Girls amble onstage again, with Martin Hannett replacing Blamire on bass, for Cooper Clarke's set.

Whether Salford and Stevenage's favourite bard is at his best with or without backing musicians is still open to conjecture, the Lyceum suggesting that a mixture of both is probably the most agreeable. A whole set of unaccompanied poems can become monotonous. Reciting to a backing band gives Cooper Clarke more range to his act and some room to breathe (literally), although the Invisible Girls' easy backdrop does present a drawback in that any new poems are virtually indecipherable over their slick rumble.

In such circumstances, JCC does remarkable well to fit his lines into the rock context in which he so obviously thrives. A poet's lot is not an easy one.

Adrian Thrills

Pauline, the visible girl. Pic Anton Corbijn.

XTC
Classix Nouveaux
3 Minutes

Lyceum

SNAP, crackle and pop — that would sum these three bands up with reasonable accuracy.

The snappiness belonged to the openers 3 Minutes. They're a trio with all the tight, punchy power that trios often have, and they put it to work in a set of straightforward but dynamic songs. Fortunately they seem to have dropped a lot of the dodgy 'futurism' that spoiled their act last time I saw them, although it lingers on in several of the numbers, like 'King Robot', the single 'Automatic Kids' and also 'Time', the one where the drummer reveals himself to be no more than a cleverly constructed clockwork dummy. Stripped of a few cliches, 3 Minutes could be a hightly convincing outfit.

And the crackle? Well that just has to be the new age

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Andy does his Davy Jones. Pic Pennie Smith.

XTC — Much Too Much Monkee Business

electro-posing Classix Nouveaux. Again, these are a band I've liked in the past and would enjoy a great deal more in the future if only they'd outgrow this obsession with all things inhuman and machine-like. Their single 'Robot's Dance' is a case in point, though it's rescued by an infectious tune at least. Singer Sal Solo also scores with a voice that can soar unexpectedly into the most piercing scream, not to mention a bald head that offers welcome aesthetic relief to the garish high-rise haircuts of his sidemen.

Needless to say, it was left to XTC to provide the night's injection of pop — even if it's pop of a slightly perverse kind, always too devious to make their modest claims to Monkee-dom look anything other than disingenious. It's as if they can never quite attain that quality of brainless innocence which they aspire to; their own sense of reality keeps getting in the way and letting them down. Which, as it happens, is very lucky for the rest of us, because XTC are much more likeable just the way they are.

I say likeable rather than loveable, because it seems to be the crucial difficulty with XTC's music that no matter how pleasing it becomes — and I find them more pleasing all the while — it can never go beyond that and inspire any measure of real emotional devotion in the listener. So nearly everybody approves of XTC but few would declare themselves infatuated or passionately committed.

Never mind: what they do is fine. Tonight's set, naturally enough, draws heavily from the 'Black Sea' songs, though it includes selections from earlier stages of the band's career as well. Colin Moulding's 'Life Begins At The Hop' shoots excitement around the suffocatingly full building, with momentum temporarily slowed by the slightly clomping 'Respectable Street' which follows. By the next new song however, 'Living Through Another Cuba', the rhythm clicks and matters proceed quite smoothly right through.

Andy Partridge's attempts at individualist neckwear notwithstanding, visual impact is one area in which XTC have always been conspicuously deficient. Every time I turned away I forgot what they looked like. Partly, the problem is overcome with special effects — 'Meccanik Dancing' and 'Battery Brides', for example, are both enlivened by quite striking lightshows on the backdrop — but as spectacle it has to be said they're rarely compelling.

Past and present singles 'Generals And Majors' (aptly following straight on from 'Cuba') and 'Towers Of London' both demonstrate that the band's grasp of catchy yet intelligent writing techniques has not diminshed since the likes of 'Nigel' and 'Statue Of Liberty' but has, if anything, grown in its consistency. Of all the numbers, though, 'This Is Pop' appears to have the greatest hold on this audience's affections.

It might not be the most moving music you'll ever hear — but it sure is an enjoyable way of standing still. And that *is* pop.

Paul Du Noyer

Royal Rasses

Venue

HAVING JUST flown in from Jamaica at 7.00 a.m. — a long and gruelling journey even in this day of air-travel — doesn't help a person to be on top form. Thus I attribute the somewhat lacklustre elements of The Royal Rasses crammed out Venue show to fatigue, and look forward to seeing them again as soon as possible.

This Jamaican import band, featuring an impressive roster of session stalwarts, including Mikey Boo, drumperson, and newly streamlined organist Ansel Collins, will undoubtedly be whipping up a reggae storm when their stomachs and psyches have adjusted. In fact by the end of the set, enthusiasm had spread from the mass of fans in front of the stage to the blase bar-proppers at the rear.

Interestingly, many members of the audience called out requests for songs from Sax Thompson's new 'Natural Wild' LP; the latest 45, 'Spaceship' came across particularly well. Sax does have problems looking after his throat in these chilly European lands, but a greater problem is the lack of the exquisite harmonies he personally overlays on wax. Given the absence of his awful ex-harmoniser, Johnny Cool, it would have been a good idea to import prime Jamaican chanteuse and former Rasses sideperson, Jennifer Laura.

As it is, Sax's admittedly affecting vocals have to fill the space designed for three; a forbidding task, even for his talent.

This man is still a JA great, so see how the tour fares for yourself.

Vivien Goldman

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Endgames

Glasgow

"IS DAVID Murdoch (keyboards) *still* wearing that Bulgarian Customs Officer jacket?"

Endgames are playing the second trial night at Gigi's, an innovatory (for Glasgow) experiment in rock disco. Audience remarks concern, almost exclusively, the band's clothes and appearance.

We note bassist-vocalist David Rudden's new Sydney Greenstreet look, in seedy, rumpled white suit — though once the fedora is removed he still looks like Sandy, the river demon from *Monkey* with a Phil Oakey haircut.

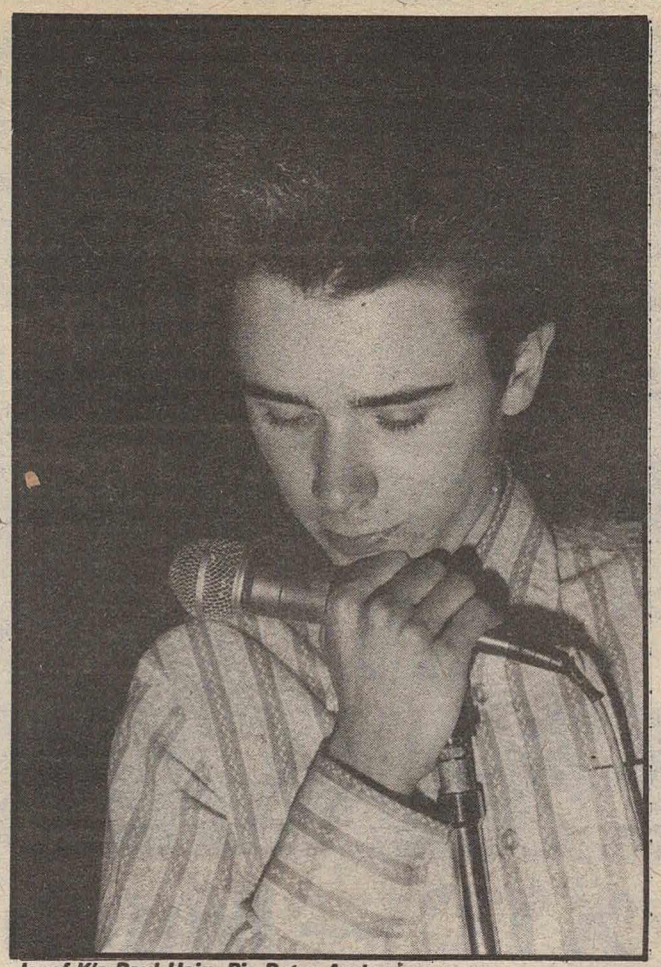
We spend more time debating whether the guitarist looks more like Susannah York or a young Margaret Rutherford than commenting on developments in the music.

Endgames used to be a pleasant sort of group. Quiet, easy-listening atmospheres, attractive keyboard patterns, hummable pop tunes and an occasional tinge of excitement from Paul Wishart's saxophone.

Now, following ego-induced traumas, complex re-shufflings have resulted in a more conventional rock group (human drummer replacing machine; Paul touring with, and perhaps joining, Simple Minds) attempting a more direct . . . well, *assault* is the best word.

With the songs tarted up beyond their station by over-echoed vocals, whooshing keyboards and other technical disasters Endgames have lost any subtlety or distinctiveness they once had. Typically, somebody is going to let them make records now. So it goes . . .

Josef K, on the other hand, have to exaggerate to be subtle. That's something they're learning about with all the style, taste and low-key wit which has characterised their career to date.



Josef K's Paul Haig. Pic Peter Anderson.

Last December Josef K were the most introverted band I'd ever seen; so immobile that when singer Paul Haig moved his eyes it was a dramatic highlight. Now look at them! Taped intros are the novelty solution to Paul's reluctance to speak onstage. Malcolm (Ross-guitar) is wearing *warpaint* — though a less flamboyant way of doing so would be hard to imagine. Even a couple of songs collapsing in mid-flight seem to merit little more embarrassment than exchanged glances.

Best of all, the sound continues to improve in confidence and maturity. The new songs (always a strong point — 'Radio Drill Time' has been sent for consideration by Grace Jones) continue the overall development. 'Fun 'n' Frenzy', 'Drone' and especially the haunting 'It's Kinda Funny' (next single) take Josef K's songwriting up another creative notch.

It's all still pop music of course, which, hopefully, more people will come to recognise. It just has a wider emotional scope than *TOTP* viewers will be used to.

In the World according to Postcard Records, Orange Juice are a band to fall in love with, but Josef K are a band to trust (just wait for The Go-Betweens!)

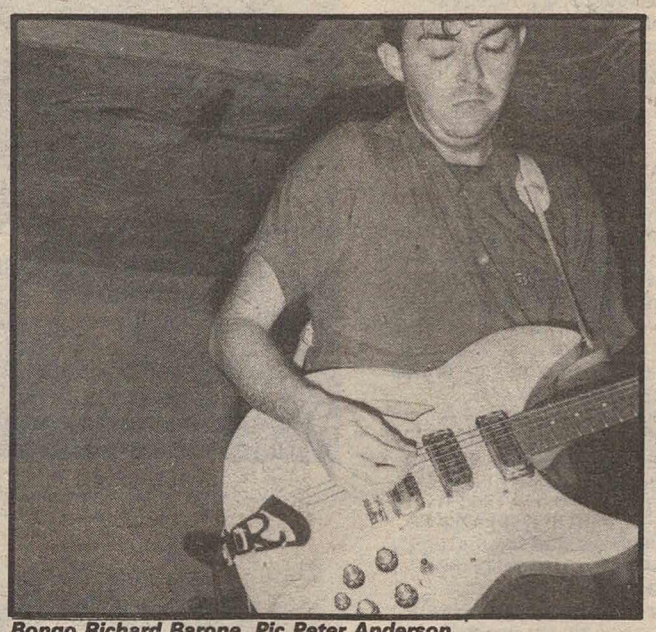
Glenn Gibson

Bongos

Hoboken

THERE'S something like a renaissance happening for good pop music in New York and its environs. The Fleshtones, The dB's, The Crackers, The Individuals — groups are finding life in accessible, danceable, fun music that manages still to be those things which eschews the old formulas.

The Bongos are a crucial part of this rising pop brigade. Hoboken is their home base, so Maxwell's cosy back room is predictably packed out with partisan supporters as well as many curious local kids waste no time getting into the spirit.



Bongo Richard Barone. Pic Peter Anderson.

New York Discovers T. Rextasy

good pop music in New York and its environs. The Fleshtones, The dB's, The partisan supporters as well as many curious local kids waste no time getting into the spirit.

The Bongos are easy to like. Their pop is cany and smooth, though eccentric, with little to cause resistance. People take to it right away.

The three Bongos — Richard Barone (vocals and guitar), Rob Norris (bass) and Frank Giannini (drums) — toss ideas around the stage, back and forth between each other as if playing catch. The songs are never less than clever, and sometimes rise to being absolutely ingenious. Catchy, unforgettable, they should be instant hits in any part of the pop world that isn't permanently looking over its shoulder.

Richard Barone's voice is sweet, slightly high-pitched, clear and engaging. His manner is that of a wide-eyed innocent at play, a child let loose in a room where he's not supposed to be and delighted at what he finds there. He jumps up and down, higher and higher as the songs pick up steam, hugging his guitar. He brings toys with him too — a slinky to hold up to the mike, sticks to bang together. The sight of Barone looning about the stage inspires people to get loose and do a bit of the same.

'Telephoto Lens' and 'Glow In The Dark' (their first single) remain stand-out songs, along with 'In The Congo', their next single. But there are many others equally propulsive, and the set goes by without anything you'd really call a low point. The lyrics are obtuse, non-commital. They suggest outlines rather than stories.

They encore with T.Rex's 'Mambo Sun'. Their approach suits Bolan's legacy without imitating it, and Barone gives the song an inspired guitar-mad finish.

The T.Rex connection is appropriate in that Barone has a kind of impish, pre-adolescent charm once associated with Bolan. But where Bolan's lyrics usually portrayed the world as a good

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and wonderous place, Barone sees a world full of threats and dangers. When he sings about love it is usually of the unfulfilled kind: *"Complications keep you away from me."* Yet, there is hopefullness in Barone's voice and the music's forward rush is joyfully optimistic.

Of course, no one told these guys T.Rex might again be a hot topic. In fact, The Bongos don't seem to premeditate anything. They don't affront us with any constructed images.

As inspired as their pop often is, they seem to living entirely on their instincts. And as much as Barone seems to be jumping around with his head in Never-Never land, he is in perfect rapport with his audience, reading them well and tickling them in all the right places.

Richard Grabel

Defiant Pose

Paisley

OF MINOR infamy perhaps from the Paisley sampler EP 'Ha! Ha! Funny Polis', Defiant Pose continue in compressed coalition with The Fegs.

Along expecting mayhem it's good to find such a low incidence of leather, gob and airborne lager. And even better to have Defiant Pose no longer restricted to empty thrashes built around cuss words and anti-police chants.

Considerable thought obviously goes into the songs now, and once tackled by the three-piece band and Joe McGlynn's standard-issue Paisley bark, the melodies develop in similar manner to the poppier tunes from 'London Calling'. Not exactly a renaissance, but still healthier and more encouraging than much current music up with which we have to put.

Encore time has both ex-singers from Defiant Pose and The Fegs invited to bound stagewards and holler through their greatest hits from 'HIHIFP'. There aren't many Paisley bands who can be nostalgic in public.

Glenn Gibson

Levi Dexter And The Ripchords The Meteors

Dingwalls

EUPHORIC from the cheap beer they're plied with before 10 o'clock, the Dingwalls Set start breaking into the fivers and drink away the long hours before the main act. A Stray Cats video creates the illusion that they, the audience, are part of The Next Big Thing.

Really, they are part of a movement trying to relive their past glories, their '60s, their teen age; the times when they'd never had it so good.

Four wide-eyed boys sit in the corner of this Dog Town Disco staring at their limp hamburgers. The Ripchords are worried. This morning they discovered that their tour with The Moondogs had fallen through. No Moondogs, no PA, hence. . .no gig? Not a chance, 5pm they had fixed up a band called The Meteors to support and supply a PA.

The Meteors, call themselves Psychobilly (psycho as in Hitchcock). The short, rotund lead singer/guitarist, P. Paul Fenech, has decorated his skull with an elegant *Eraserhead* cum skinhead crop. The double-bassist looks like one of those vulnerable, mid-west psychopaths you see in films about deathrow; a victim of his sorry circumstances. He looked as though he might strangle his instrument, or random members of the audience if he played a bum note.

With titles like 'Maniac Rockers From Hell' how could they fail.

Half an hour and several pints later, Levi's pretty, pretty face appears on stage. Looking like Adam Ant in *Jubilee* he launches into a set so laden with covers that it would insulate anyone from the harshest breeze of post-modernism. The Ripchords mostly occupy themselves with obscure Gene Vincent and Joe Clay numbers, reminding one of how crummy the originals were.

Slowly the audience — who presumably did like the style and the originals — stagger to their feet and stumble on to the dance floor. Levi smiles; at least they were giving him a chance. The time had come when they could no longer use the Meteors' puny PA as an excuse. Either they are going to be left with a duff set and conciliatory drink from their manager, or. . .

The Ripchords go for the 'or. . .'

They carefully insert a V.12 engine into Roy Orbison's 'You're My Baby' and that '80s feeling began to lift gradually. The late 20s set are dancing across the Atlantic and back 15 years.

As The Ripchords career through Johnny 'Guitar' Watson's 'Motorhead, Baby' and the crowd are a-leaping and a-whooping, 'cor this is what teenagers do — don't they?

Meanwhile Levi battled through the effects of his PA, his antibiotics *and* his audience to insert two of his own numbers into the proceedings without being noticed. He succeeds. And evryone who isn't throwing up is having a ball.

I turned away and watched Mr Dexter finish his set on a TV screen. He had dragged me into an imaginary world, but it isn't his and it isn't mine.

I felt attacked by my best friend; attacked by Rock 'n' Roll.

Brer Ruthven

Levi chats to a Meteor. Pic David Corio.

Levi's hand-me-downs

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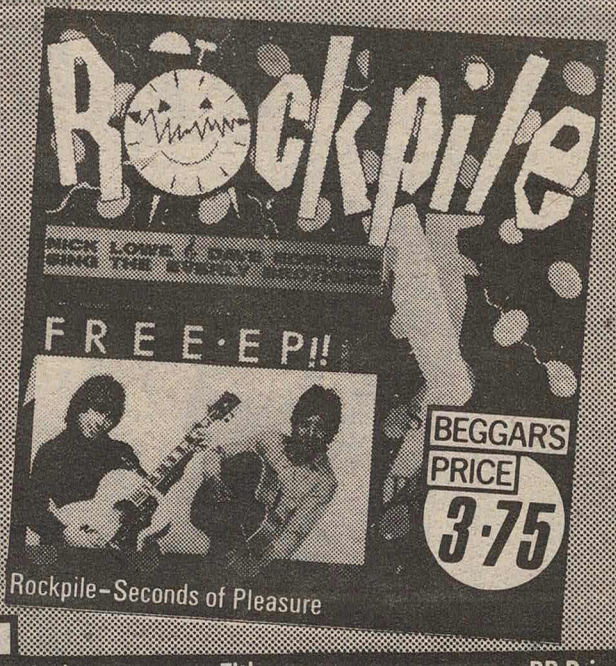

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BLEAK LIFE

The Crusaders Randy Crawford

Hammersmith Odeon

THE Crusaders seemed locked into a downwards curve. Their show, fitting a cold, wretchedly wet night, was rarely better than desultory. If they never quite drifted into the bland irrelevance of the recent 'Rhapsody And Blues' album, such a sorry display of tired funk and hammy virtuosity was small recompense.

It wasn't just Stix Hooper's obligatory drum solo with the out-of-sync light show; it wasn't just Joe Sample, in silver lame shirt, doodling with frantic aimlessness around his keyboards like a weird blend of Demis Roussos and Dr Phibes; it wasn't even that Wilton Felder appeared to be having a rest day . . . or the lead guitarist's ill-considered flash . . . or the time they wasted reintroducing the band after every number. No, the fatal flaws were a failure to gell, a failure even to try.

They turned each song into a series of pointless and perfunctory solos — little vignettes of virtuosity that had less to do with music than squalid showbiz razzmatazz. The long strands of tinsel glittering behind them said it all.

The frustrating thing was that on the few occasions they cut loose, The Crusaders were brilliant. They hit their peak towards the end, as Wilton Felder at last blew out a spicy funk riff on 'Way Back Home', then slid into a low, torchy growl and offstage Randy Crawford began to sing 'Street Life'. For five minutes, it was pure party. The band burned, Randy strutted her stuff and spirits leapt in joy and relief.

Then they wrecked it by going on and on. And on. And we sank into a dreadful case of the git - in - a - groove - and - flog - it - to - death routine that you only expect from second-raters. Everybody took lengthy turns at doing their party pieces and by the time it ended, years later, I'd forgotten what song they were playing and had long since stopped caring.

It was no surprise that Randy Crawford's presence had sparked The Crusaders' liveliest moments. Earlier, she turned in an immaculate set despite a makeshift backing band who were more functional than funky, less subtle than simply subdued.

Sticking mostly to material from her 'Now We May Begin' album, she displayed a warm power that seemed equally at ease with quiet balladeering as with full-rein funky hollers — though the latter were the more effective for being used but sparingly. 'Tender Falls The Rain' and 'Last Night At Danceland' were the highlights, a casual sophistication of delivery and melody, while a slow-building, superbly - poised 'Everything Must Change' proved the set's show-piece and climax.

Crawford's skill, her restrained resonance, almost made the evening worthwhile. Her star is rising inexorably, and it's no slur on her present abilities to expect the best is yet to come.

Graham Lock

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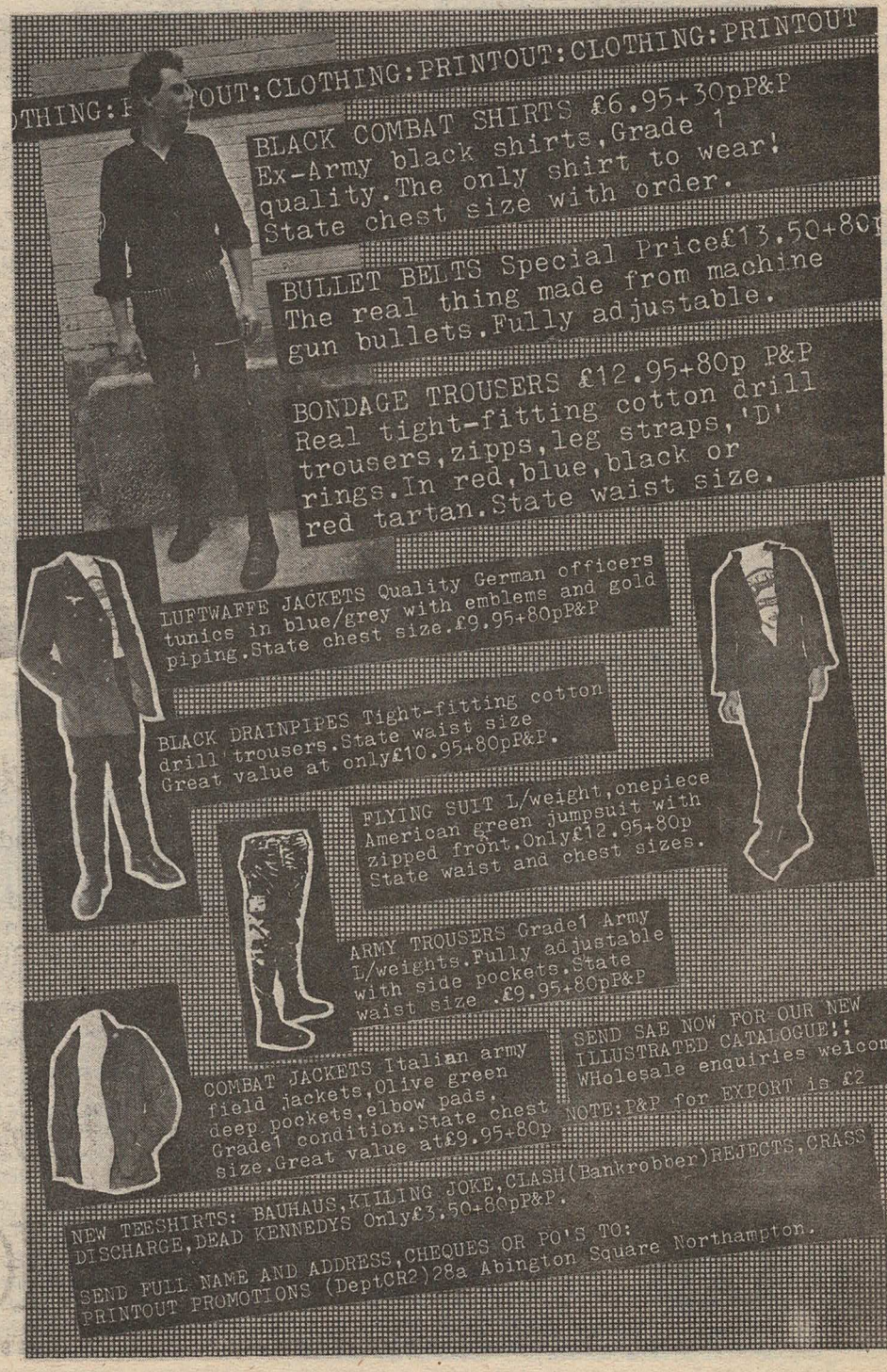
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7" PRETENDERS Stop sobbing/Kid/The wait (i) (P)	1.99
7" SLADE Alive at Reading e.p. (12 mins) (special Salde sleeve)	1.15
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LP GENESIS Genesis to Revelation (i)	5.49
10" GUILLOTINE LP (Motors, X Ray Spex, XTC etc) (+ Poster)	2.50
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7" SPECIALS Gangsters (i, P) + Message to your Rudy (i, P) each	1.50
7" SELECTER On my radio (i) (P)	1.50
7" SQUEEZE Another nail/Going crasy / What butler (Diff. P) (i)	1.25
7" DEVO Whip/It Turn around (i)	1.20
7" SUPERTRAMP Dreamer (live) / From now on (live) (i) (P)	1.25
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LP QUEEN Queen 1, Queen 2, Day at races, Opera, Heart attack, N.O. World (all Jap 1 + lyrics) 5.99 each Set of 6	30.00
7" McCARTNEY Coming Up (i) (P)	1.15
LP BEATLES Hits (16 tracks) Lim. edit. Gold vinyl (i)	5.49
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7" BRITT EKLAND Do it to me (Nude qikture disc)	1.99
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LP CRASS Station of (dble) (Postage as for 2 recs)	3.00
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BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE

7" BOWIE Golden years (Jap I + lyrics (P)	2.75
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7" BOWIE Revolutionary song (Jap) + lyrics) (Good pic)	2.75
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The above is a small selection from over 170 Bowie goodies

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12" JUDAS PRIEST Living after midnight + 2 (P)	1.15
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Adam & The Ants — Kings Of The Wild Frontier (Long awaited debut album — good gatefold sleeve) £3.99

Talking Heads — Take A Light (another masterpiece) £3.99

Orch Man Dark — organisation LP (+ free factory tracks EP — V Ltd Ed) £3.99

SCOOP! SCOOP!! SCOOP!!!
Gary Numan — The Touring Principle — Live at Hammersmith Odeon Video (VHS or Betamax) £29.95
Jam — Sound Effects (released October 10th) 3.99
Elvis Presley — Video The King Of R'n'R. 1968 comeback, show plus Elvis Live In Concert 1956 — VHS or Beetamax (ltd supply) 35.00
Clash — Clampdown/Guns Of Brixton 45 (Aussie imp — fantastic pic. of band on stage) 2.50
Gary Numan — I Die You Die 45 (ltd. ed. on coloured vinyl — pic) 1.50
Stranglers — IV Rare Tracks (Am. Imp. includes new prev. unreleased tracks plus v. ltd. 4 track free EP). This the ultimate Stranglers coll. item 4.49
Elvis Costello — Taking Liberties LP (U.S. only release inc. Clean Money, Hoover Factory and Black & White World — all prev. unreleased plus many rare tracks not easily available!) 4.49
Gary Numan — Telekon LP (Euro. coloured vinyl copies — ltd. ed.) 4.49
Stranglers — Jap 12" mini LP's — Vol 1. 5 tracks inc. Don't Bring Harry (in French). Great unusual pic. sleeve. Vol 2. 5 tracks, includes 2 versions of Bear Cage — great pic. sleeve ..... each 4.99

HOT NEW SINGLES (Section One)
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Moondogs — Who's Gonna Tell Mary (pic) ..... .99
The Bollock Bros. — Bunker 12" (prod. John Lyndon — fantastic 12" pic) 2.25
Bowie — Fashion 12" (full length version — Ltd. Pic. Sleeve) 1.99
This Heat — Health & Efficiency 12" (Pic) 1.99
U.K. Subs — Party In Paris (orange — pic) ..... .99
Auntie Pus — Halfway To Venezuela (pic) ..... .99
The Diagram Bros. — We Are All Animals (long awaited vinyl debut — pic) ..... .99
The Pnts — Jesus (German Imp. — pic) 1.45
Clock D.V.A. — Brigade (Newtron Recs. — pic) ..... .99
Music For Pleasure — The Human Factor (brilliant pic) ..... .99
A Certain Ratio — Shack Up (Imp. pic) 1.25
The Rat & The Well — This Wheels On Fire (The Damned connection - pic) ..... .99
Weapon Of Peace — Children Of Today (pic — excellent debut) ..... .99
Killing Joke — Requiem (3rd 45 — pic — 12" — Totally Brilliant 45) 1.99
Japan — Gentlemen Take Polaroids EP (Ltd Ed. pic) 1.05
XTC — Towers of London (plus Free Live @ Rainbow EP — pic — double 45) 1.05
Sector 27 — Invitation. What Have We Got To Lose? (2nd 45 — pic) ..... .99
Flying Lizzards — Move On Up (pic) 1.05
The Residents — The Commercial Single (8 Track Monster EP — pic) ..... .99
Simple Minds — I Travel (plus Free 2 Track 45 — V.Ltd Ed pic) 1.05
Manufactured Romance — Time Of My Life (pic) £95
The Professional — 1,2,3/White Light, White Heat (pic) 1.05
The Skids — Goodbye Civilian (pic) ..... .95
The Soft Boys — I Wanna Destroy You (pic) ..... .95
Athletico Spizz 80 — Central Pk (pic) ..... .99
The Fall — Totally Wired 45 (Another Gem — pic) ..... .99
Teardrop Explodes — When I Dream (Total Pop Classic — pic) 99
Birthday Party — Friendly Catcher (sensational new 45 — pic) ..... .99
Adam & The Ants — Dog Eat Dog (pic) ..... .99
Poly Styrene — Talk In Toytown (pic) ..... .99
The Passions — The Swimmer (pic) ..... .99
Kate Bush — Army Dreamers plus Non L.P. b-side (pic) 1.05
Generation X — Dance With Myself 12" (pic) 1.99
7" (pic) ..... .99
T.V. 21 — Ambition/Ticking Away (pic) ..... .99
Echo & The Bunneymen — Puppet (pic) ..... .99
Fad Gadget — Insecticide (pic) ..... .95
Gods Toys — All The Born Losers (pic) ..... .95
The Cravats — Precinct (pic — great) ..... .99
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The Flatbackers — pumping Iron (exciting pop sound — pic) ..... .99
Fallout Club — Falling Years (pic) ..... .99
Little Roosters (prod. Joe Strummer) — I Need A Witness (pic) 99
The Distractions — Something For The Weekend (pic) ..... .99
The Dark — Hawaii 5-0 (pic) ..... .99
Menace — Young Ones (pure punk — pic) ..... .90
The Vapors — Waiting For The Weekend (pic) ..... .99
Orch: Man. Dark — Enola Gay 12" (V Ltd Ed pic) 1.15
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Ultravox 7" — Passing Strangers plus 1 live track (pic) ..... .99
Animals & Men — The Terraplane Fixation (quite incredible — pic) ..... .99
Blast Furnace — Can't Stop The Boy EP (pic) (scorching R 'n' B)...99
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Joy Division 12" — Atmosphere/She's Lost Control Again (pic) ...1.80
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Nina Hagen — 10" T.V. Glotzer + 3 tracks (Ltd. ed. — Pic) 2.99
Gruppo Sportivo — Rare Tracks (For collectors only — LP) 4.99
Split Enz — True Colours (fantastic laser engrave LP) 4.99
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Squeeze — 5" Another Nail (smallest 45 ever!)(v ltd pic) 1.35
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Genesis — Story Of (superb Jap double comp — inc booklet) ...13.99
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The Cure — Boys Don't Cry (US Compilation. Inc Killing An Arab & The 45's Not on UK LP's — Good Cover) 4.99
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Colin Newman — (Wire) — A-Z (wonderful harsh music) 3.99
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Bowie — Scary Monsters 4.29
Zaine Griff — Ashes & Diamonds (prod. Visconti — strong Bowie influence) 4.49
Madness — Absolutely (new LP) 3.99
Stiff Little Fingers — Hanks (new live punk L.P.) 3.99
R.A.R. — Various artists (inc. previously unreleased tracks by Gang of Four, Mekons, Clash, plus S.L.F., X-Ray Spex, Costello and more) 3.99
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Mickey Dread — World War III (Hard reggae) 3.99
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The Skids — Absolutely Game (+ free LP) 3.99
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Doma (Wire) — Experimental Album 4.29
Siouxsie & The Banshees — Kaleidoscope 3.99
Cabaret Voltaire — The Voice Of America 3.99
Brian Brain (PiL) — Unexpected Noises 3.99
The Afflicted — Musical Bag (interesting debut) only 2.99
The Professionals (Cook & Jones) — Join The 3.99
Jah Wobble — Blueberry Hill 12" — 7" tracks (35mins) 2.25
Pere Ubu — The Art of Walking (great misunderstood band) 3.75
Athletico Spizz 80 — Do A Runner 3.75
Ultravox — Vienna (Great New 4th LP) 3.99
Echo & The Bunnymen — Crocodiles (Superb Debut) 3.99
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Human League — Travelogue 3.99
The Distractions — Nobodys Perfect 3.99
Glaxo Babies.—9 Months To The Disco! 3.99

RECENT SINGLES (Section Two)
(Alphebetical order!!!)
Adam & The Ants — Young Parisians (rare 1st 45 — 1978) 1.05
Adam & The Ants — Cartrouble/Xerox (all pic) ..... each 99
Barry Andrews (XTC) — Rossmore Rd (pic) 99
Athletico Spizz 80 — No Room/Soldier Soldier (all pic) ..each 99
Athletico Spizz 80 — Hot Deserts/Cpt Kirk (all pic) ..... each 99
Athletico Spizz 80 — 6000 Crazy/Cold City E.P. (all pic) ..... each 99
Au-Pairs — Kerb Crawler (pic) 99
B Movie — Soldier Stood Alone (Great 45 — pic) 95
Baloons — Jean Pauls Wife (excellent — pic) 95
Honey Bane (Crass) — Girl On The Run (pic) 65
Barracudas — His Last Summer (Surfin' Crazy!) 99
Bauhaus — Bela Lugosi's Dead 12" (incredible — pic) 1.99
Bauhaus — Dark Entries/Terror Couple (all pic) ..... each 99
Birthday Party — Mr Clarinet (powerful, brilliant 45 — pic) 99
Bleeding Hearts — This Is The Way (hard pop — pic) 95
Blurt — Sit/My Mother Was A Friend 95
Buzzcocks — Girl From The Cheinstore (pic) 99
Cabaret Voltaire — 3 Mantras 12" (pic) 1.99
Cabaret Voltaire — Silent Command/Nag Nag Nag (both pic) ..... each 99
The Circles — Angry Voices (pic) 99
Classix Nouveaux — Robots Dance (pic) 95
Com-Sat Angels — Total War E.P. (pic) ..... only 75
Crass — Reality Asylum (pic) 45
Crass — Bloody Revolution (pic) 70
Crawling Chaos — Sex Machine (factory — pic) 99
Cuddly Toys — Madman (Bowie/Bolan Song — pic) 95
Cupol (Wire) — Like This For Ages 12" (pic 20 mins long) 1.80
DAF — kobab Trauma (pic) 95
Damned — White Rabbit (German imp. — pic) 1.30
Damned — History Of The World (pic) 99
Dead Kennedys — California/Cambodia (all pic — total classics) ..... each 95
Delta 5 — You/M.Y.O.B. (all pic) ..... each 95
Discharge — Realities Of War/Fight Back (all pic) ..... each 99
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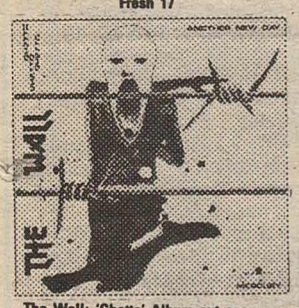
Fresh 17



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PRETENDERS CONT'D

From page 36

Within the Brian Epstein-like stable of punk bands McLaren was attempting to erect, Chrissie Hynde found herself linked with a moon-faced,skinny youth with hair that straggled down to his shoulders and completely covered his forehead. His name was Brady, just Brady. "But when I found out his real name was Mick Jones, I said what're you playing at? Mick Jones is a fantastic rock'n'roll name. His granny was looking after him at the time — she'd really brought him up after his parents split up — and she was starting to get a bit worried about him and his obsession with rock'n'roll, even though he was still at art school in Shepherd's Bush at the time. But I used to say to her, 'Don't worry. He's great. He's really talented. He's going to make it.' She makes a good cup of tea, Mick's gran.

"Mick was very young at the time. I felt a lot older than him. A couple of years later the gap between us had narrowed, even though he was a really great kid. But he definitely seemed petty young back then, even though he was really great kid. And I *had* to do something about the way he looked: I couldn't go around with this kid with long hair and these skinny, faggy little jackets! He was still trying to look like one of Mott The Hoople, whom he'd idolised. He used to go to every gig they played anywhere. It's funny really that Stan Tibbins, our tour manager, used to do the same job for them.

"Anyway, I persuaded him that he should at least have the ends trimmed. I showed how they were all split and horrible. So we were round at his gran's and ... I was pretty sneaky about it, as a matter of fact. He was standing up so it was hard for him to see what I was doing. But eventually he started to see how all over him there were these pieces of hair about four or five inches long, and ... (laughs) ... I can still remember how he reacted when he realised what I was doing. He clutched his stomach and was groaning, *'O-o-o-o-o-oooooo.* I've got to sit down. I've got butterflies ...' But, anyway, I finished it off and turned it into a good Keith Richard.

"And that night he was going to a gig at the Royal College Of Art with a friend of his from St Martin's College called Fat Steve, who later changed his name in the punk era to Steve Dior. Which he presumably felt to be rather more becoming. And I didn't want to go with them, although I walked across the park as far as the college itself. I was moaning about students to him; not only had I cut off all his hair, but I was insulting what he was doing as well. Boy, poor kid; he must've wondered what was going on!

"But the very next week in the *NME* there was a review of the band who'd been on, and it described how, in the front row, there was this perfect Keith Richard lookalike.

"So everything was alright after that."

Suddenly Chrissie nudges Martin Chambers: *"Martin! Quick!!! Look at the cows crossing the bridge!*

"Anyway," she continues, "Mick was going out with this girl at his college who turned out to be Viv Albertine, later Viv Albertine of The Slits. And from what Mick was saying I could tell she wasn't at all happy about me hanging out with him; you know, this *American* girl who plays the guitar.

"One day I was sitting in this coffee shop in Denmark Street with Vivienne Westwood, and Mick and Viv walk in. Mick is obviously very embarrassed, but can't avoid coming over to sit at our table with us. And so I meet Viv, who sits there giving me a really thorough checking out. Then Steve Jones walks in, and I say, 'Come on, let's go and play in the rehearsal room' — because Malcolm had this rehearsal studio in Denmark Street.

"So Steve and Mick come on over, and Viv comes too. And a little later Paul Cook arrives. And we play for a while, and Viv Albertine is giving me a very good clocking. And later I get to hear that the very next day, she went out and bought herself a guitar — 'If she can do it, then there's no reason I can't'!

"Actually, I really like Viv. Every time you meet her for the first minute it's all" — mimes Steely Amazonian pose — "but then she gets down the real stuff: 'So anyway, tell me who you're going out with ... Oh, that's lovely nail varnish. What colour is it?'.

"You know," Chrissie's thoughts jump, "it's absolutely self-defeating the way The Clash refuse to go on *Top Of The Pops.* Sure, it's a really crummy programme, but it's the only one there is. And I know for a fact that every Thursday night Mick Jones is glued to his TV set.

"Also, the way I look at it is that refusing to do *Top Of The Pops* is kinda selfish. You know, there's some kid up in Newcastle or wherever having a really lousy existence, and seeing his heroes on *Top Of The Pops* can really change his whole week for him. Yet instead you refuse to do it because it doesn't have the right attitudes. That's selfish.

"You know," she adds, "I wrote a few lyrics on the first Clash album. I remember when I first met him Mick had this song he'd written called 'I'm So Bored With You' — all the stuff he was writing then was rather dippy love songs. But when The Clash started it became changed to 'I'm So Bored With The USA', which I thought was rather a smart move.

"But then suddenly everyone I knew who I'd been playing with had got a record deal or even a record out. Boy, was I down.

"Also, Vivienne Westwood, with whom I'd been very good friends, decided that I was no longer the right sort of person to know. She does this sort of thing periodically to former friends. I went into Sex and she just told me to fuck off. I saw her a while later at a gig at the Roundhouse, and I figured, 'Well, maybe she'd just been having a down day when I saw her before', so I went over to her. I was with a load of friends, and I left them and walked across to her. And she just said, 'Ah Chrissie, I thought you were just going with the flow ... And the flow's going that way!' And she pointed in the direction of my friends, who were leaving. So that was that!

"And, of course, that meant Malcolm wouldn't have anything to do with me, either, because what Vivienne said, Malcolm had to go along with.

"I think my being denounced like this probably had something to do with my having started to teach John Rotten how to play the guitar. He wasn't supposed to know anything outside of what the Pistols were directly doing — even though the group all hated each other. Malcolm had decided his function was just to be the poet in the group. Malcolm just saw people like that. I remember once he told me he'd found this incredible drummer for me to play with, who turned out to be Chris Miller, who became Rat Scabies. Malcolm had just met him in a pub, and had decided that he *looked* like he'd be a good drummer — he'd never heard him play.

"Anyway, John Rotten really wanted to learn how to play the guitar, so he'd have a better idea of what the group was doing. So he came over to my place in Clapham and I taught him a few chords. I can remember now meeting him on Clapham Common, sitting there looking all lost with this acoustic guitar.

"But Malcolm or Vivienne obviously got to hear about it."

Eventually, as we all know by now, natural justice prevailed. Following a meeting up with Dave Hill, a former A & R man for Anchor Records who'd finagled a licensed label deal for Real records from Warner Brothers, Chrissie Hynde came together with the three male musicians who make up the rest of The Pretenders. Their version of the Nick Lowe-produced 'Stop Your Sobbin' was released in January, 1979, and was a minor commercial and major critical success.

At the beginning of last year, following a trial run some weeks previously at the Club Gibus in Paris, The Pretenders played their first British gig at the Moonlight Club in West Hampstead: "We thought it would start off really low key, but instead I seemed to know just about every person in the audience. There was like one person there from every group in town.

"And, of course, everyone was trying to be really tactful because they'd just heard Sid had died, and they knew I knew him and didn't want to upset me before I went onstage. Then about five seconds before we're going on, someone just turns to me, 'Hey, Sid's dead!' Great...

"Hey, you know, Iggy is *such* a ... !" declares Chrissie suddenly about the popster who'd got her into this rock'n'roll mess in England in the first place. "You know, we were playing in Atlanta on the last Amercian tour, and Iggy was playing in the same city, going on early because he was playing for all these high school students.

"Anyway, we all went down to see him, and he's being such a shit to his band. He's pulling all these James Brown routines on them, suddenly flashing out his arms in mid-song and stopping the number. And they haven't a *clue* what's going on.

"Well, just to really finish me off, he suddenly announces, 'Ladies and Gentlemen! We have a very great treat for you tonight. In the audience is none other than ... *Chrissie Hynde of The Pretenders!!!'* which is bad enough, because I don't think anyone knows I'm there.

"But then, just to add to my confusion, he says, 'And she's agreed to come up with us onstage and sing this next number with me!'

"So I don't know what's going on. But I climb up on the stage with him. And the band know even less what's happening than they did before. And Iggy breaks into this song, and I haven't a clue what any of the lyrics are, and I fluff ineptly through it with him.

"And at the end of it he says to the audience, 'Now, don't forget, The Pretenders are playing across town tonight and I'm going to be down there, and I hope you all are, too'.

"So, anyway, a couple of hours later we're onstage doing our bit, and I think, 'Right, Iggy, you bastard. I'm going to get my own back on you now!' So it's my turn to make an announcement: *'Ladeees and Gentlemen!* We have a very special guest with us tonight. And he's agreed to come up onstage with us tonight and join us in our final number!' The band plays the opening chords and I wave towards the wings, *'Mr ... Iggy ... POP!!!'* .. And no-one appears. 'Let's hear it for him: *Mr Iggy Pop!'* Nothing happens. I turn to the other side of the stage, 'urrrhh ... Iggy Pop?'. *Nothing! ...*

"Boy, talk about egg on your face.

"When we come offstage I say, 'What happened to Iggy, then?'. Someone tells me, 'Oh, Iggy felt really tired after his show. He went straight back to his hotel and went to sleep.' "

AFTER THE Bristol show Chrissie Hynde spends, as she does every evening, some time in the dressing-room talking with the fans who've managed to get backstage. Amongst them is a spirited, guitar-touting blonde girl who Chrissie has met before and who bemoans how dubious are all the boys in the local groups about letting girls play with them.

As we're climbing onto the coach for the drive back to London, Chrissie turns to me: "You know, that girl's really got it. I like her. She'll make it alright, It's very funny; I was really touched when she sent me this letter once in which she said how she'd had all this homework to do, but she really wanted to practice her guitar instead. And she wrote to me, 'So I thought, "Well, what would Chrissie Hynde have done? I know, she'd have practised her guitar!" '

"But what am I supposed to say to her? That she's just got to keep at it and at it and at it? And it's going to maybe take her ten years? And that, anyway, she might as well not bother, because in ten years time the world will be over?"

THE END

"Oh my brayne 'urts...!!!

THE RAMONES
TIMES SQUARE

FRESH
Recent releases:
CUDDLY TOYS
Madman/Join The Girls
THE FOUR KINGS
Loving You Is No Disgrace
UK DECAY
For My Country/Unwind
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Hawaii Five-O Theme
MENACE
The Young Ones EP
FAMILY FODDER
Debbie Harry
MANUFACTURED ROMANCE
Time of My Life
THE WALL
Ghetto EP
Other Labels Distributed by Fresh
DISCHARGE
Realities of War (Clay)
DEMON
Liar (Clay)
DISCHARGE
Fight Back (Clay)
CLASSIX NOUVEAUX
Robot Dance (ESP)
BLAST FURNACE
Can't Stop The Boy (Nighthawk)
WASTED YOUTH
Jealousy (Bridge House)
WASTED YOUTH
I'll Remember You (Bridge House)
AND THE NATIVE HIPSTERS
There Goes Concorde Again (HVR)
THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS
The Banker (12")
FRESH RECORDS
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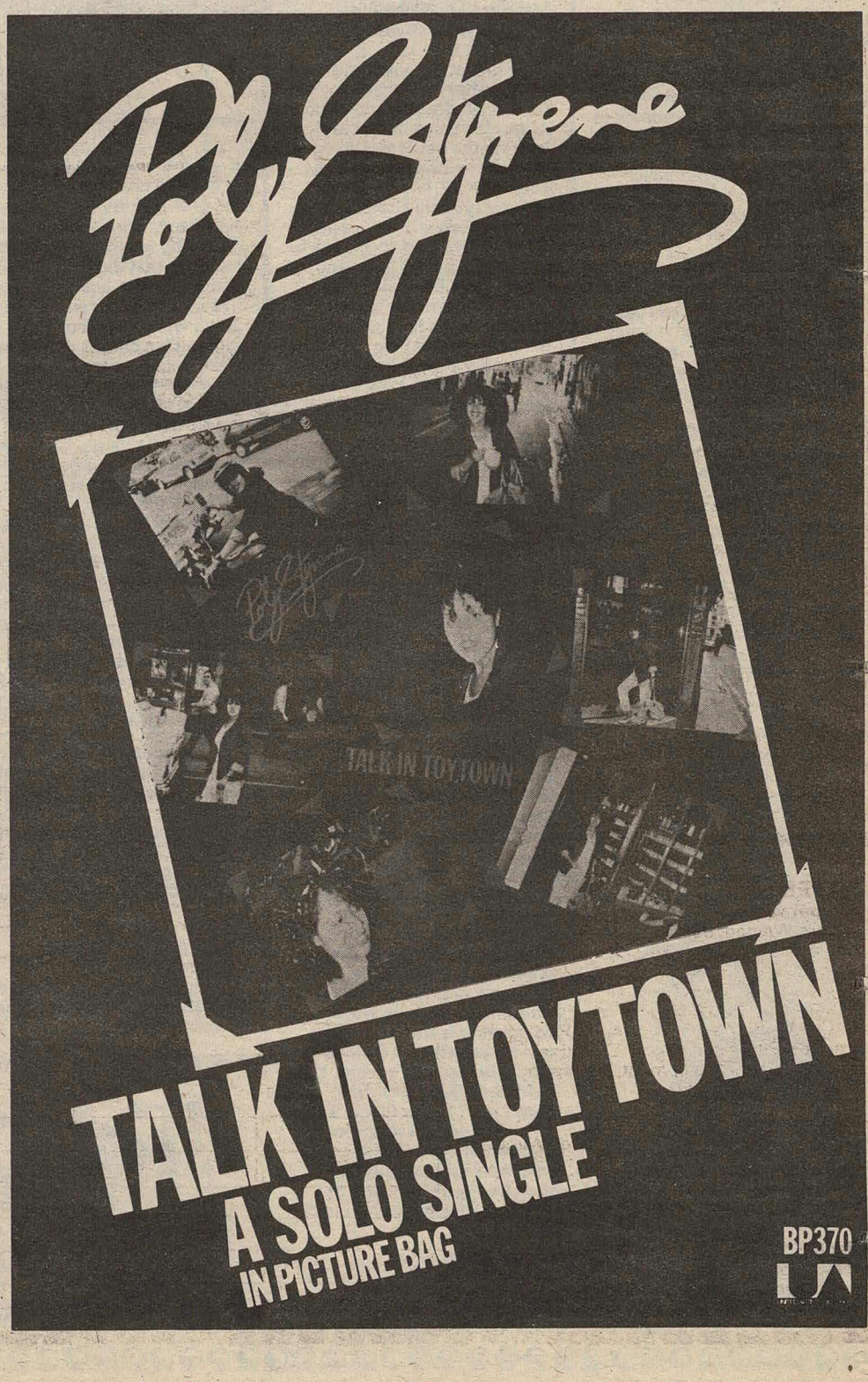


In The Land Of The Rising BAGY

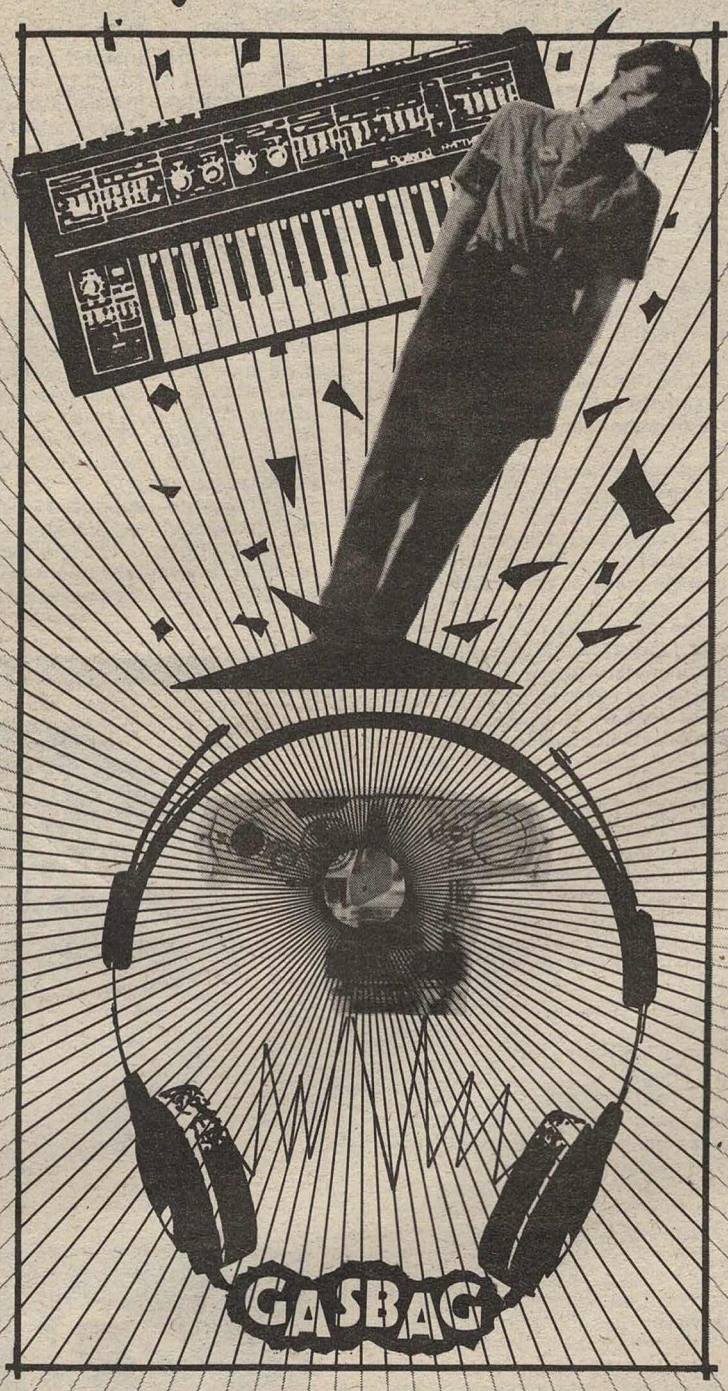
DEAR people in U.K.:
I really envy you even if you are unemployed and Mrs. Sutchur still live in the address well-known house, (I forgot it) because you've got great bands and unique paper like *NME*. I think they (some bands and *NME*) are precious properties of your country. In addition, I know as the fact that you do love UK although you often speak ill of it.

I have nothing to complaint of my safe, modern, technological country Japan because I'm too bored. Nothing's interesting and everything's too steady.

I used to want The Clash to come to Japan but I've recently realized that The Clash is the band should have gigs in UK. Neither in Japan nor in USA. So now, I'm working to make money for seeing their gigs in UK. And I have to continue my boring job until next summer. Also I've never been buying *NME* by airmail for three months to save my pocket. (Can you believe that *one* issue of *NME* costs about *two pounds* in Japan?) But I don't have to pay any money to read them at a bookstore every week.
PERSONAL
Hello Joe, Mick, Paul and Topper. Don't break up at least until I come to see you!!
And remember that thousands of kids are still waiting for you in Japan.
Eri Takayanagi, Tokyo, Japan.
Two quid? That's a bit steep. Unfortunately Mrs Sutchur still live in well-known house. 10 Downing Street if interested. — M.B.

Chris Bohn, thank you. Your review of Gary Numan's Hammersmith gig is one of the few that actually perceives that Numan isn't all pose and no talent. Your piece was honest, unbiased and totally constructive, as opposed to the usual "Let's all slag Numan off" stance of the rest of the music press. Unlike any other review I have read, you saw through the pose, which others see as arrogant, sullen, blank and cold, to the musician, the unsure person beneath. Other reviews of this year's concerts concentrate on poking fun at Numan, digging at what they see as his image and totally ignoring such trivia as the fans ecstatic reactions, or even the music, merely laughing at him and continuing with those ludicrous comparisons with a certain Mr Bowie.

You saw Numan for the real person that he is, not as a cold face or an empty image on a record sleeve. You saw the depth and meaning of the lyrics and the beauty of the music, and I respect you for that, as I respect your constructive criticisms, what few there were, of the show, which I myself saw at Coventry and thoroughly enjoyed. You, a solitary voice from a music paper, have given me a sparkle of hope, that there maybe is a touch of sanity and even a few decent people in the music press, after all. Chris Bohn, thank you.
Trace Blower, a very grateful Numanoid, Bedworth.
I have shown Chris your letter. He was deeply moved, as indeed we all were. Thank you. — M.B.



After reading last week's Gary Numan gig review at the Hammersmith Odeon by Chris Bohn, I've come to a conclusion. Either the bloke is smarter than all the other twats on your paper, or *NME* is smarter than I thought. I think the latter makes more sense. After reading the reviews in *Sounds* and *Record Mirror* the week before and hearing the usual shit, it was obvious you wouldn't follow suit. After all, it is Gary's last tour and you've kicked him in the face continually for two years. Maybee if the press's attitude had been different Gary would be carrying on. You didn't like him for the simple reason he made himself without your help! Well, now you've succeeded in breaking him. How does it feel? I hope you all rot in hell.

Numan never ripped anyone off. His albums were always well worth the money and all contained lyric sheets. On stage he gives everything and still loses £25,000 a week. Why? Because he refuses to put ticket prices up a pound. I'd pay £500 to see him. As for the Bowie cloning business. What a load of shit. Bowie is brilliant and Numan knows he'll never make music as good as Bowie's. I don't even think he tried. Numan, to 99% of the human race (the 1% being music journalists) is totally original.

Well, I know you've heard it before but I'm not reading your stinking paper anymore. Just a couple of things left to say. Good luck for the future Gary, and drop dead *NME*.
The girl who fell to earth, Bournemouth.
Your assumption that the press is responsible for Numan's premature retirement holds no water at all. Neither is there any concerted effort at *NME* to discredit the man's work. You read Chris Bohn's review, didn't you? As for Gazza's ailing finances, if there are forty other people as generous as your good self then he should manage to break even on that comeback tour. — M.B.

I attended The Specials concert last Thursday which ended suddenly when forty or so morons invaded the stage. It spoilt the concert for the rest of the audience and especially the group. Terry Hall was even heard to tell one 'fan' to fuck off cos he was too old and too fat. Even that did not deter the slob as he was back on stage five minutes later chanting along with the rest of his football fan chums. It was sickening to watch. I felt ashamed to be standing in the same audience as them and I'm sure 99% of the people there felt the same. Why can't these thugs spend their money on tattoos and Kung-Fu films and leave concerts for people who want to see musicians on stage, not a restaged Nuremburg Rally?
Colin, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne.
I know what you mean. Time I saw them recently however, the invasion was good natured enough. It was just so predictable, a state of affairs I expected The Specials to avoid. — M.B.

Did you notice Mavis Riley was holding a copy of Captain Beefheart's 'Blue Jeans And Moonbeams' on Wednesday 24th September's *Coronation Street*?
C. Odswallop, Stockport, Cheshire.
No. — M.B.

"*Jello In Jail*" (*NME* 27 September) is pure propaganda. Having talked to Jello the night before he was to leave for London I was doubtful when I read your article. Subsequent calls to both the city and county jails *and* the police showed that there is no record of Biafra or Boucher (Jello's real name) ever having been in jail or of his having been arrested. What probably happened is that he missed his plane, and being the master of theatrics that he is, let it out that he is being held by the police. Pure publicity, no fact.
Jon & Risk, Berkeley, California.
It hardly matters one way or the other but thanks for setting us straight with regard to this one. — M.B.

When a band is as good as The Police, some reviewers seem to feel the need to invent criticism which is, to put it politely, merely unintelligent fiction.

My reaction to 'Zenyatta Mondatta' is one of sheer pleasure, the music is amazing. The words and rhythms of the songs are clever, new and haunting. Sting's music is supreme — the man's a genius.
E. Philips, Hammersmith, London.
Sarky bastard. — M.B.

The first time I ever bought a copy of the *NME*, there was a letter in *Gasbag* complaining about the self-righteous, arrogant writing of one Julie Burchill. Whoever this phenomenon Julie Burchill is, she has not changed. Perhaps, at some time during her lifetime someone, under an obvious misapprehension, told Miss Burchill she was God, or at least entitled to behave as though she was, and she believed them! What other possible explanation could be there be for her blatantly biased, totally unfair review, (if you could call it that) of the new Police album last week?

At one time, not so very long ago, it was the "in-thing" to praise up The Police; they were everybody's token band; their music was new and exciting; they could do no wrong. But now, just because they are rich and successful, Sting's beauty has faded and the band's talent has diminished overnight. Apparently, all they can produce now is "drivel".

Shape up Julie, for God's sake and stop trying to be so trendy. Even Cherry Vanilla's got more talent than you!
The Runt, Chelmsford, Essex.
Who's Cherry Vanilla? — M.B.

Many thanks to Paul Morley for his Marc Bolan 'Consumers Guide' which was a fitting follow-up to his 'fan's tribute', written when Marc died in 1977.

Paul has written from a fan's viewpoint, and his piece was exactly as I would have liked to write it myself (I also found it uncanny how many of my own feelings towards Marc were mirrored by Paul). I read the second part late at night and as I lay in bed I couldn't help but think back on the many happy times that I associated with the music of Marc Bolan. To me, T. Rex weren't just a group but my introduction to real pop music, and indeed my whole adolescent life.

I cried in bed. I shed tears for Marc Bolan, but mostly I shed tears for my own naivety, and those golden days when it was so important to be naive.
Jason B. Sad, Dundee.
Are you interested in buying the Tower of London by any chance? We've got a nice line in used battleships? — M.B.

Paul Rambali, I'm probably wrong to take your peculiar review of This Heat's new single so seriously, but its reactionary stupidity was really too striking to pass without comment.

Now I call it more than a little patronizing, not to say twisted, to imply that the 'man in the street' (by whom I presume you don't mean *yourself*, but that faceless statistical myth, the Average Working-Class Person) can only find openings through psychedelic drugs, and then to imply that This Heat are being patronizing by not condescending to some kind of duteous mediocrity which the A.W.C.P. *can* understand.

I come from a working-class home and I love This Heat's music *because* it is so original and uncompromising. It is utterly worthless to judge music by the imaginary expectations of a stereotype (who of course doesn't really exist) such as the A.W.C.P., because if you follow this line of thinking to its logical conclusion, you will find that statistically, the A.W.C.P. likes Radio 2 better than any other station, and doesn't read the *NME*. Kenny Rogers is currently a Big Favourite with the A.W.C.P.

You will call me elitist, but then I couldn't give a roasted fart because this kind of elitism is necessary for any value judgement. Here is an elitist, totally biased judgement: the music that the *NME* supports is *better* than the music Radio 2 deals with because it is emotionally and intellectually more intrepid and vital. Here is another: This Heat's music is *better* than most of the music that the *NME* supports for exactly the same reason. Both judgements are equally unproveable and true.
Alyson Moss, Chorley, Lancs.
Q.E.D. or sump'n — M.B.

My heart bleeds for Richard Branson, Al Clark and all the other schmucks at poor maligned good ol' Virgin Records. Having watched Virgin rise from its humble origins in a dusty shack of Oxford Street to the glossy conglomerate that now exists, I can only conclude that Branson, like all big-time capitalists, has risen to power by treading not only on his punters, but possibly those on his payroll as well. Thus your reportage, not matter how destructive or inaccurate, can only be a necessary evil.

Al Clark points out in his Master's defence, that Virgin is 'the only company that can be bothered to have any public presence at all'. This only rubs salt into the wound, for its means that one can see and hear the very people who are responsible for such outrages against collective intelligence and integrity as the orchestral 'Tubular Bells', the 'R&R Swindle', etc. Is that supposed to be a comfort?

Seeing that dreadful 'rock week' programme on XTC only served to fuel my fury and distaste. To watch that complacent, conceited nerd Andy Partridge playing the local wacky wise-cracker was not a sight for the sensitive. His jokes are as funny as his cruddy songs are listenable. Witness also Branson playing at being a potty eccentric in the grounds of his Oxfordshire retreat, all that jolly Santa-Claus benevolence and impersonations of Daevid Allen, and try to rationalise paying £5.29 for 'The Correct Use Of Soap' at a Virgin store. Something somewhere is Not Quite Right.

And what a wizard wheeze, to import live trout to serve the early-morning whims of the Master of the Manor.

Bollocks to the lot of you.
Malcolm Modagon, St Leonards, East Sussex.
Well Al? Dick? Whaddya reckon? — M.B.

I thought you said you were the Taxman not the axeman!
Shelley Duvall, Elstree Studios, Borehamwood.
Redrum! Redrum! — Tony.

Tokyo Joe: Max Bell

T-ZERS

Pic: Mark Rusher

TOYAH WILCOX (mouth wide open, fourth from left) comes over all shocked and suprised as she finds out what naked women look like in a scene from 'Sugar And Spice', currently playing at the Royal Court Theatre, London. The play, by Nigel Williams, is all about a gang of teenage girls and their, uh, sexual hangups. "Phoney as hell," raves *The Grandad.* "Cultural tourism," gushes *T-zers.*

ONCE in a decade — make that once in a millenium — comes a lead *T-Zer* so stupendous, so staggering in its impact and enormous in its implications, so supremely mind-blowingly indisputably *important,* that the week's entire issue, be it ever so fun-filled and groovy, simply pales into insignificance beside it. Unfortunately, we do not have such a *T-Zer* for you this week. So in the meantime . . .

You may be intrigued to learn that the famous **PiL** live double album, scheduled to rear its fearsome head next month sometime, is to be entitled 'Paris In The Spring'. Yes that's right, 'Paris In The Spring' it is. 'Paris In The Spring' for sure. (Keep repeating this to yourself until you're convinced) . . .

Our very good chums **The Stranglers** are to start their new American jaunt with customary tact by releasing a single there called 'Vietnamerica'. Talk has it, moreover (good word, 'moreover', must remember it) that the fab four and a half even contemplate settling themselves Stateside for a spell — in spite of all those scientifically-proven smaller brains? Or maybe even because of them? Who knows? And why, we wonder aloud, are the lads so skint that they got all their gear impounded by its owners, and had to be bailed out by UA? . .

And still with **PiL**, which we would be if we hadn't just been with The Stranglers, that group's one time drummer **Richard Dudanski** has now joined **Basement Five,** and together they're recording an album with producer **Martin Hannett.** But then who isn't? We have it on good authority, moreover (there goes another one), that the resultant dubs are pretty good, actually . . .

John Entwistle celebrated his 153rd birthday last week in the company of **Joe Walsh** who presented the bassist with a most unusual gift, namely a red-kneed tarantula. As it's a female, the witty Entwistle has christened the creature **Doris.** Meanwhile the duo — that's Ent and Walsh, not the spider — are working together on a possible album . . .

Whereas **The Who,** we hear, have already laid down six to eight (or conceivably seven) tracks for their next LP. We can't wait. So we won't . . .

It's official: **Sham 69** are definitely deceased (cue weeping, wailing, gnashing of teeth etc). But wipe that smile off your face, pard'ner, because **JP** intends to play live again using the band off his solo album (if that makes sense). The others are apparently rehearsing under the name **The Allies** . . .

Spotted in the audience for one of **Cliff**'s fab sell-out shows in the Victoria Apollo was none other than **Cilla Black.** Note: we wish to apologise for the late arrival of this *T-Zer,* which seems to have been left lying round the office for approximately 15 years . . .

BUT NO, it really is Cliffmania all over again. *NME* despatched its Religious Affairs correspondent **Nick Kent** to cover the press conference thrown this week, at which the 40-year-old teenager revealed to a breathless world that (a) no, he has not had a facelift (b) if unsuccessful as a singer he would have gone into "publishing and producing" (c) he will no longer perform 'Honky Tonk Angel' as it concerns fallen women, though 'Devil Woman', strangely enough, still rates a 'U' certificate, and (d) that **Bob Dylan**'s recent conversion is "the best thing that could ever have happened to him". Huh. We *still* say the Devil gets all the best music . . .

Frank Zappa's new album was to have been called 'Fred Zeppelin', but forty vodkas put paid to that. Chicken . . .

Can it really be true that **Chas Chandler** is objecting to having **The Pirates** support his boys **Slade** at their Lyceum gig? And that the reason being given is that the swashbuckling trio are, in Chas's opinion, "a revivalist band"? Understandable really, considering how Slade are so avant-garde and innovative themselves . . .

Huw Gower, the former **Records** lynchpin, has joined **Shoes For Industry** for the rest of their UK tour — part of the Bristol Fried Egg Records package along with **The Untouchables, The Various Artists** and **The Stingrays.** Huw replaces **Tim Norfolk** in the band's line-up and has changed his name (for some obscure reason) to **Satguru Jules Disco III** . . .

Ivory-tinkling **Stan Shaw** of **The Hitmen** is to publish a psychological study called *Women And Alcohol* — he got a masters degree in the subject (*what, women or alcohol? — Ed.)* before he entered rock'n'roll as an early **Elvis Costello** sideman . . .

The Expressos' singer **Roz,** who we gather is one of those sexy, super soaraway *Sounds*birds (yes, another one) is reported as having split her trousers twice in consecutive performances at The Venue. No, we weren't particularly interested either . .

Back on the **PiL** again, we can now tell you that contrary to popular belief, **John Lydon** does intend to show up at his jury trial for alleged assault in Dublin. "They have extradition laws you know," he said to *T-Zers* over the weekend. "And the case is *sub judice,* so I cannot discuss the intricates of the debacle at this time, thank you very much, I'll have a pint" . . .

A (VERY) serious thing? Rumours abound in New York, Jamaica and London that **Bob Marley** is suffering from either a brain tumour or bone cancer. Indeed, some gloom-mongers insist it's both. Whichever, Bob is now undergoing a series of tests at one of the world's leading cancer centres in New York. Commented Island Records: — "Bob withdrew from his American tour after his NY date supporting **The Commodores.** He is suffering from severe exhaustion and collapsed after the show"...

And still in the same den of iniquity, there's the tale of how **Yoko Ono** went to the coffers, sold some stock and a few cattle and paid for a skywriter to fly over their Dakota Apartment digs and print these words on the grimy New York skyline: "Happy birthday, **John,** love Yoko". Pretty moving, don't you think?...

A quiet funeral for **John Bonham** — described in the *Daily Express* report as a "wild man of rock" (hmm, must make a note of that phrase) — with only eight fans finding their way to the event. Official mourners included **Denny Laine, Roy Wood** and **Jeff Lynne** ...

These are difficult days for one time *NME* fave **Gary Glitter,** presently starring in a short season at the London Bankruptcy Court. "My trouble," he reflects thoughtfully, "was not enough glitter on stage and too much off it." Not *enough* glitter?...

And having announced that they'll be suing their manager **Robert Stigwood** for £31 million, the not-so-penniless **Bee Gees** have been branded by the RSO as "greedy ingrates". Well it's a better name than Bee Gees anyway ...

Out real soon, the new **Psychedelic Furs** single, 'Mr Jones'...

The infamous Cambell Soup Mob (aka **Andy Warhol, Rick Derringer, Bianca Jagger, Gracie Slick** etc) all heard shrieking approval of **Debbie Harry's** portrayal of a New Jersey housewife in *Union City* — but La Deb herself won't hear any of it. Even though her beau did the soundtrack for the film she still won't give it the thumbs-up ...

And, moreover (can't keep those buggers away, can you?), Ms Harry gave another display of that selfsame stubborn streak when, last month, she forced *Forum* magazine to change thousands of front covers on which she appeared because

she didn't like the picture ...

Contrary to that *T-Zer* last week, **Andy Partridge** of **XTC** doesn't think the Scots are *only* good at growing ginger hair and fighting other people's wars. These were just two of the many sterling qualities he'd attribute to the land o' **The Skids** - Skidsmusic being another. But does any of this matter? And why was the *XTC At The Manor* TV thingy about as interesting as a maths lesson on Friday afternoon?...

DURING HER recent Memphis court case in which she was fined for kicking in a police car window (apparently illegal in Memphis), **Chrissie Hynde** was more than a little startled when, in mid-trial and in front of the judge, the prosecuting attorney turned to her and quoth "I'm so sorry I missed your gig last night. I caught you last time you were in town. I really like the group"...

That's all very well of course, but it still doesn't explain why **Jerry Dammers** had to go and produce the **'More Specials'** LP all by himself, thereby rendering the chap exhausted and possibly insane. "I didn't think it would be fair to ask anyone else to produce it because it wasn't really written until we went into the studio, and really it was only me who'd know where all the hundreds of overdubs were needed. Actually, I think I can only write about two songs a year — the ones I've done in 1980 have been 'International Jet Set' and 'Stereotypes'." Meanwhile those rumours persist of extreme differences of opinion within the Specials camp that may lead to some severing of alliances following the current tour ...

Mo-dettes news: the gurls' album will be called 'The Story So Far' but may be held up thanks to a brouhaha (which is something similar to an imbroglio, only less violent) with the **Rodgers and Hammersmith** estate. Source of contention is that the irreverent band have changed around some words in their cover of 'My Favourite Things'. Also, they've now completed a rather encouraging debut swing through the USA and wound up in New York doing backing vocals for a new **John Cale** track, 'Fighter Pilot', utilising their original name of **The Bomberettes** ...

It is our sad duty to report the return of guerilla chic, albeit under a different name, for **Echo And The Bunnymen** have shed last year's raincoats for a selection of bright bandanas and camouflage khaki, matching the twigs and netting of their current stage set. They call it their 'romantic mercenaries look', it says here. Oh dear oh dear ...

The Reluctant Stereotypes are getting bored touring with **Q-Tips** (gosh, well I never, would you credit it etc) and have taken to amusing themselves 'twixt gigs by scaring sheep. Of course, dogs can be shot for this sort of thing. *(So much for Animal Lib eh?— Ed.)*

Hang on! That *T-Zer,* that once-in-a-lifetime T-Zer we've been hoping and praying for! It — it's coming! It's on the way! Oh this is incredible, wait until you get a load of — whoops! No more room. Oh well, it wasn't that great anyway ...

Illustrations: Serge Clerc

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This Last Week		
1	(1)	Jam — Start 20p
2	(3)	Joy Division — Closer 20p
3	(2)	Joy Division 20p
4	(4)	Dead Kennedy's — Cambodia 20p
5	(—)	Jam — Going Underground 20p
6	(6)	Joy Division — Unkown Pleasures 20p
7	(—)	Dead Kennedy's 20p
8	(8)	Magazine — The Corract Use of Soap 20p
9	(7)	Jam — Tube Station 20p
10	(—)	The Beat — I Just Can't Stop It 20p

NEW RELEASES

20;: Plasmatics, New Ubu, Spectres, New Fad Gadget; Gregory Isaacs — Poor & Clean. Jam Start; C30, C60, C90 Go; Tea Set; Martian Dance; Fad Gadget; Pere Ubu; Plasmatics; The Spectures; Digital Dance; Rev —Up; Delta 5 Mind Your Own Business; Lemon Kittens; The Beat Just Can't Stop It; Magazine Correct Use Of Soap; Androids of Mu. Sector 27. Weapon Of peace, Martian Dance, Fad Gadget, Zounds, Delta 5, Chords, Futurana, Martha & The Muffins, Crass — Anti War, Crass Man Made Power, New Killing Joke, Lilliput, Spizz — Central Park, Piranhas, James Blood, Ulmer — Blood.

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7th	**BRISTOL**	Colston Hall
8th	**LIVERPOOL**	Empire
9th	**MANCHESTER**	Apollo
10th	**LEICESTER**	De Montford Hall
11th	**GLASGOW**	Apollo
12th	**NEWCASTLE**	City Hall
13th	**BIRMINGHAM**	Odeon
15th	**HAMMERSMITH**	Odeon

JUST A GAME

TRIUMPH

PROGRESSIONS OF POWER

RCA

Album · Cassette